

FUNNY PAGES

FUN FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
SEPT.
1937
10¢



JUNGLE A.C.

"THAT'S ECHO. HIS FATHER
IS KEEPER AT THE ZOO!"

**ALL
ORIGINAL~
COMICS~**



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USN - Navy - CCC - Marine - Army Ring. Complete with microphone, amplifier, and speaker. Price 25c.

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Sensational photo ring. Complete with microphone, amplifier, and speaker. Price 25c.

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Whoopee cushion. Complete with microphone, amplifier, and speaker. Price 25c.

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HOW TO DANCE

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Boy Electrician

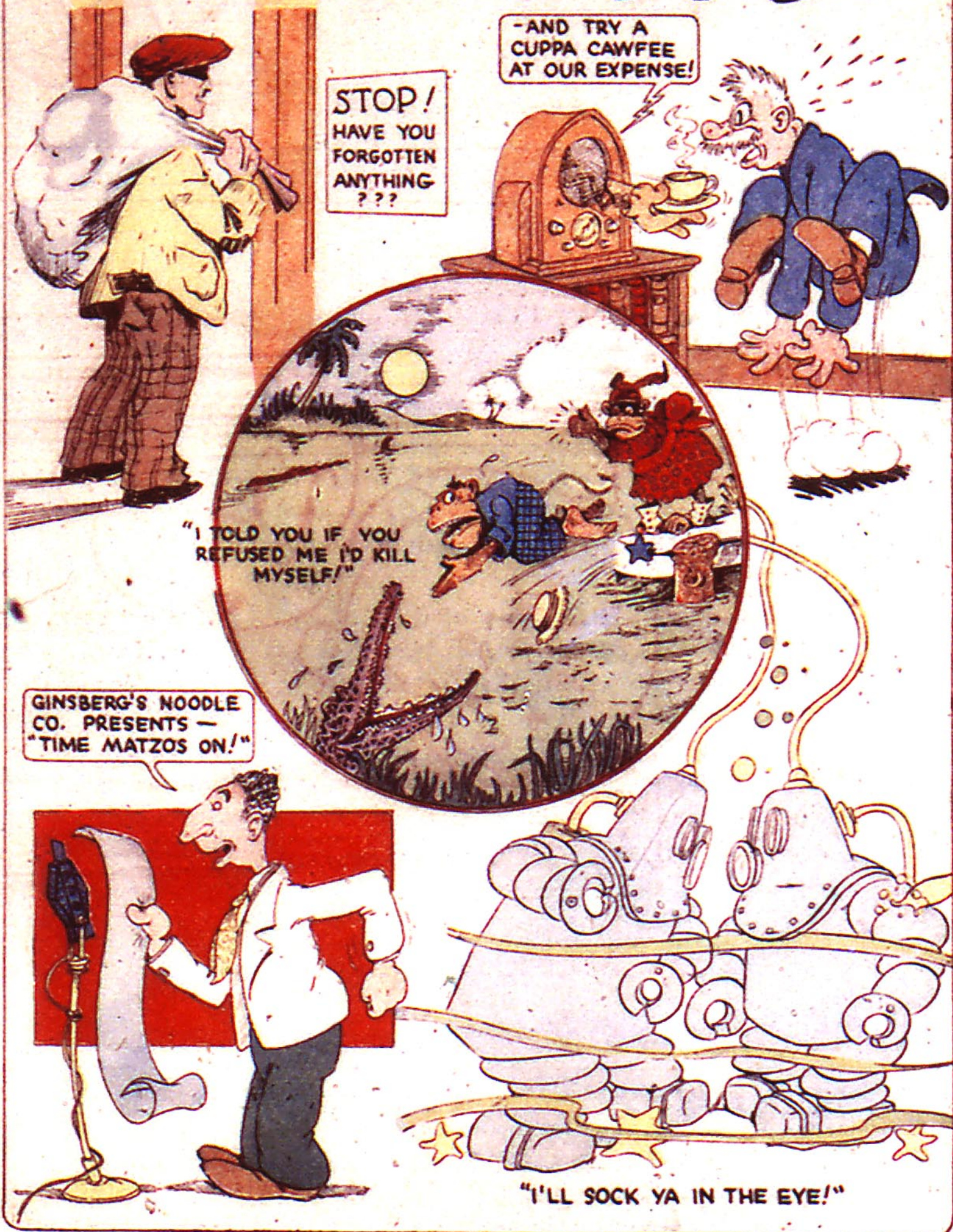
Boy electrician. Complete with microphone, amplifier, and speaker. Price 10c.

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LAUGHS



FUNNY PAGES

HARRY "A" CHESLER

Editor

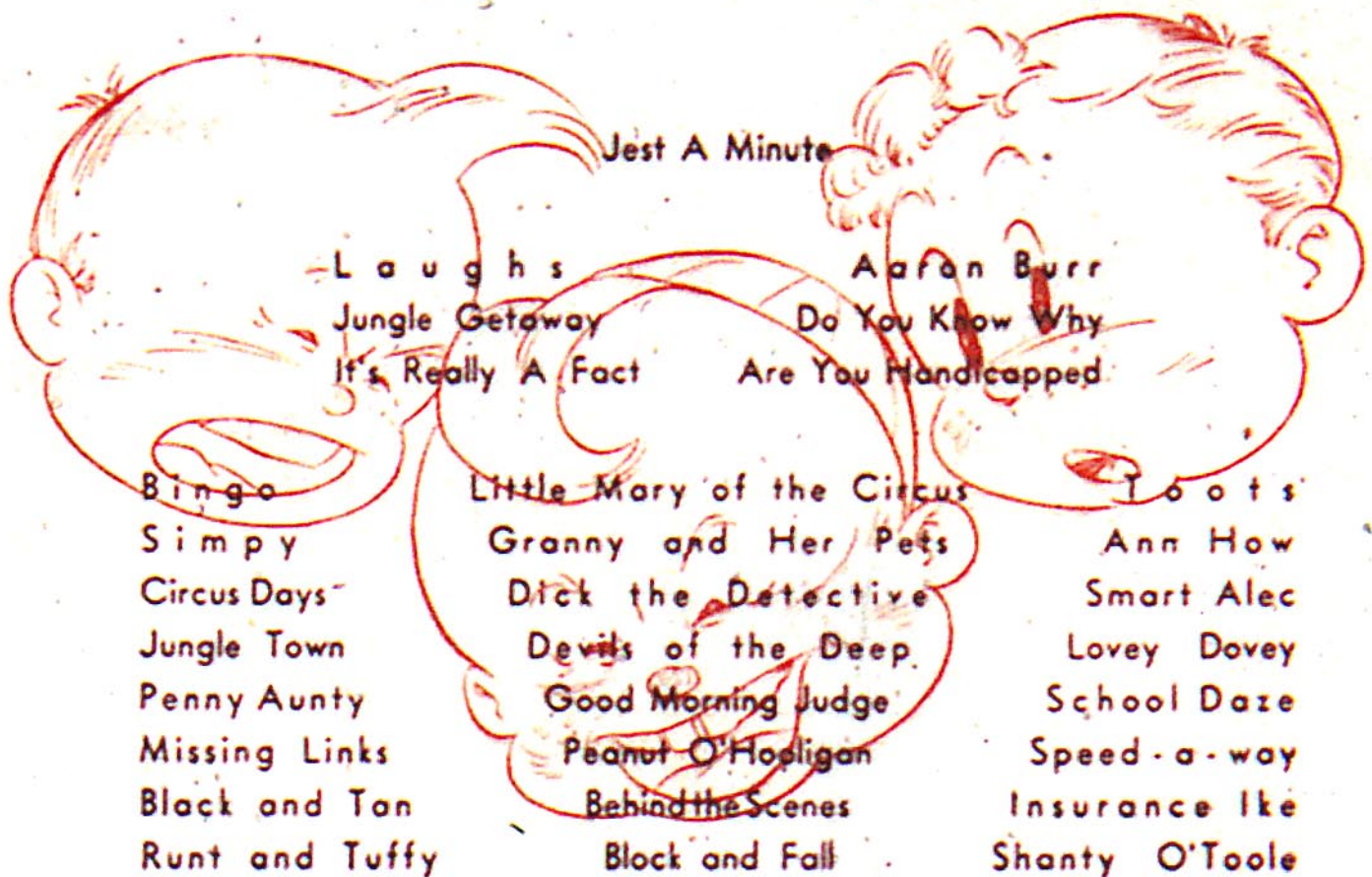
George Nagle, Managing Editor

Vol. 2, No. 1

SEPTEMBER, 1937

10c

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Just 4 Minute



Boy oh boy! Wasn't this a swell summer? We'll bet you've had plenty of fun swimming, fishing, and riding the roller coasters at your favorite Amusement Park. And if you've been reading the past issues of FUNNY PAGES we know you've had TWICE as much fun!

And talking about roller coasters and amusement parks; have you been on the merry-go-round? Well, we have . . . In fact, we've been on a merry-go-round for the entire past month and are we dizzy! Dizzy and in a whirl because we've been going around in circles, trying to think up NEW FEATURES and screamingly FUNNY CARTOONS to make this issue the BEST YET!

Ha! This will hand you a laugh . . . Every once in awhile we get cute and kittenish around the office . . . You know, everybody plays tricks on each other and we have a jolly time. But last month took the cake for pranks . . . We put nice pointy tacks on all of our cartoonists' chairs, itching powder down the gag-writers' backs, and kept the radio going full blast so nobody could fall asleep! . . . The result was miraculous! . . . The boys were all so pepped up and wide awake that they turned out a magazine which by far SURPASSES any of the previous issues!

When you begin reading this issue of FUNNY PAGES you'd better sit down in a chair and hold your sides. We wouldn't want you to lose your balance and fall over when you roar with hearty laughter at the following pages!

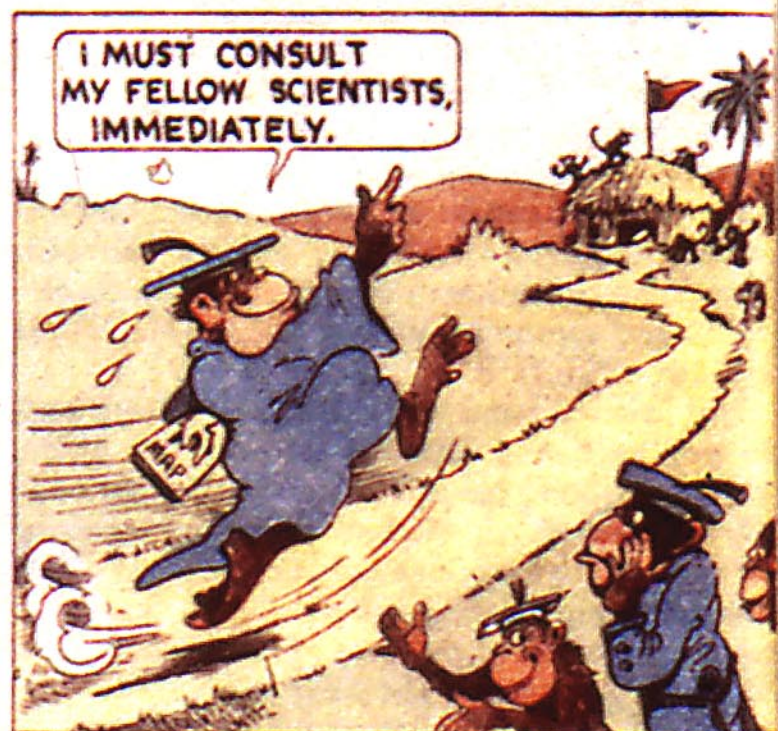
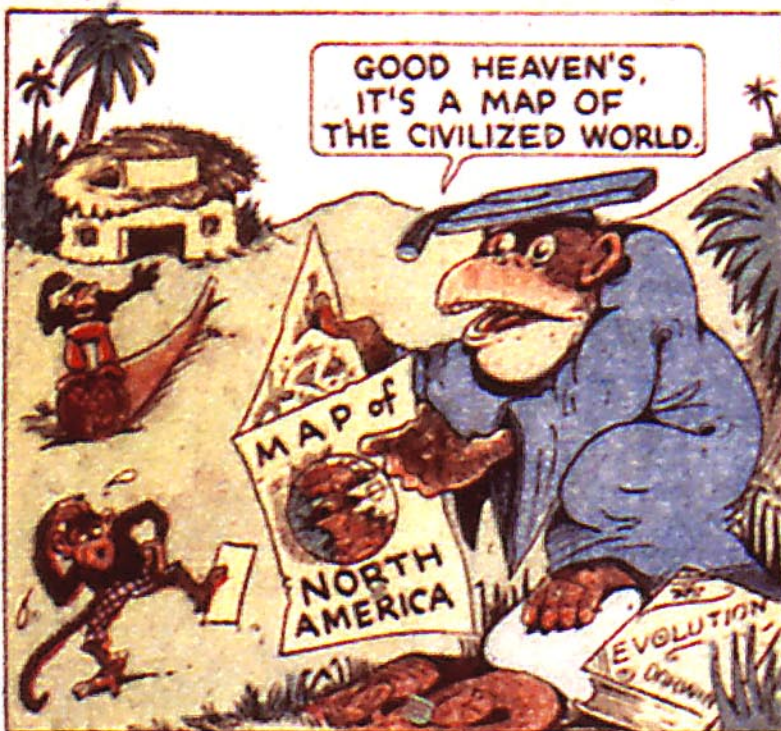
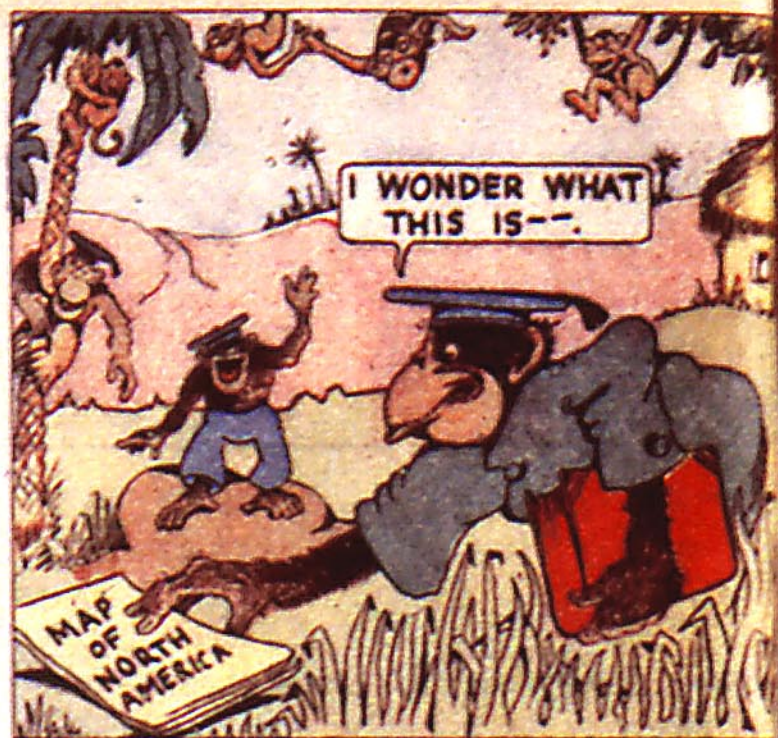
And here's something to remember . . . When you come to the end of this hilarious issue, don't feel blue because there's no more to read . . . Just make sure that you get a copy of FUNNY PICTURE STORIES, the companion magazine of FUNNY PAGES, and we're sure you'll get a big THRILL out of reading its fast moving stories and COLORED ACTION PICTURES. It's chock full of ZIP and PEP! . . . DON'T FORGET! . . .

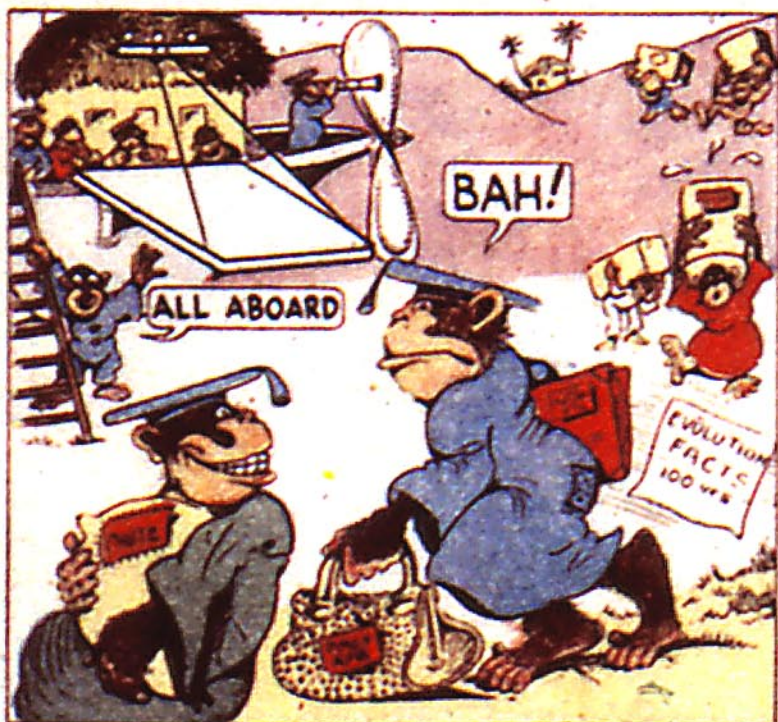
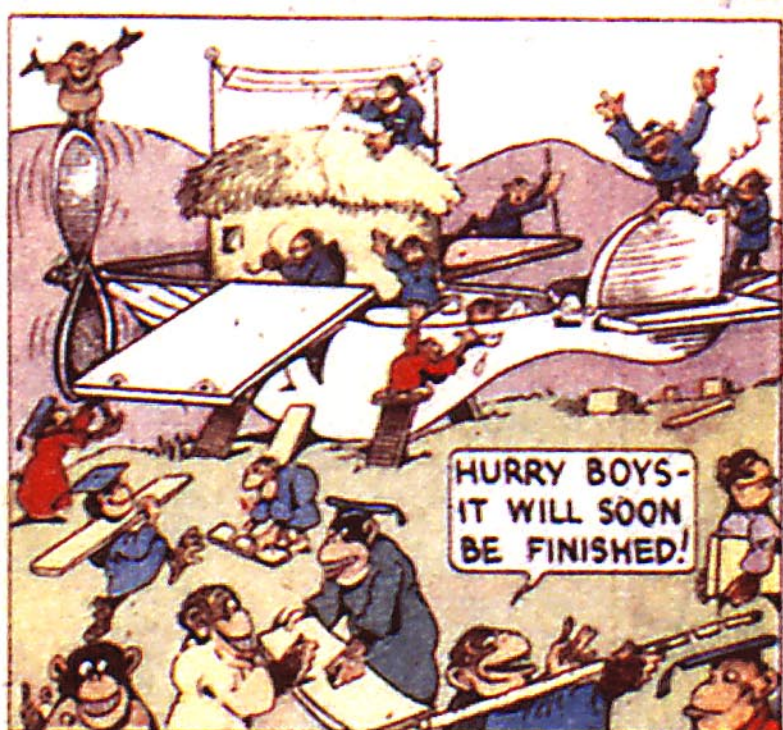
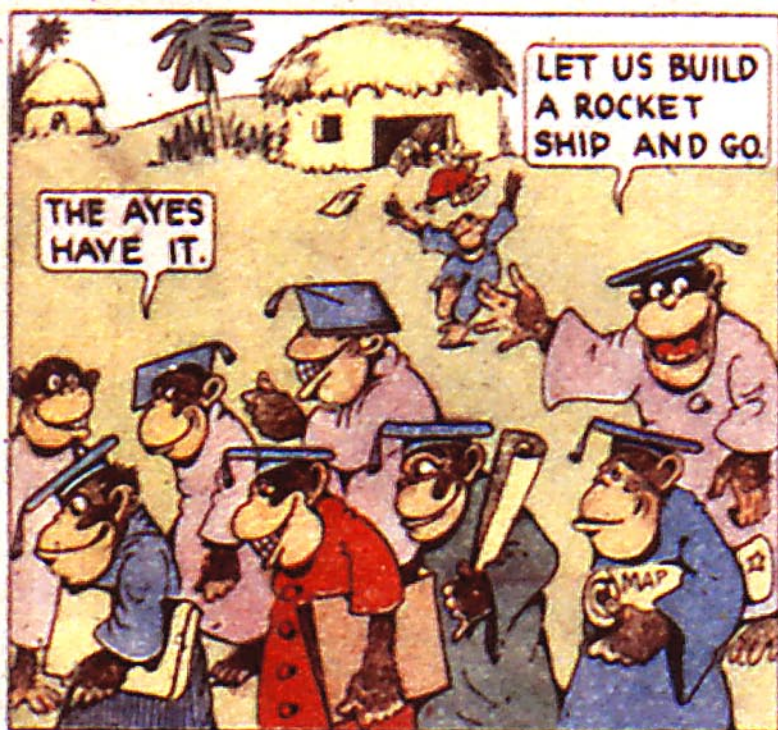
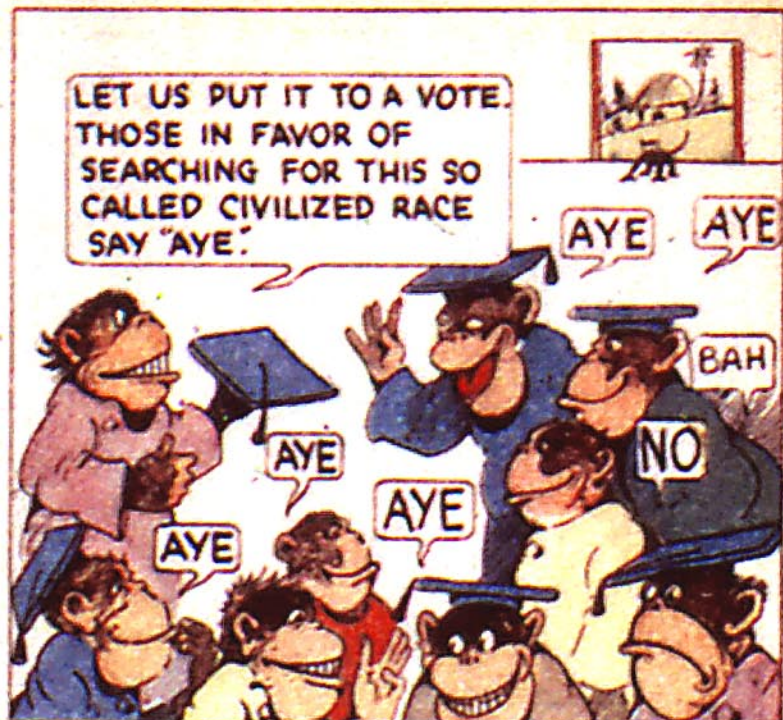
We suppose you are all anxious to start reading this issue now, and so we won't keep you back from your fun any longer.

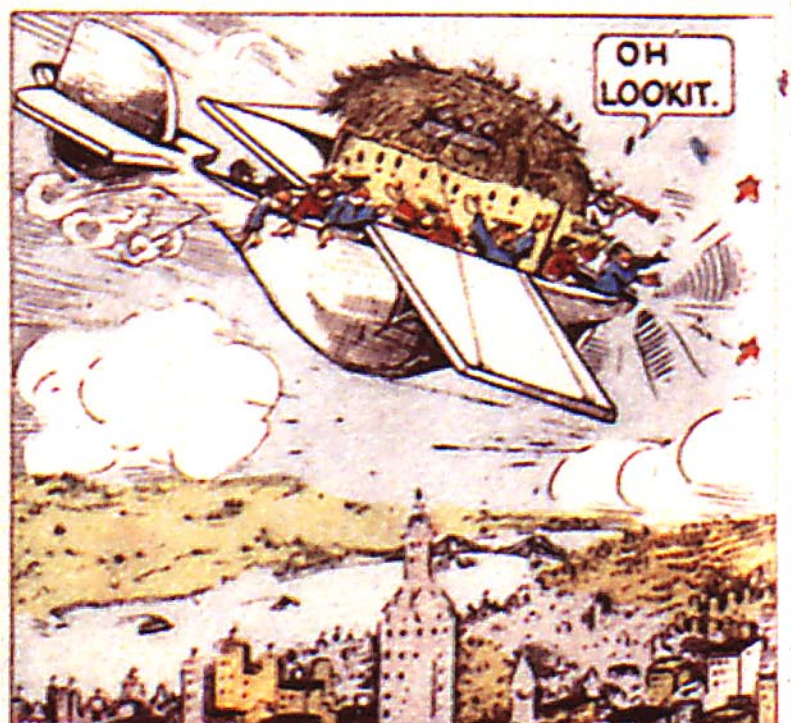
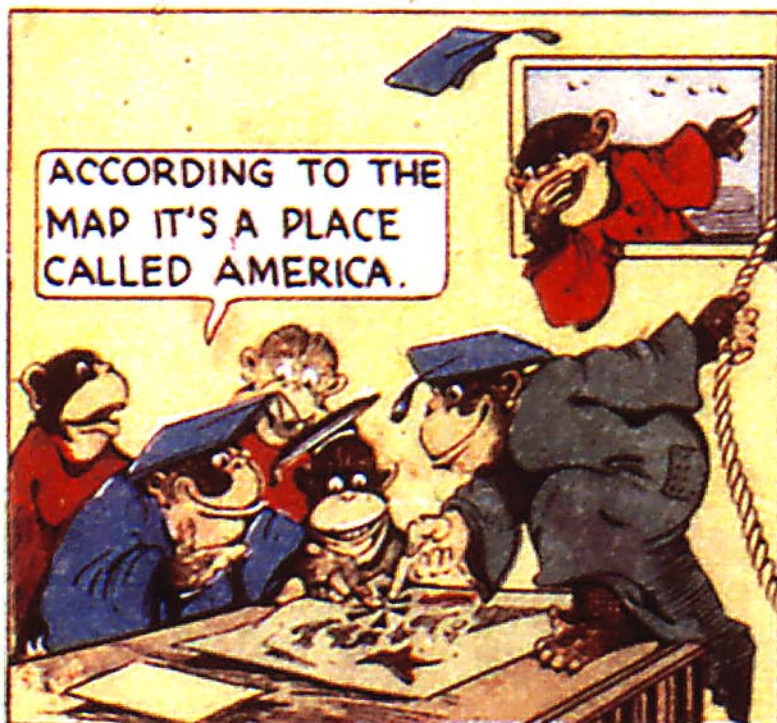
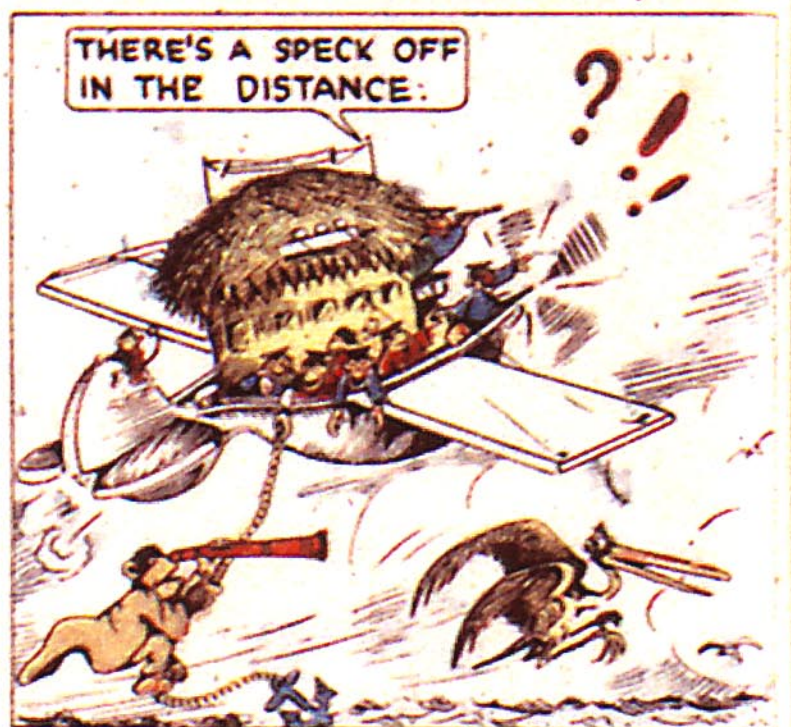
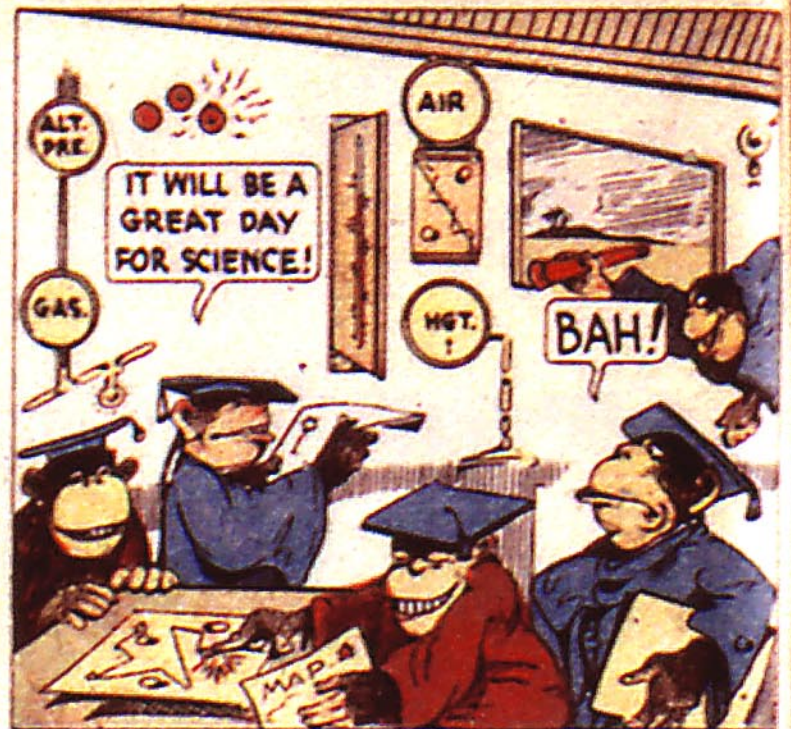
Get ready . . . Set . . . GO!

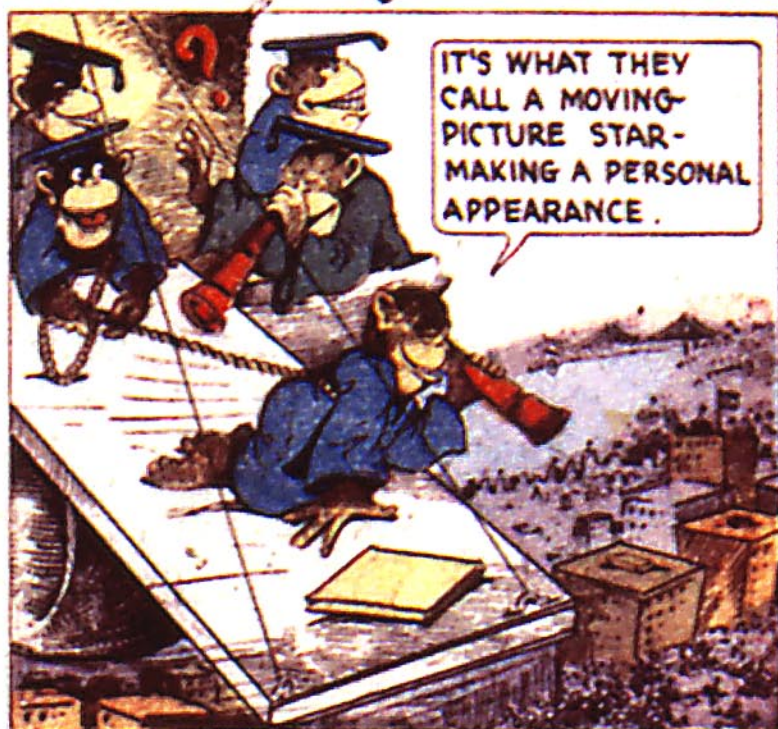
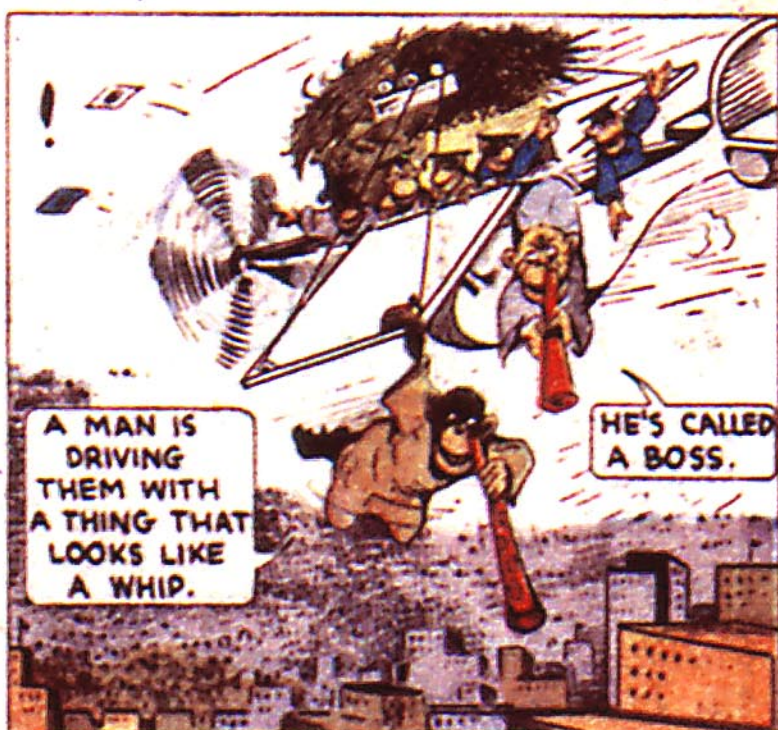
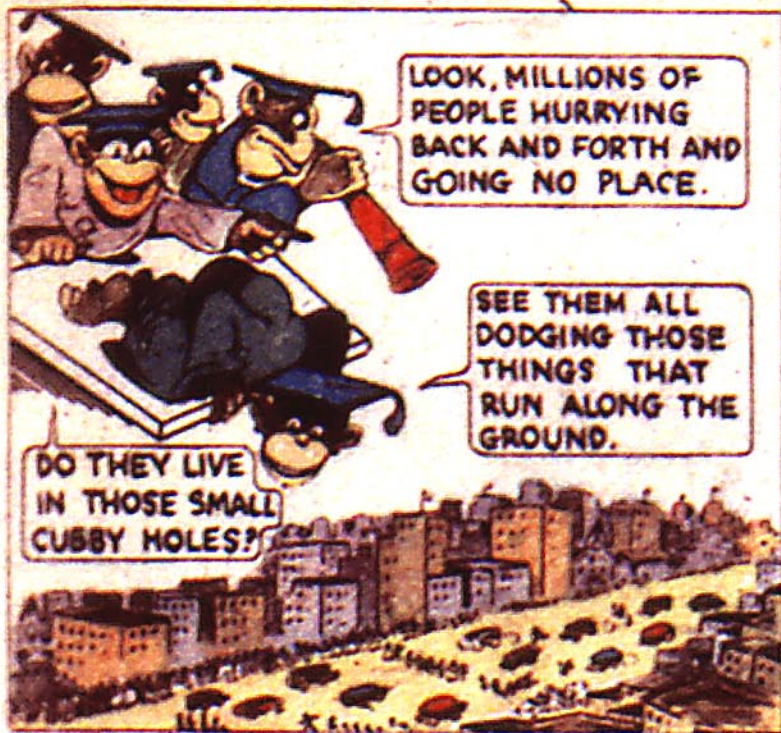


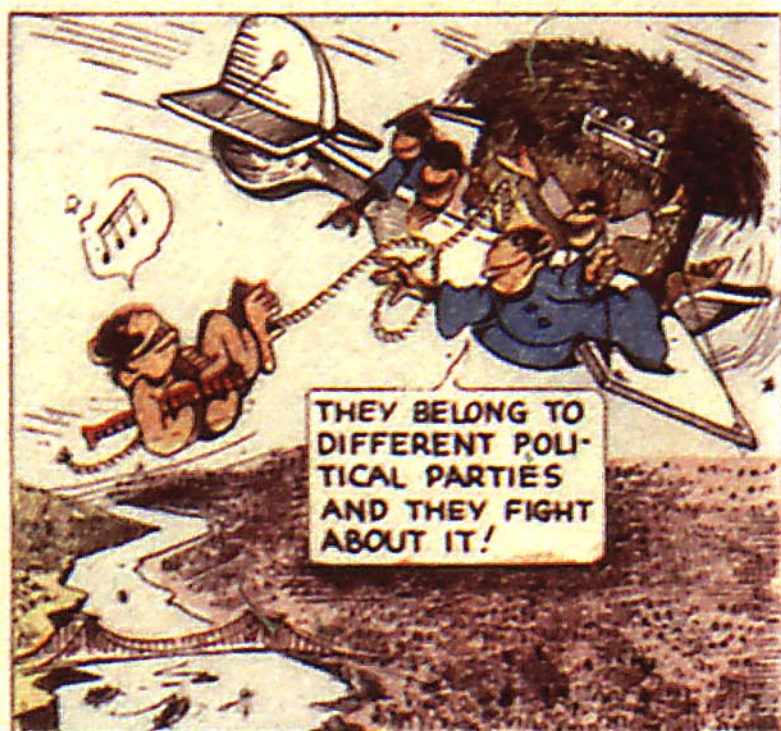
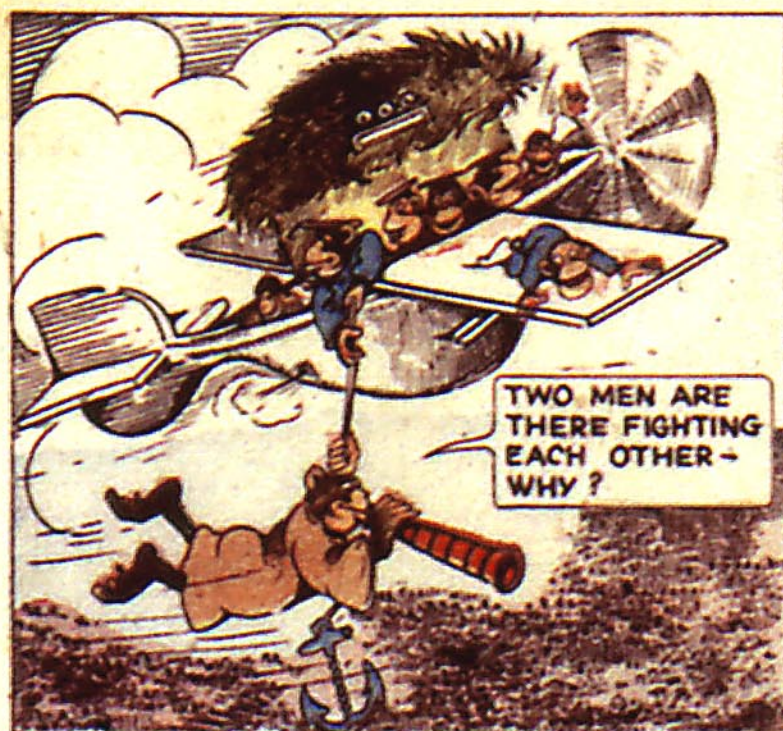
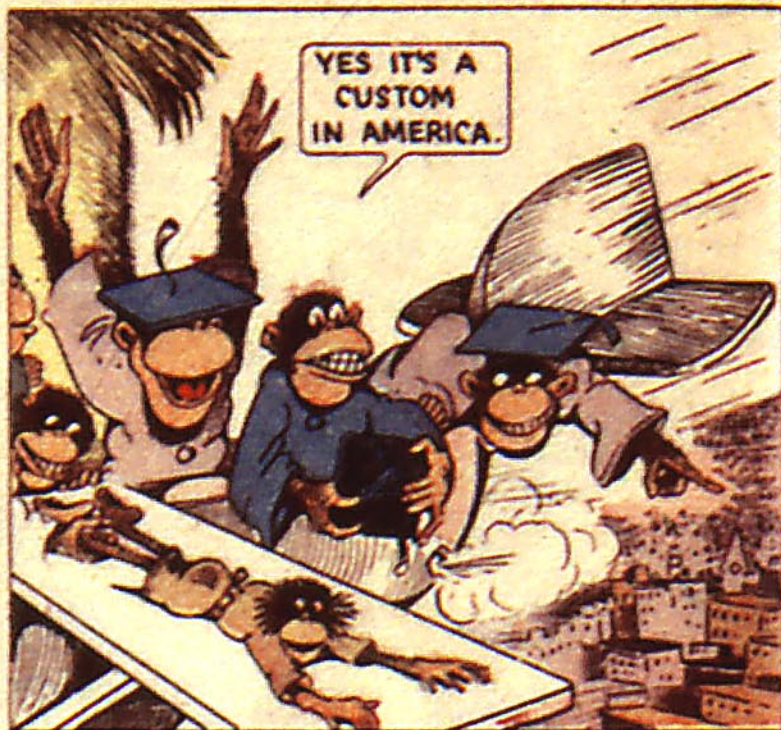
MISSING LINKS



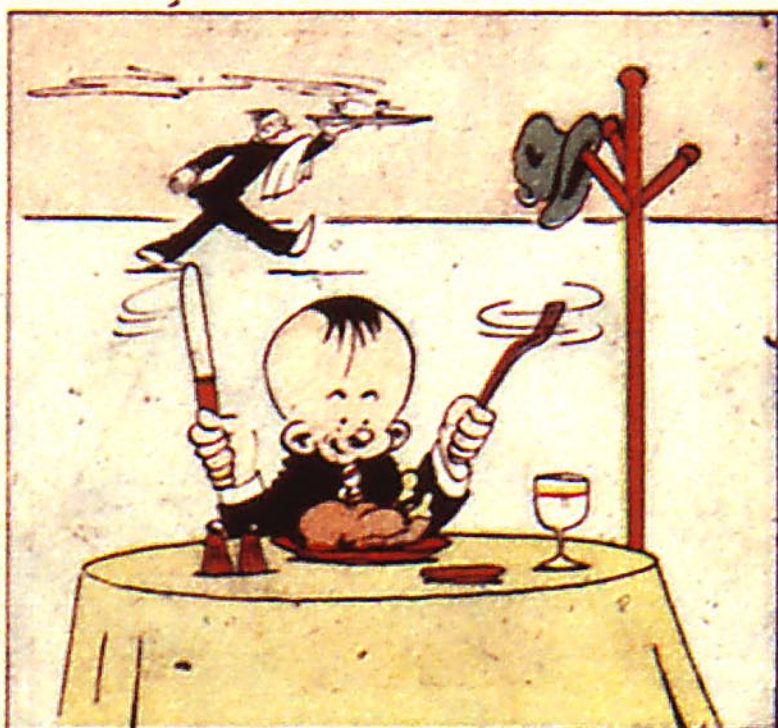
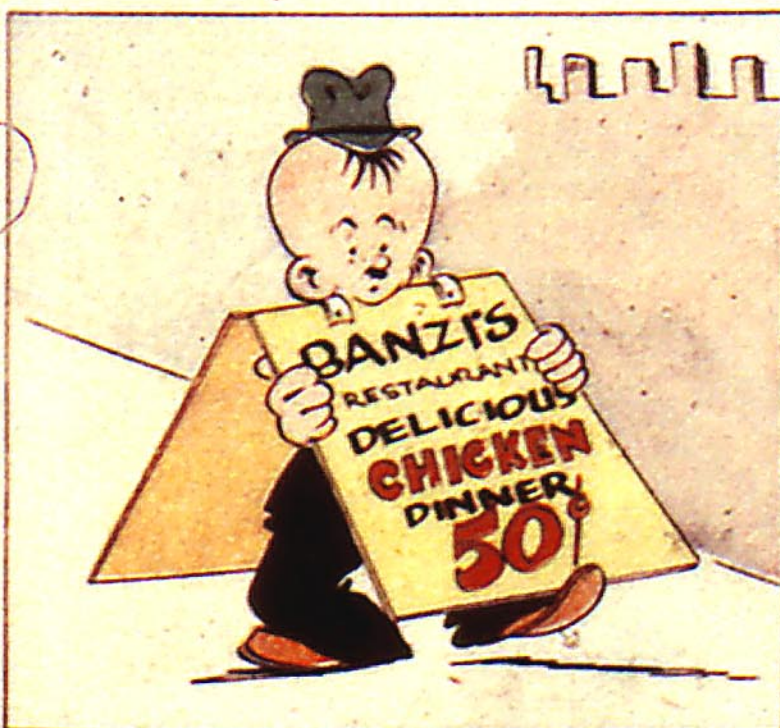
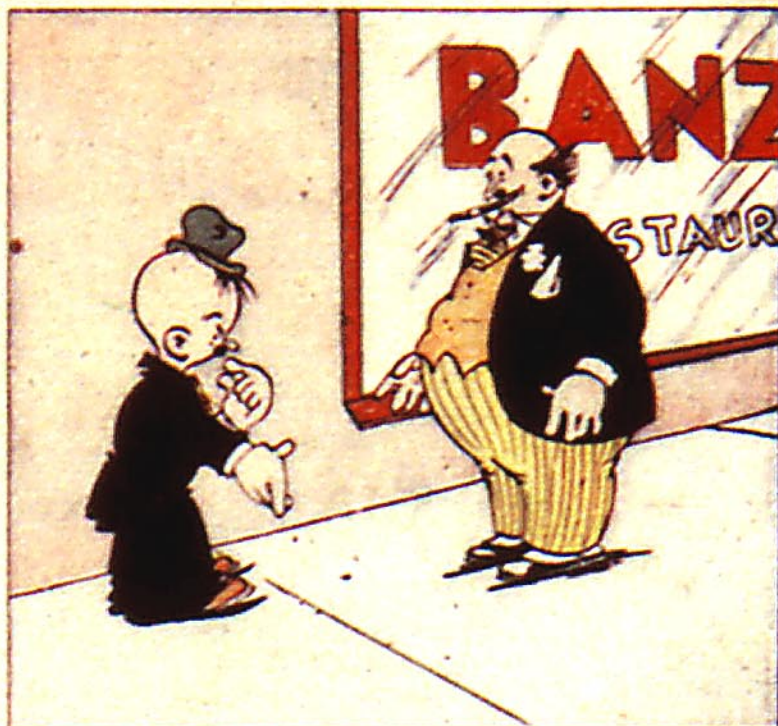
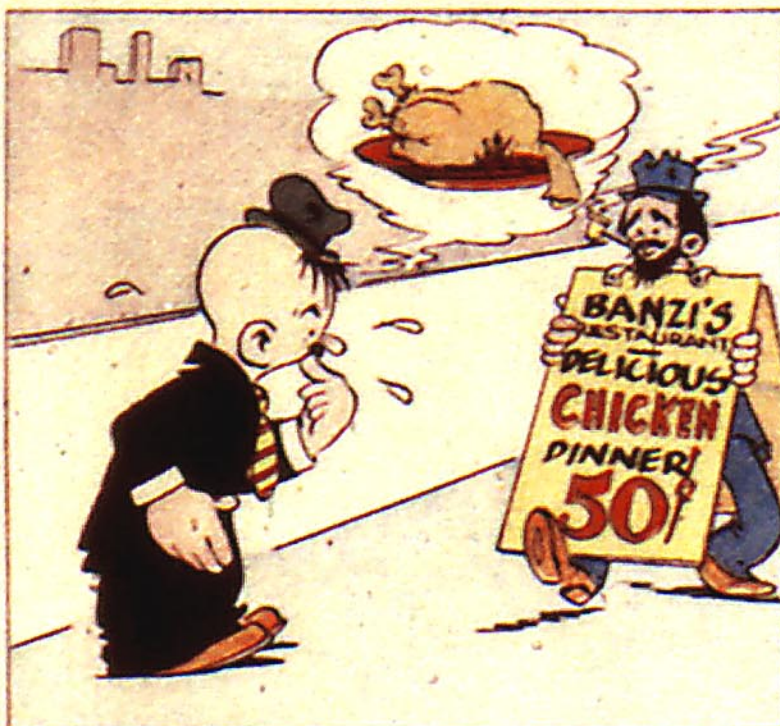
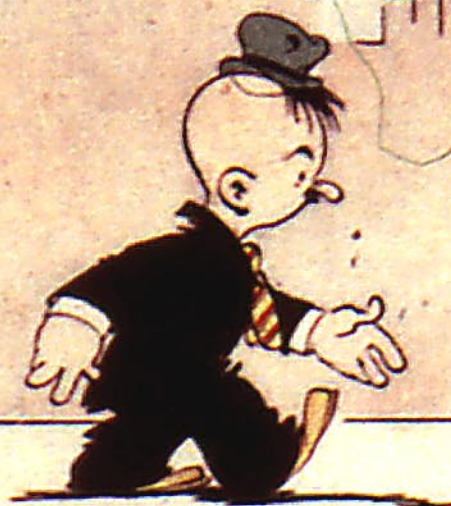








SIMPY



BLOCK *and* FALL

THEY'RE ALWAYS WRONG



I SEE DEYS A GUY NAMED POTSHOT HOGAN WHAT ESCAPED FROM JAIL. DEYS A REWARD OF FIVE THOUSAND BUCKS TO DE GUY WHAT CATCHES 'IM!

FIVE THOUSAND BUCKS-GEE!

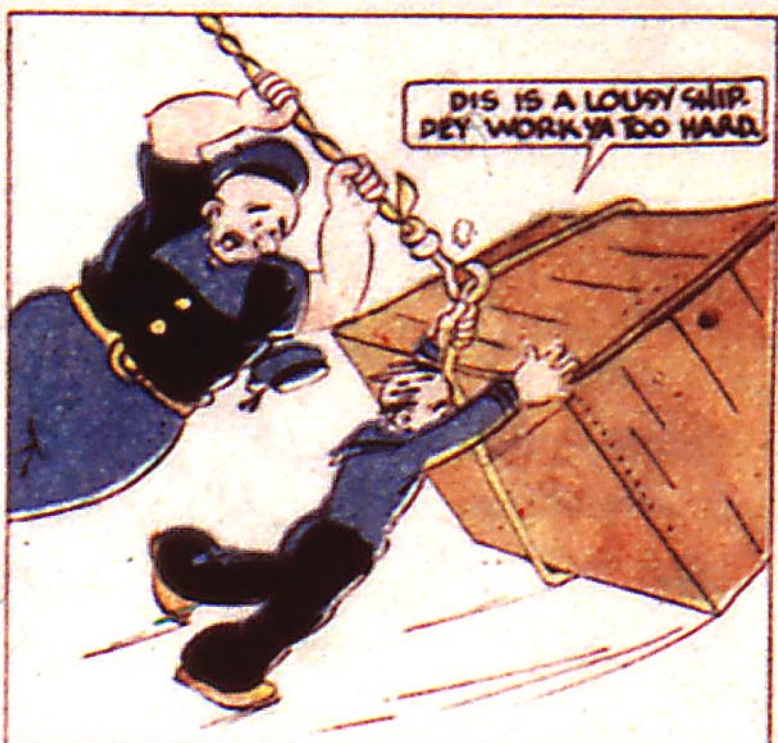


DAT MEANS T'HAUL ANCHOR.

BLAST ME BLOCK OFF, BLOCK-IT'S DE CAPTAIN-I KNOW HIS FEET A MILE AWAY.



DIS IS A LOUZY SHIP. DEY WORK YA TOO HARD.



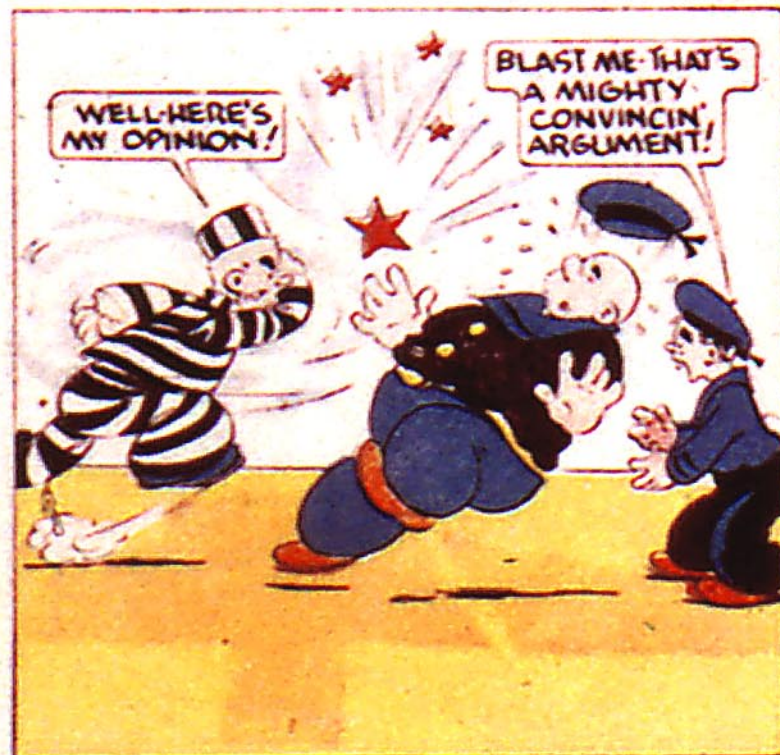
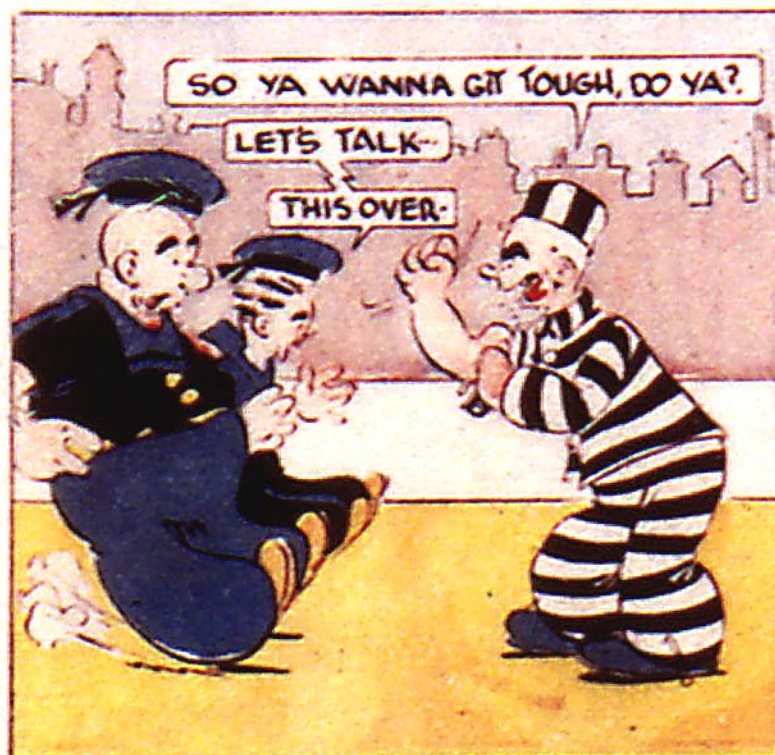
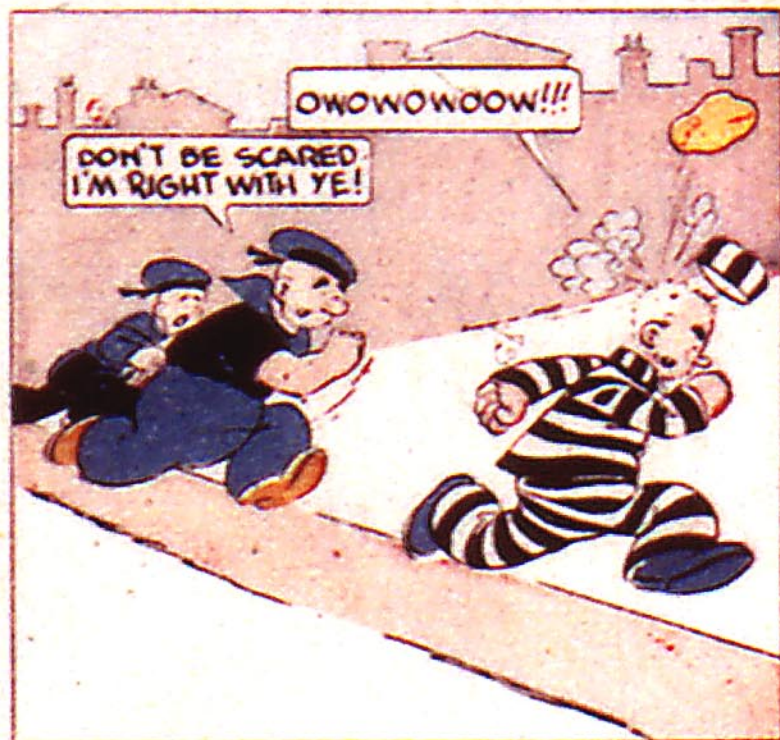
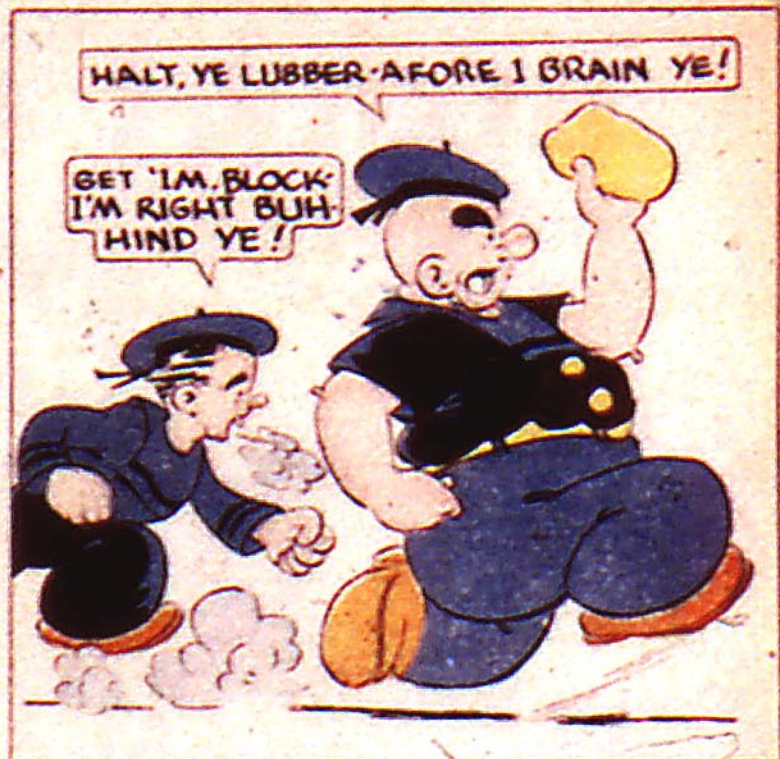
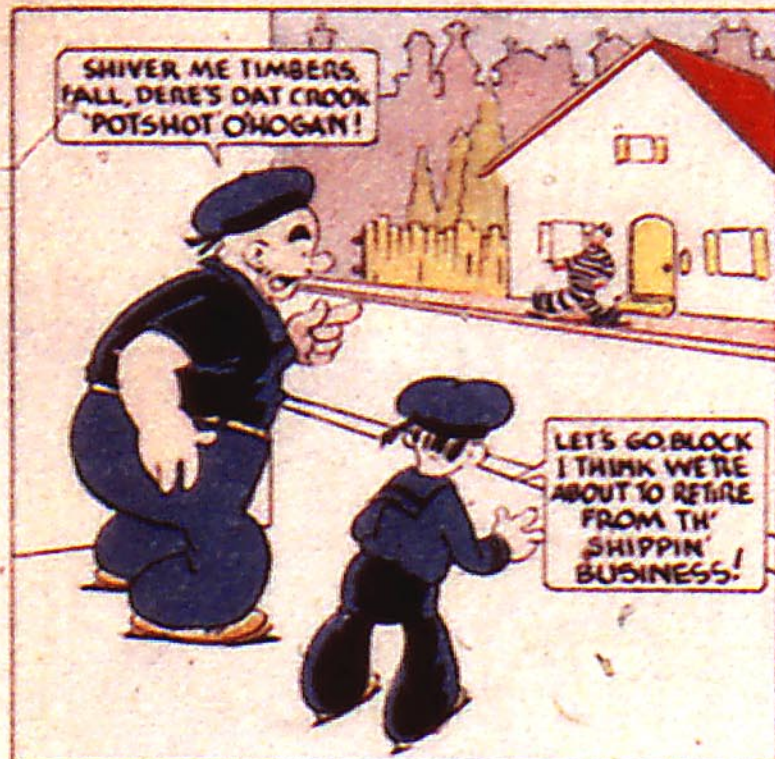
DEY ORTA BE A LAW!

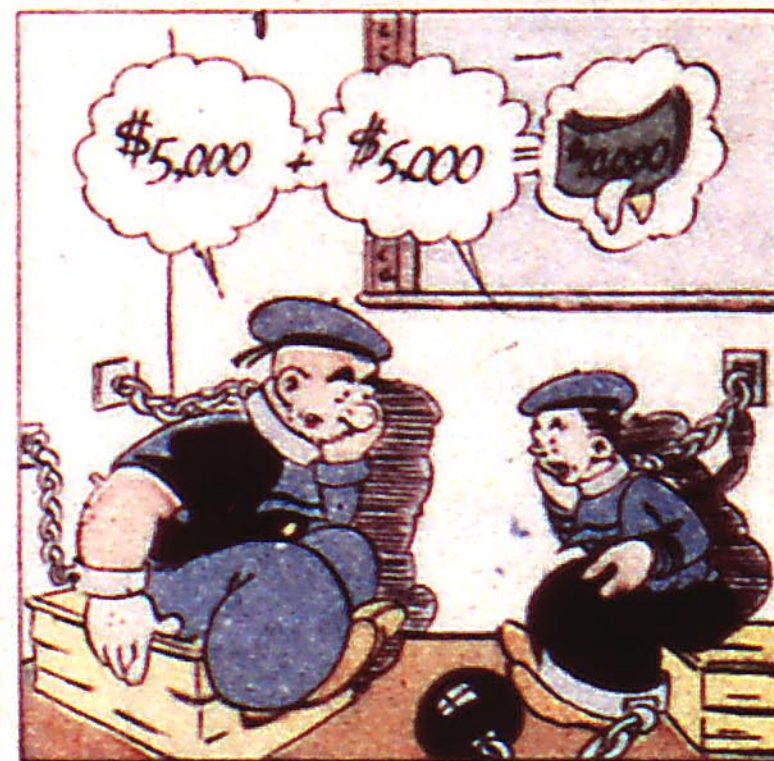
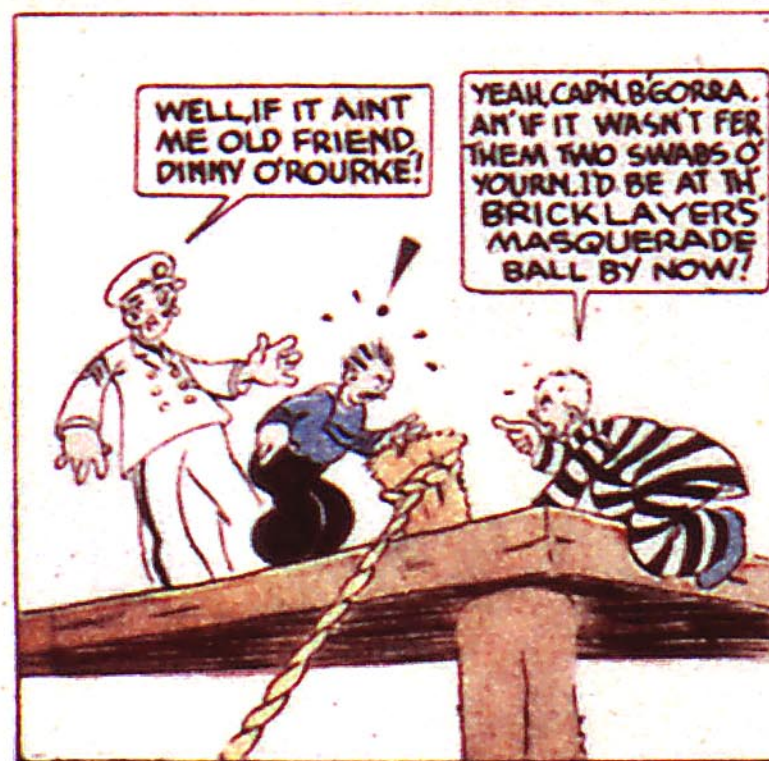
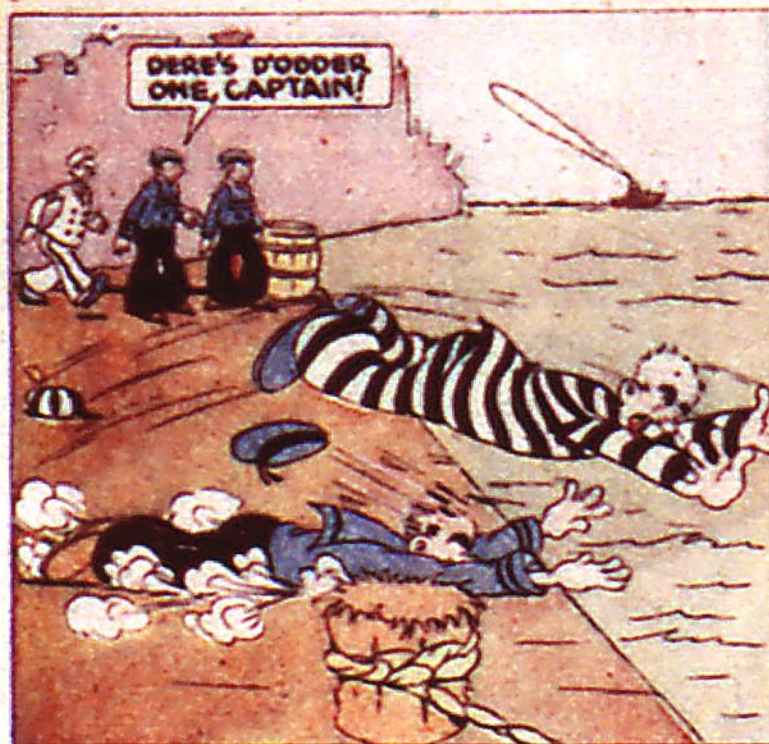
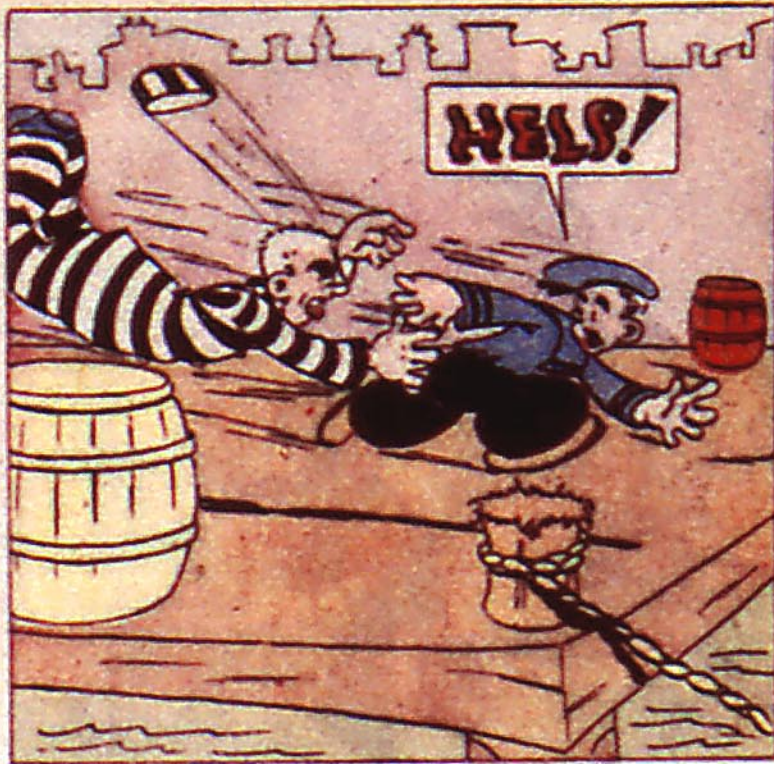
BLAST ME IF I DONT THINK A SIT-DOWN STRIKE UD BE WELCOME



REPORTIN' TWO DESERTERS ON THE STAR-BOARD SIR -

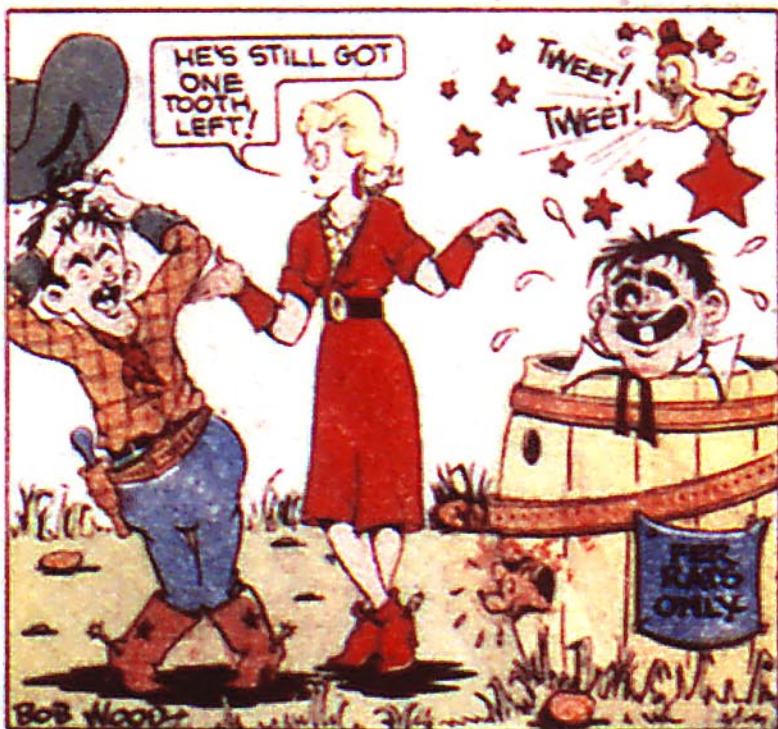
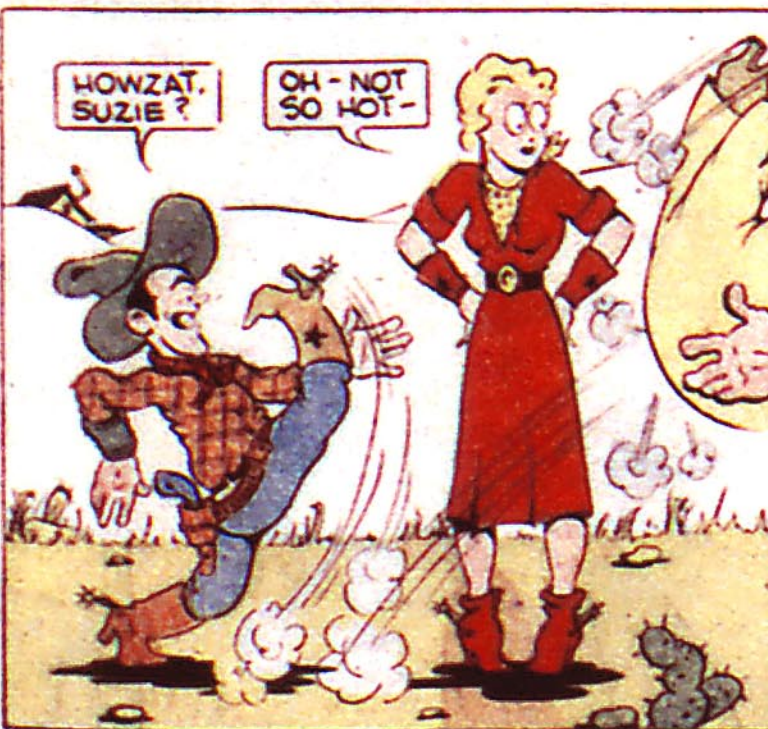
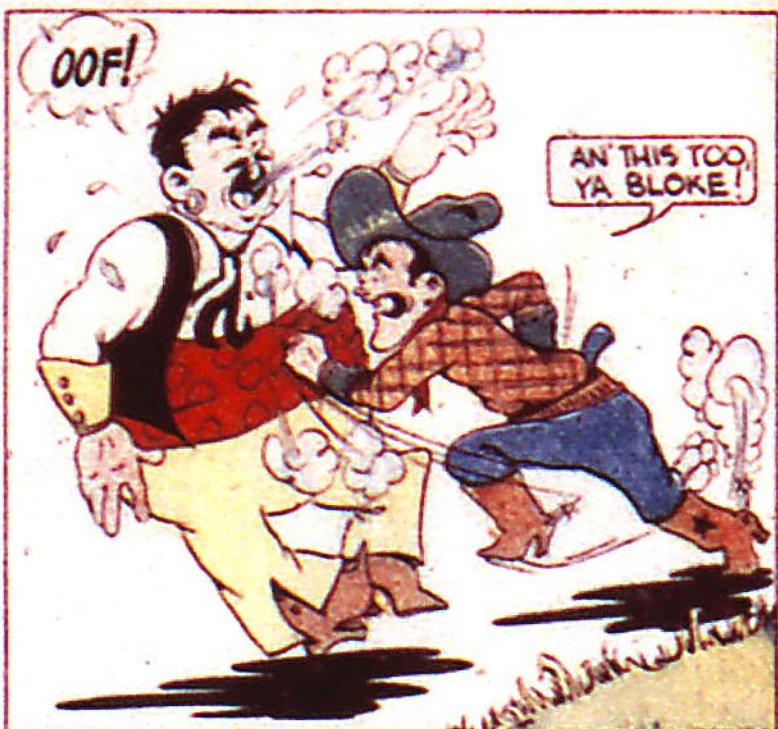
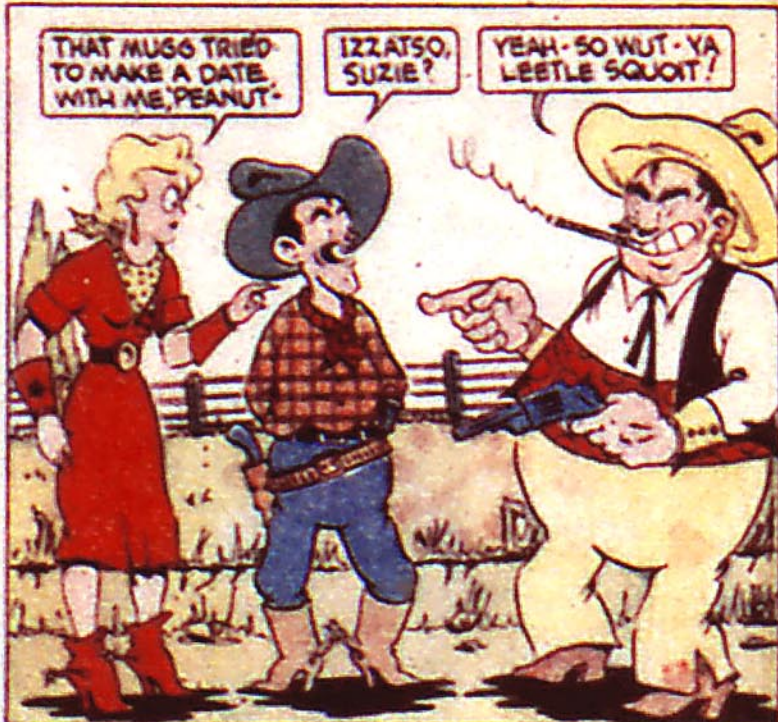
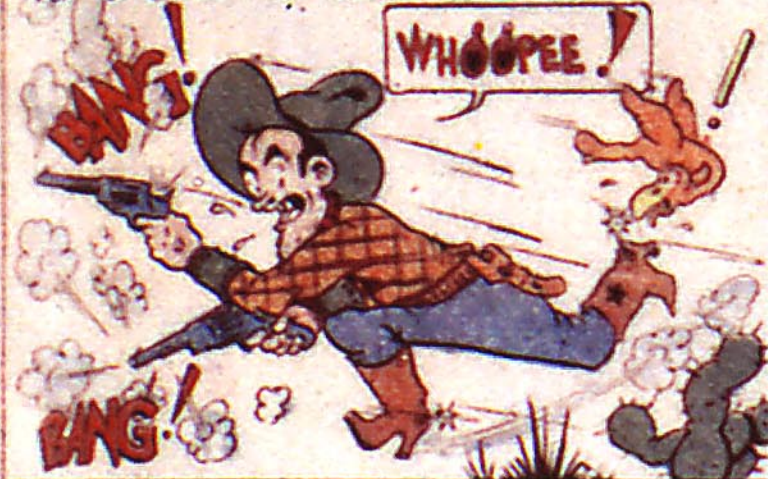






PEANUT O'HOOOLIGAN

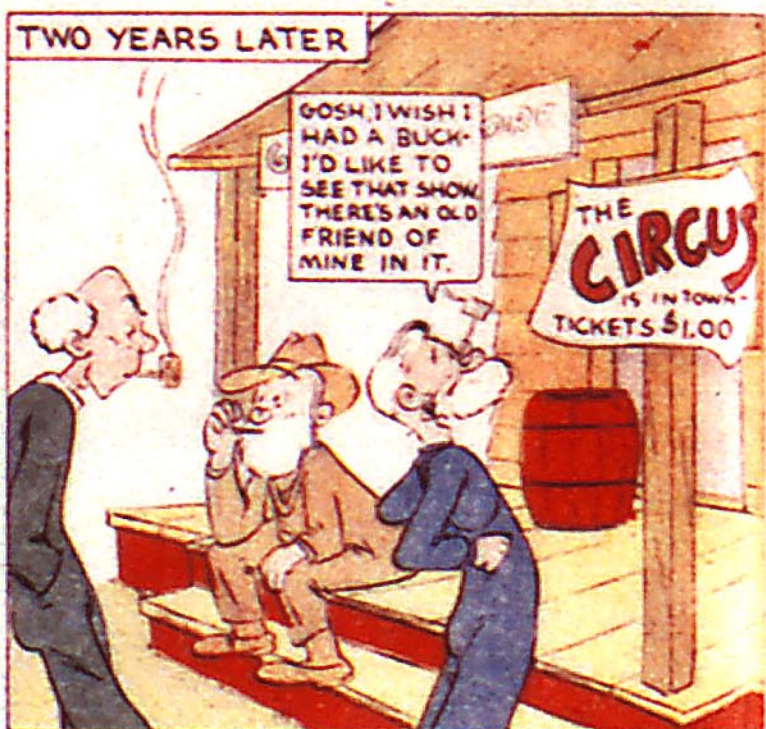
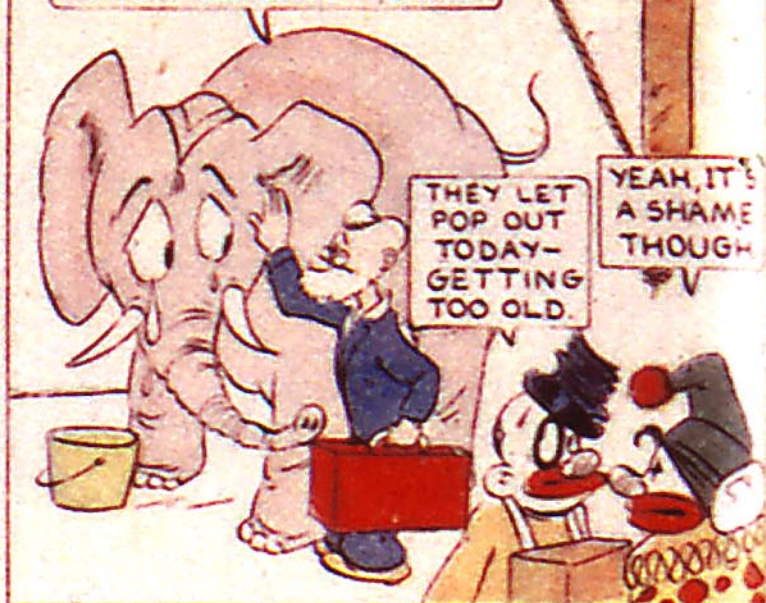
by BOB WOOD

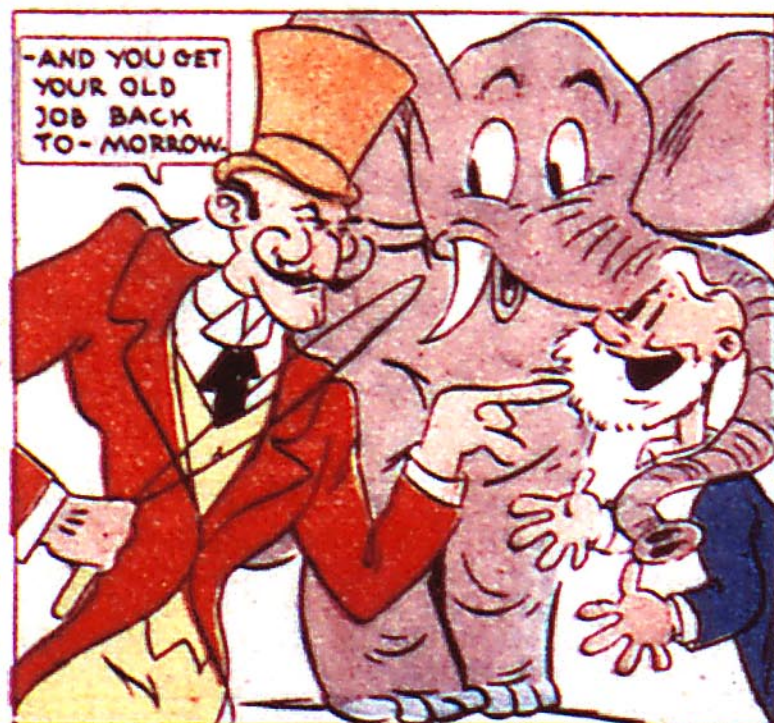
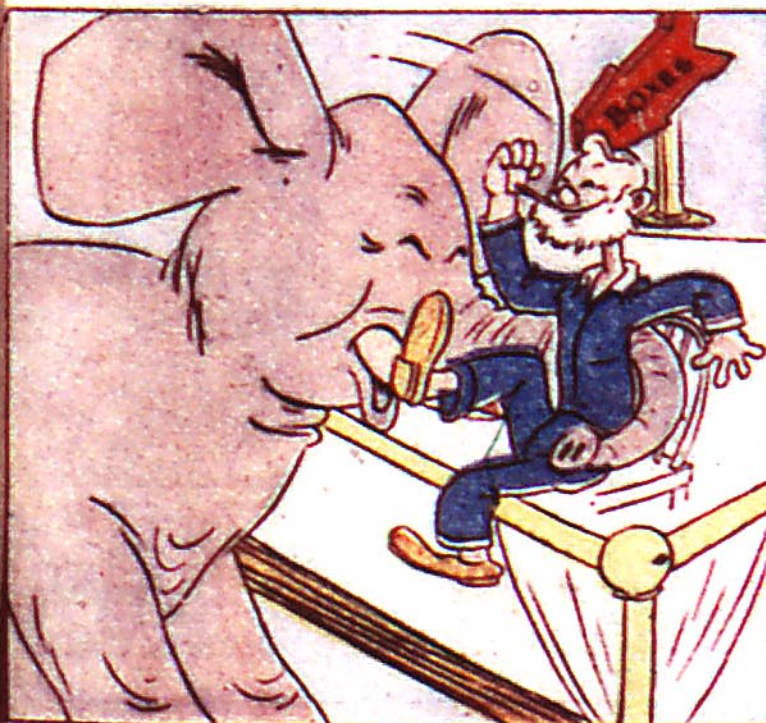
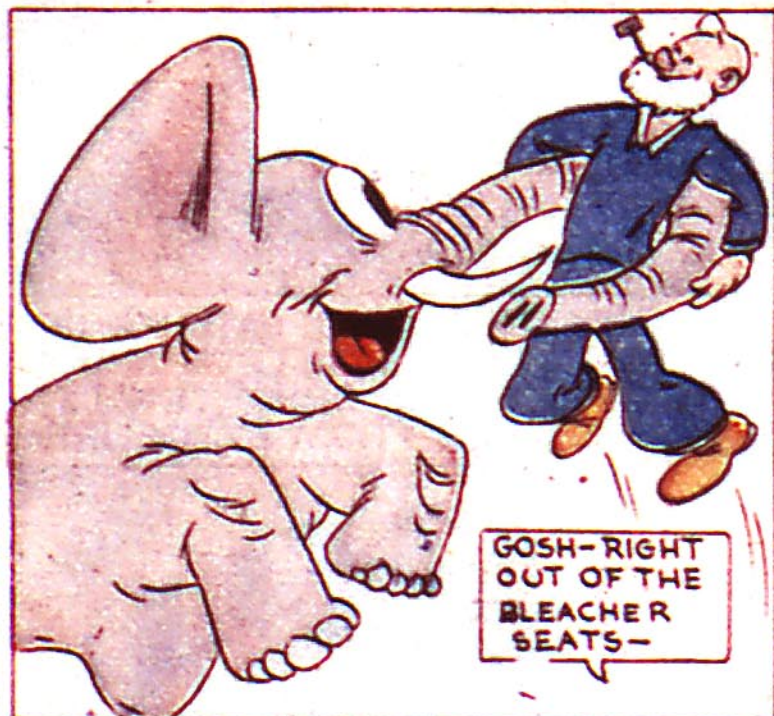
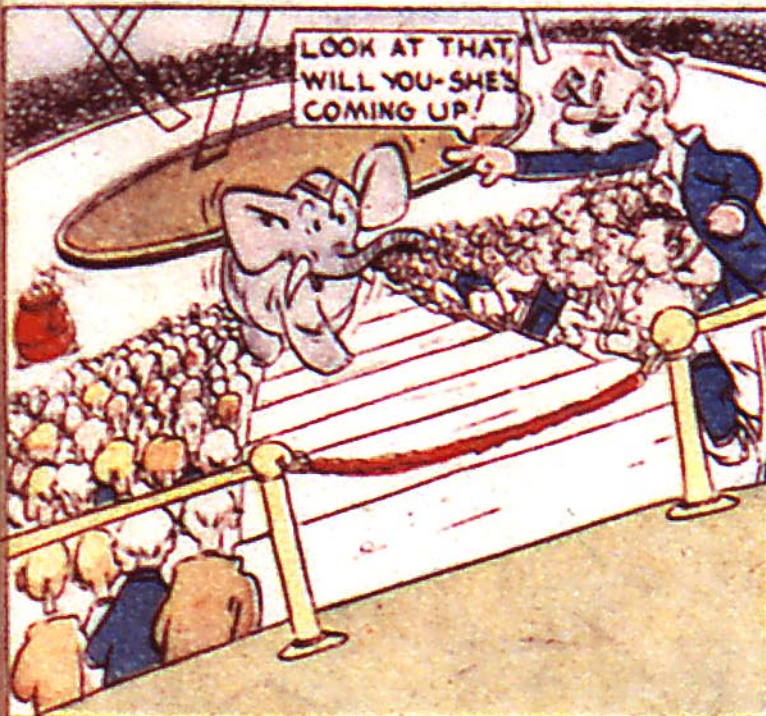
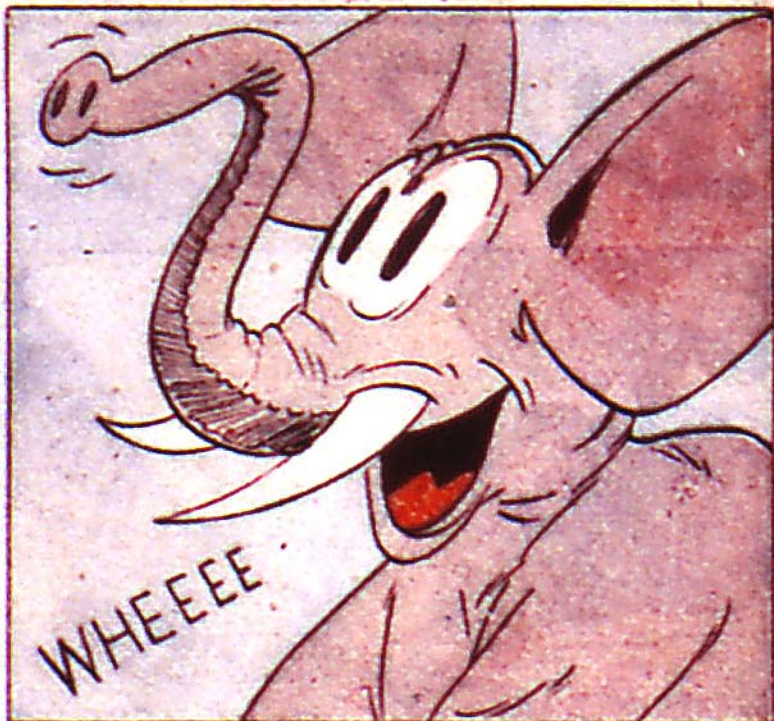
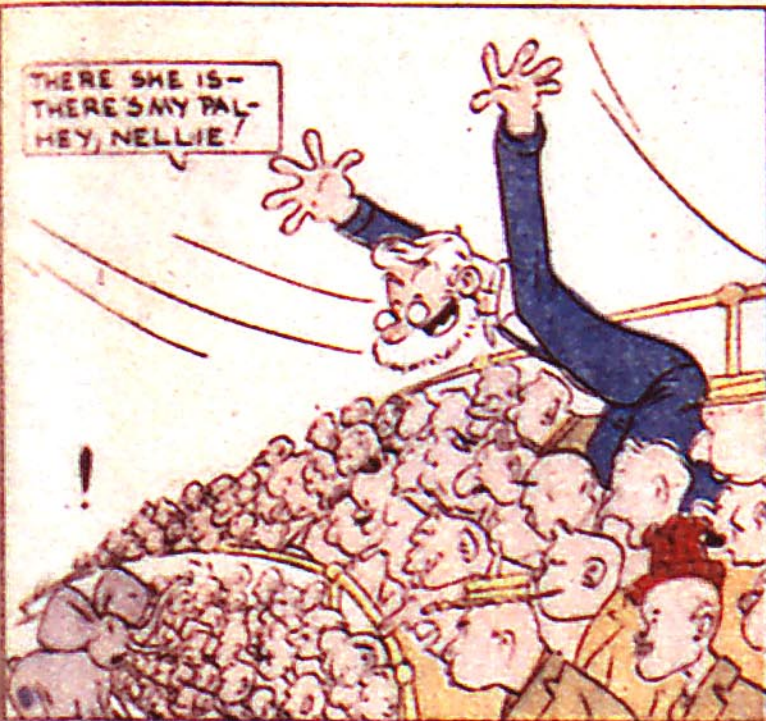


CIRCUS DAYS

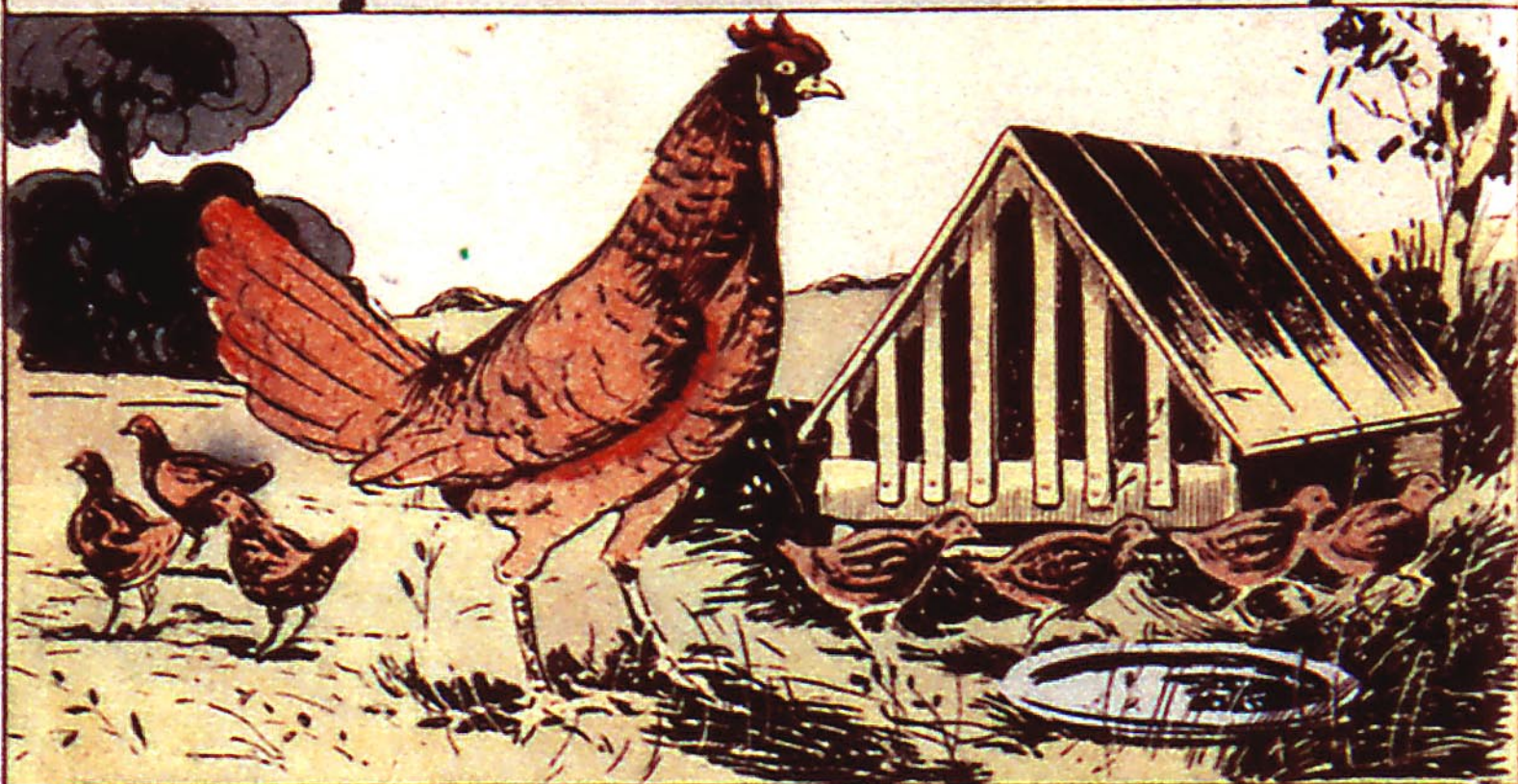


GOOD-BYE NELL, THEY LET ME GO THIS MORNING AFTER 30 LONG YEARS.

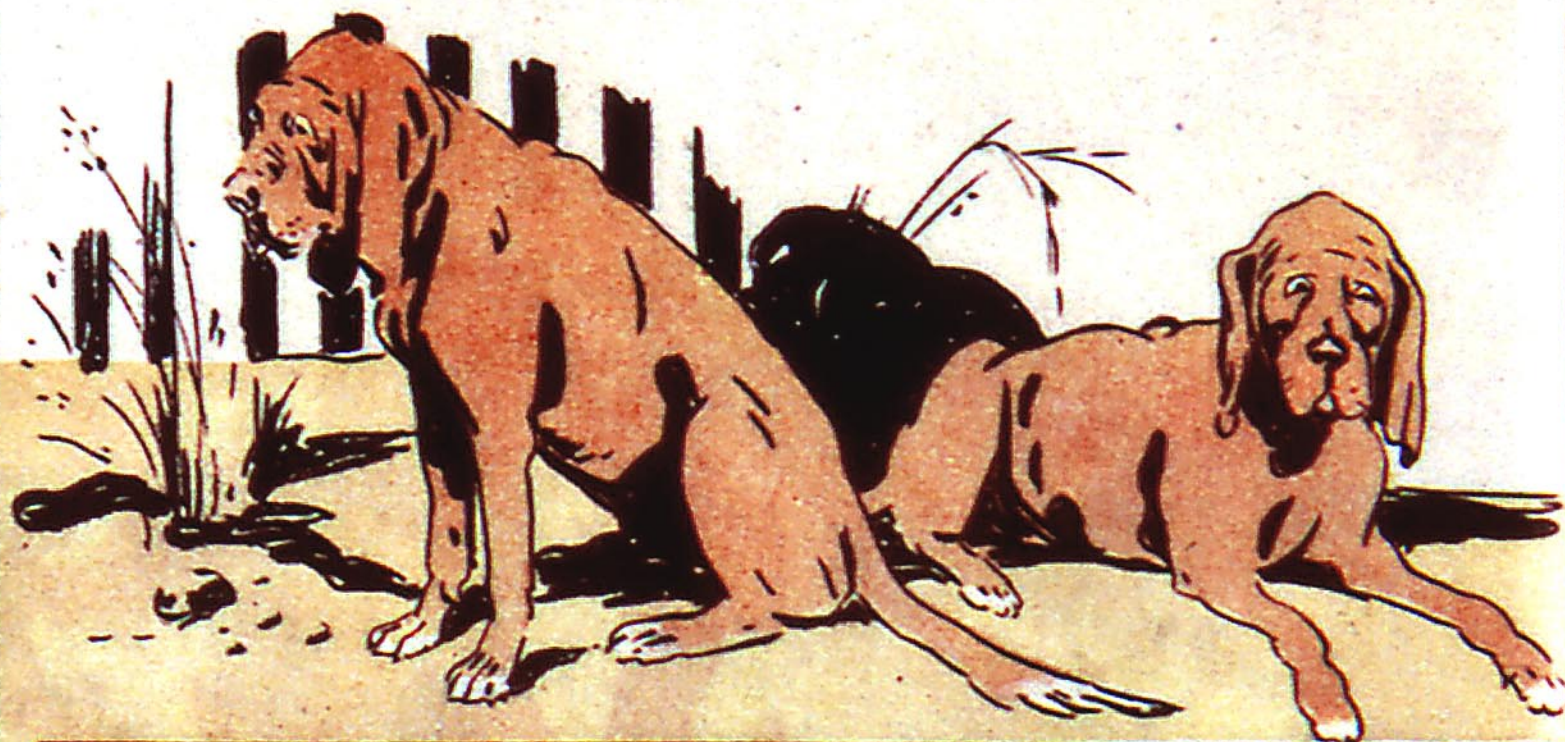




Do You Know Why?

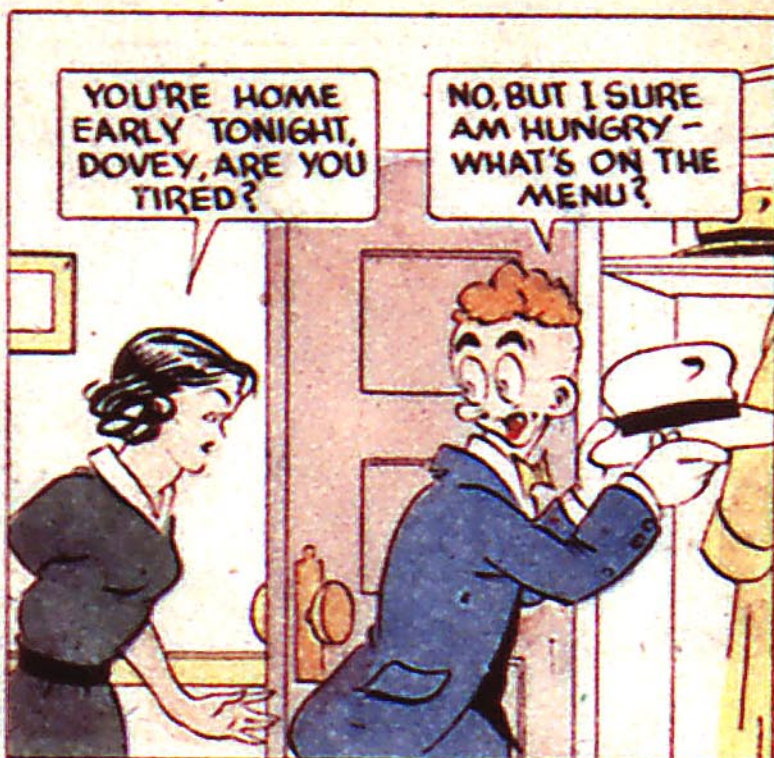
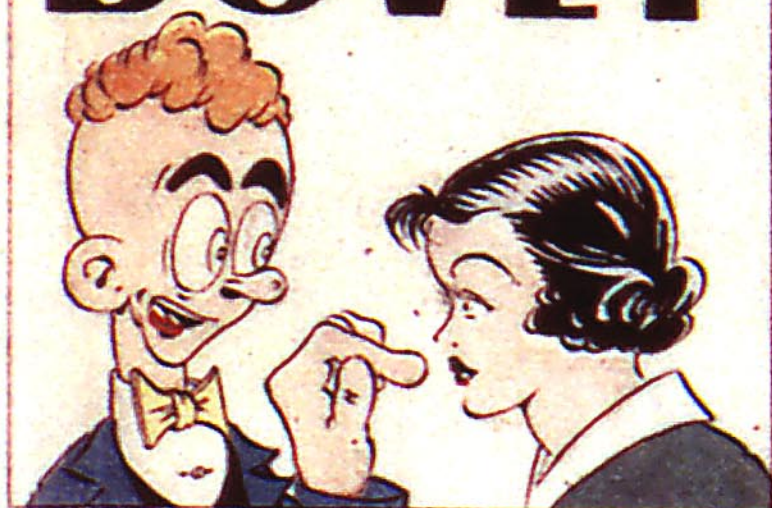


BABY QUAIL WHEN HATCHED UNDER A BANTAM HEN, KNOW THE HEN IS NOT THEIR MOTHER AND WILL HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH HER. AT THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY THEY WILL RUN AWAY, SOMETIMES TO SUFFER FROM EXPOSURE AND TO DIE.



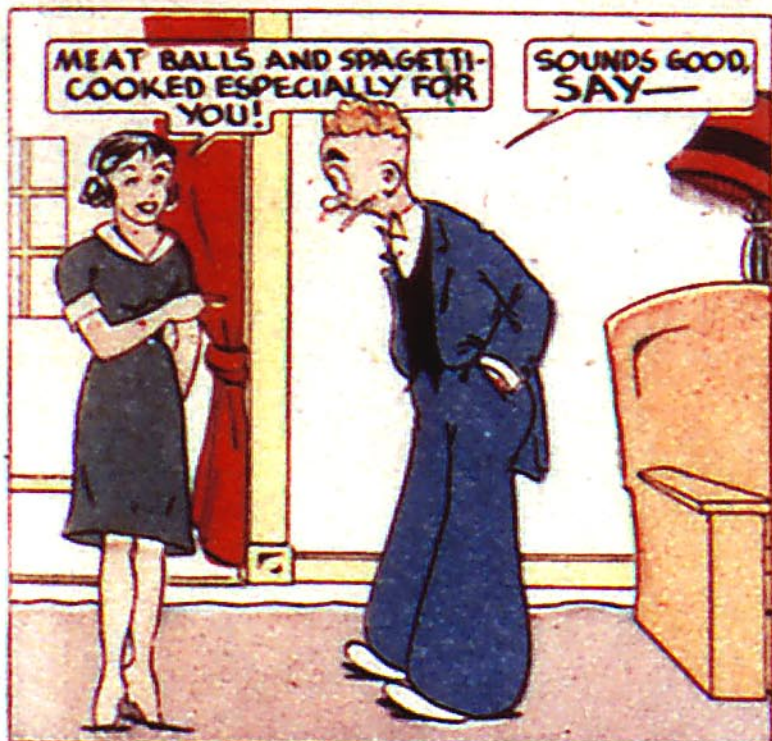
BLOODHOUNDS ARE GENTLE PEACEFUL DOGS. THEY DO NOT ATTACK THE TRAILED PERSON. AFTER THEY CATCH UP WITH HIM THEY SHOW ABSOLUTELY NO INTEREST IN HIM. YET GIVE BLOODHOUNDS THE SCENT OF A FUGITIVE AND NOTHING CAN KEEP THEM FROM BAYING THEIR WAY TO HIM, ONCE THEY PICK UP HIS TRAIL. WHY THEY FOLLOW THE SCENT OF HUMANS NO ONE KNOWS.

LOVEY DOVEY



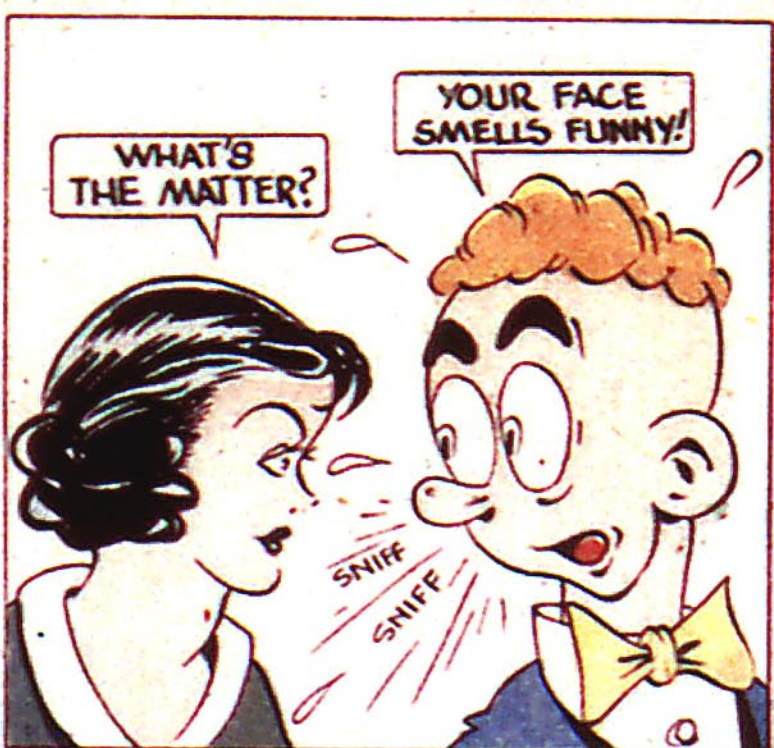
MEAT BALLS AND SPAGETTI-
COOKED ESPECIALLY FOR
YOU!

SOUNDS GOOD,
SAY—



WHAT'S
THE MATTER?

YOUR FACE
SMELLS FUNNY!

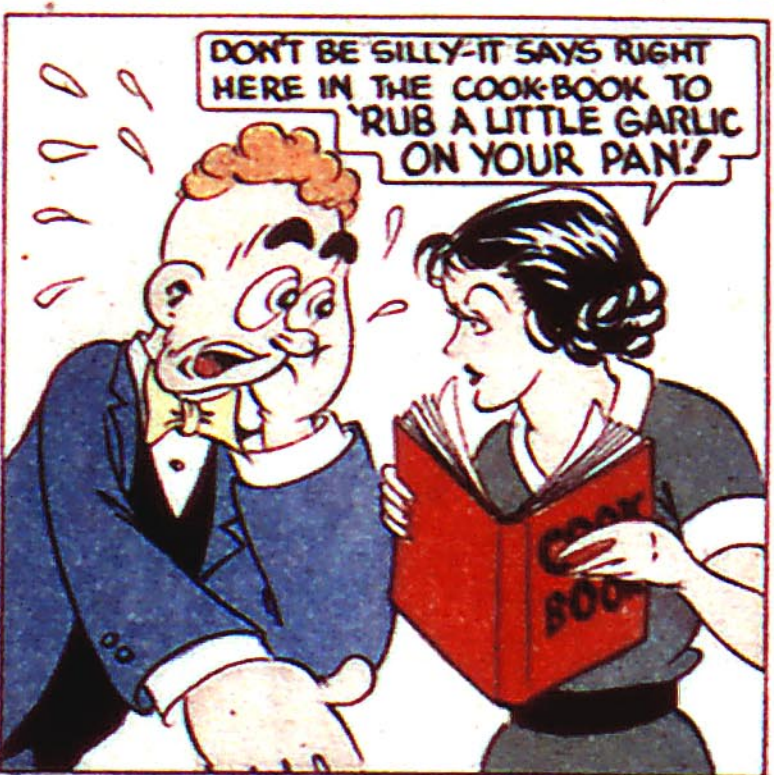


OH THAT'S PROBABLY
THE GARLIC THAT
YOU SMELL—

GARLIC ON YOUR
FACE - ARE YOU
LOSING YOUR MIND?



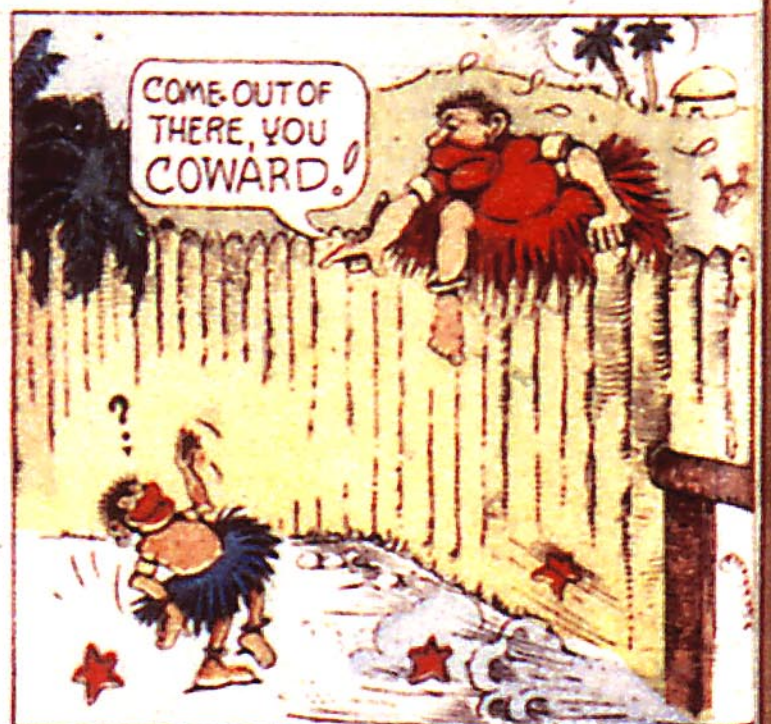
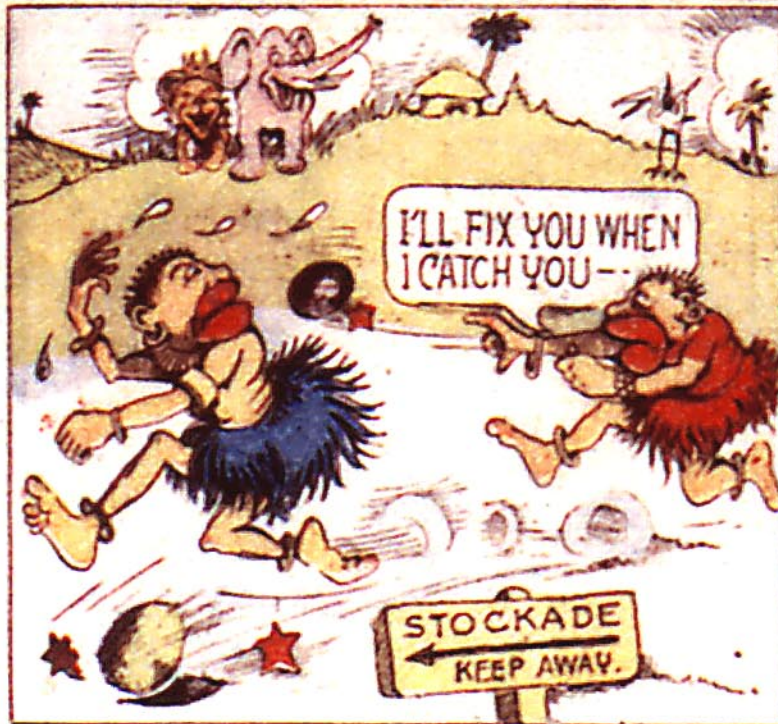
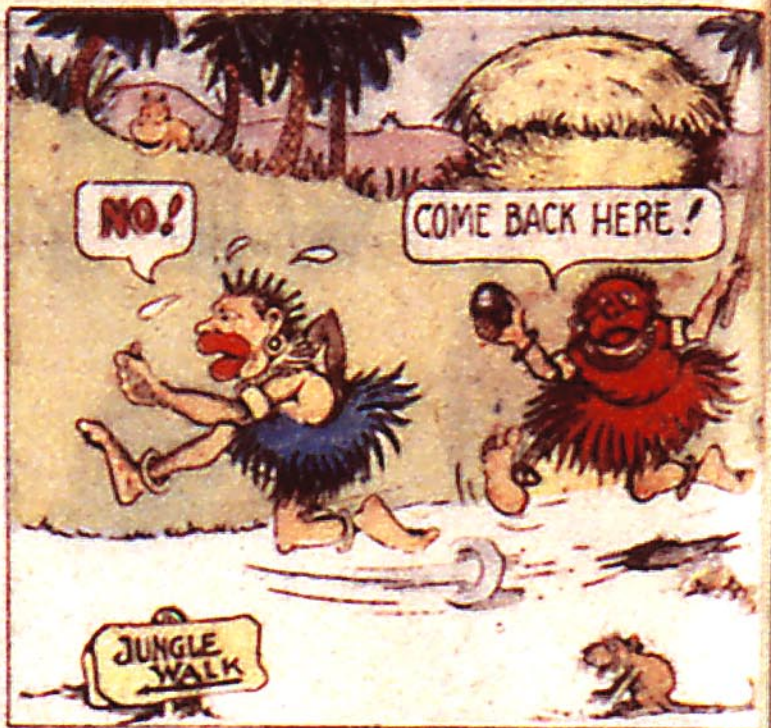
DON'T BE SILLY-IT SAYS RIGHT
HERE IN THE COOK-BOOK TO
'RUB A LITTLE GARLIC
ON YOUR PAN!'



Jungle Town

YOUR TWO COCONUTS SHORT
IN YOUR PAY. FORK IT OVER!

I WILL NOT! I'M
GOING TO KEEP
THEM!



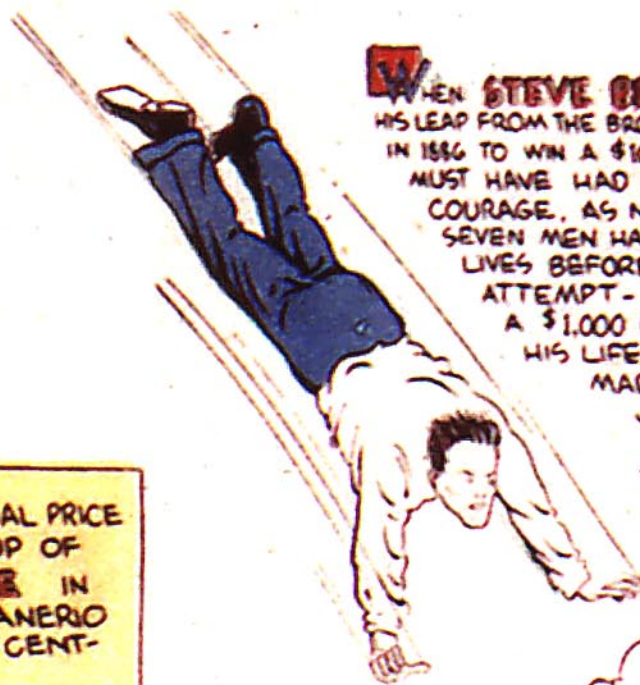
IT'S REALLY A FACT By BOB WOOD



IN THE COURSE OF A SEASON, THE MAJOR LEAGUE BALL CLUBS USE APPROXIMATELY 105,000 BASEBALLS WHICH COST ABOUT \$1.22 EACH-



THE LARGEST PAIR OF **ELEPHANT TUSKS** EVER RECORDED WEIGHED 228 AND 232 POUNDS, WHILE THE AVERAGE TUSK WEIGHS ONLY 55 POUNDS -



WHEN **STEVE BRODIE** MADE HIS LEAP FROM THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE IN 1886 TO WIN A \$100 BET, HE MUST HAVE HAD PLENTY OF COURAGE, AS NO LESS THAN SEVEN MEN HAD LOST THEIR LIVES BEFORE HIM IN THE ATTEMPT - HE TOOK OUT A \$1,000 POLICY ON HIS LIFE BEFORE HE MADE THE JUMP -



THE USUAL PRICE OF A CUP OF **COFFEE** IN RIO DE JANEIRO IS ONE CENT-

HERE'S ONE TO FIGURE OUT!

TAKE YOUR **WEIGHT**, MULTIPLY BY 2, ADD 5, MULTIPLY BY 50, ADD YOUR **AGE**, SUBTRACT 250 - IN YOUR ANSWER YOU WILL FIND BOTH YOUR WEIGHT AND AGE.

EXAMPLE -

WEIGHT 150 - AGE 20 -

MULTIPLY WEIGHT BY 2 - 300

ADD 5 - 305

MULTIPLY BY 50 - 15,250

ADD AGE (20) - 15,270

SUBTRACT 250 - 15,020

ANS.

150/20

WT.-AGE

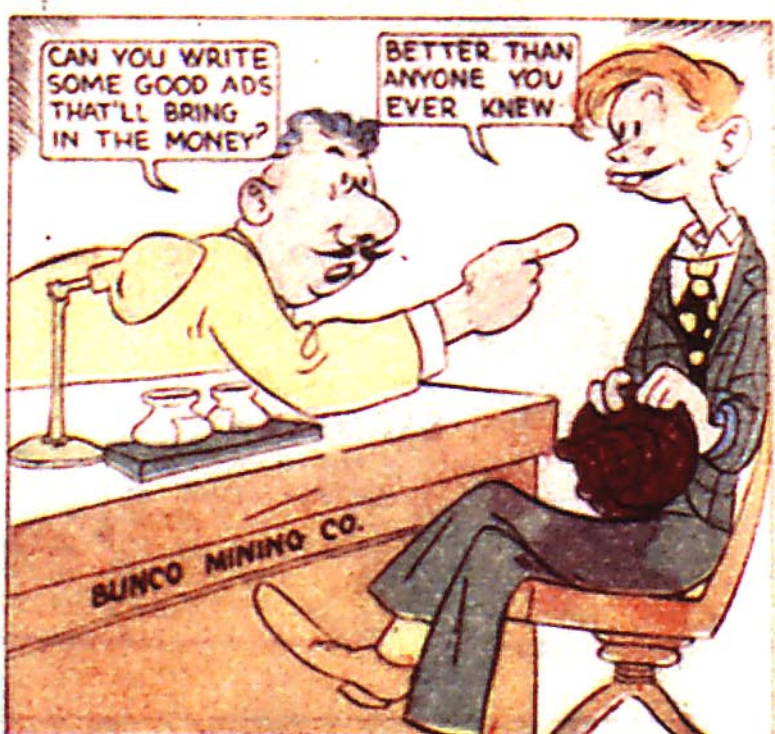
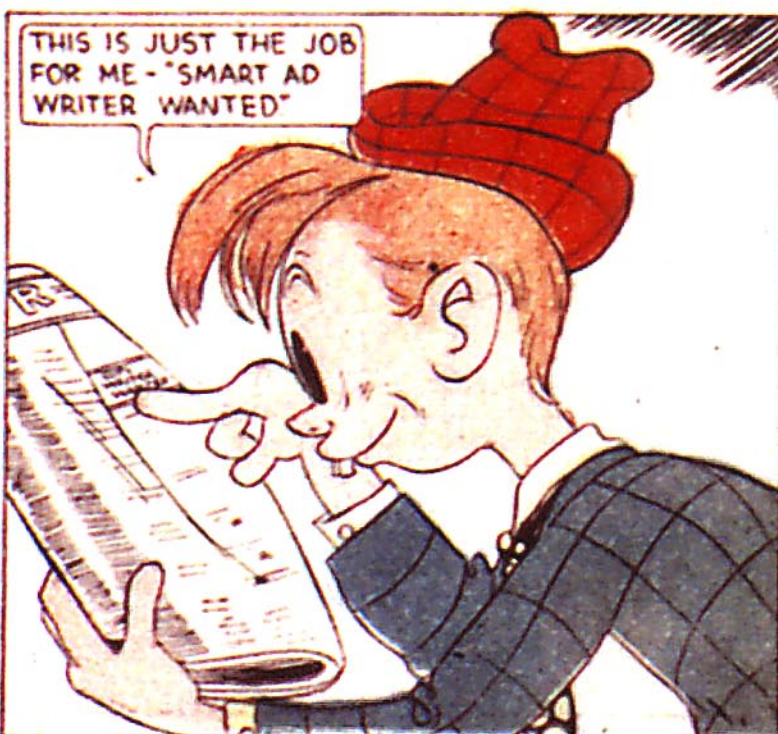
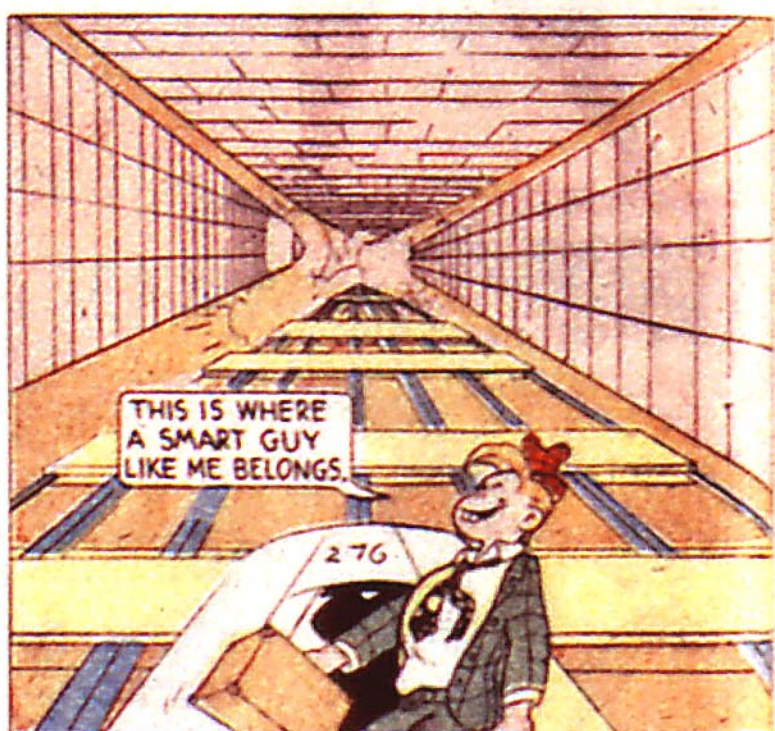
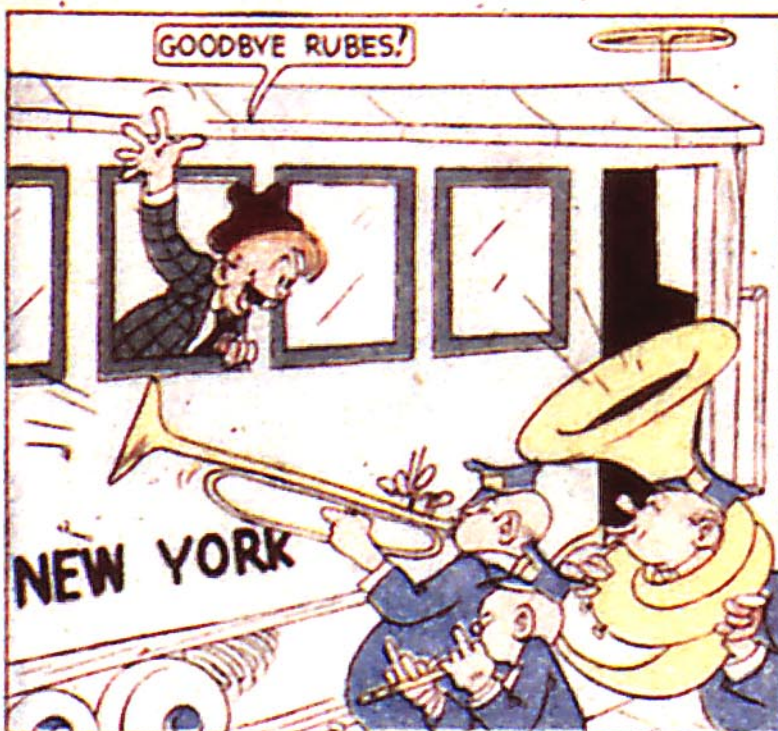
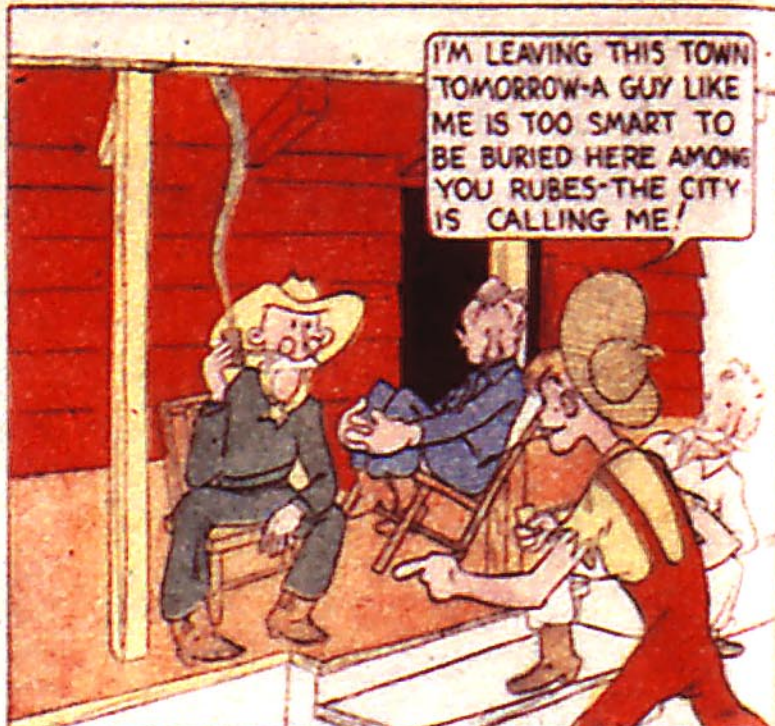
UNCLE SAM MANUFACTURES APPROXIMATELY 19,000,000,000 POSTAGE STAMPS EACH YEAR-

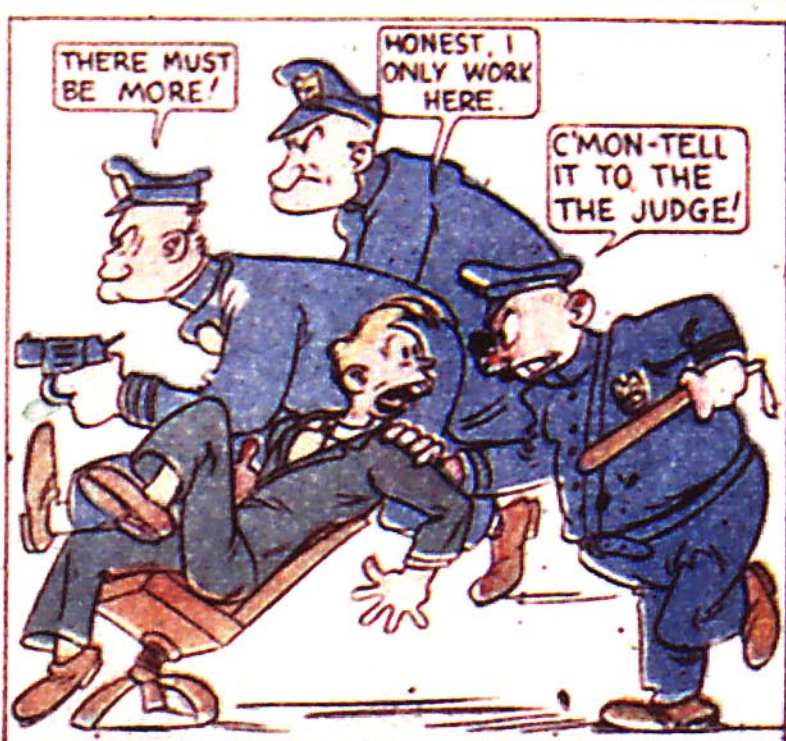
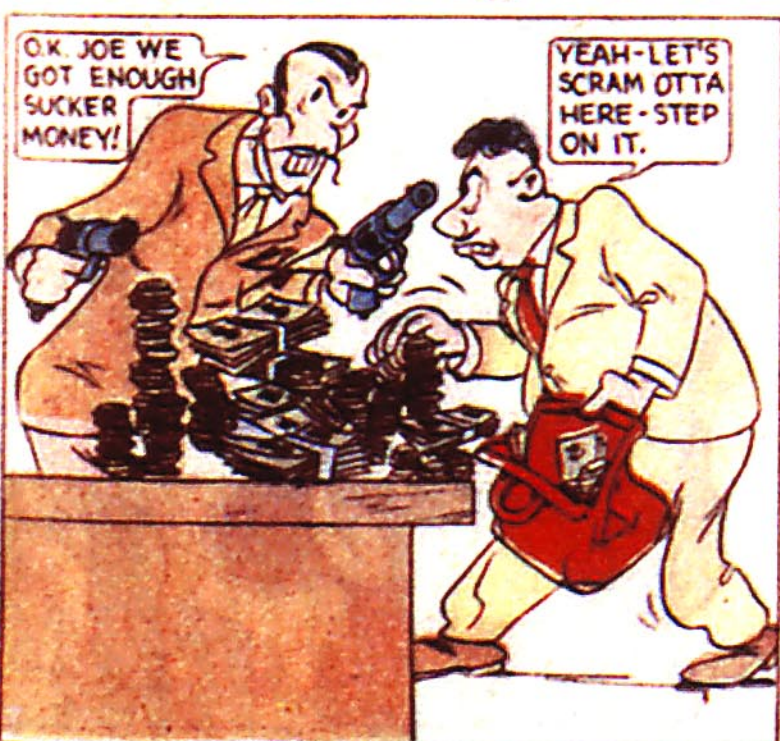
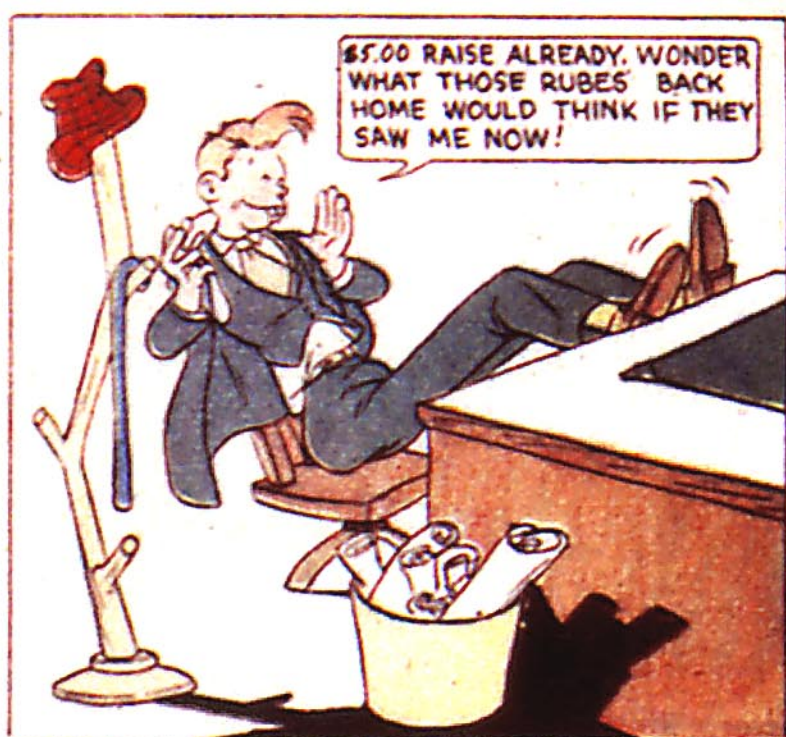
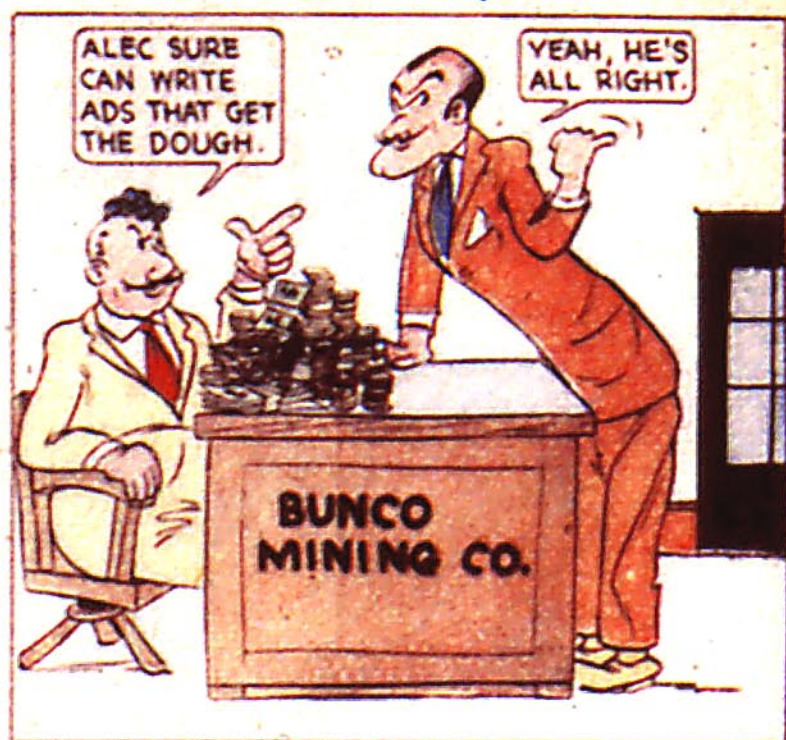
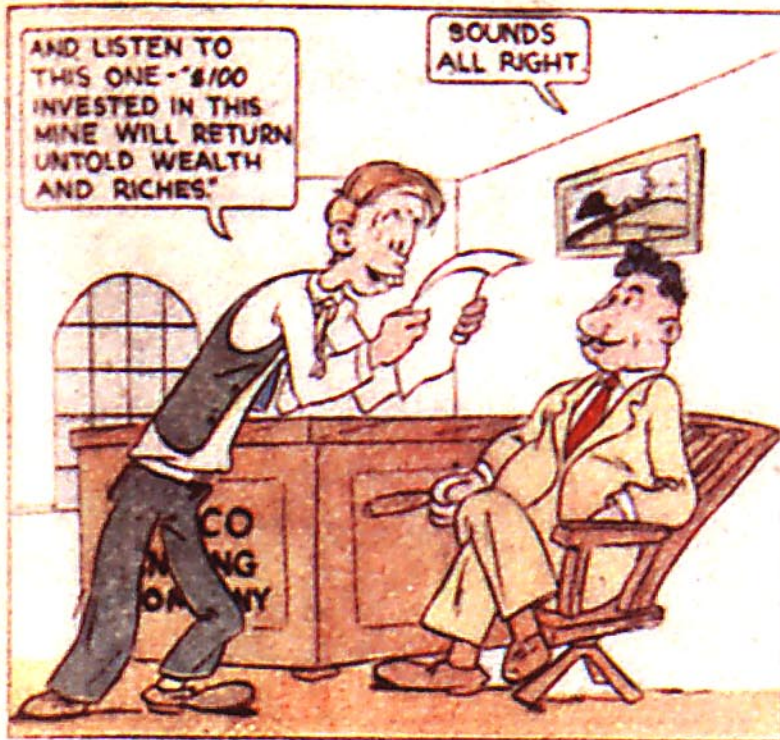


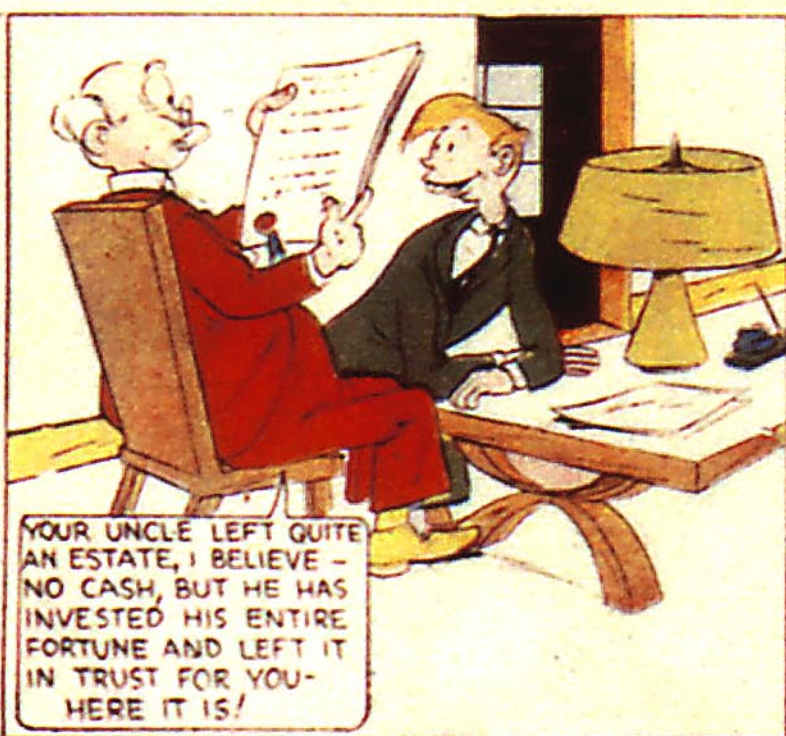
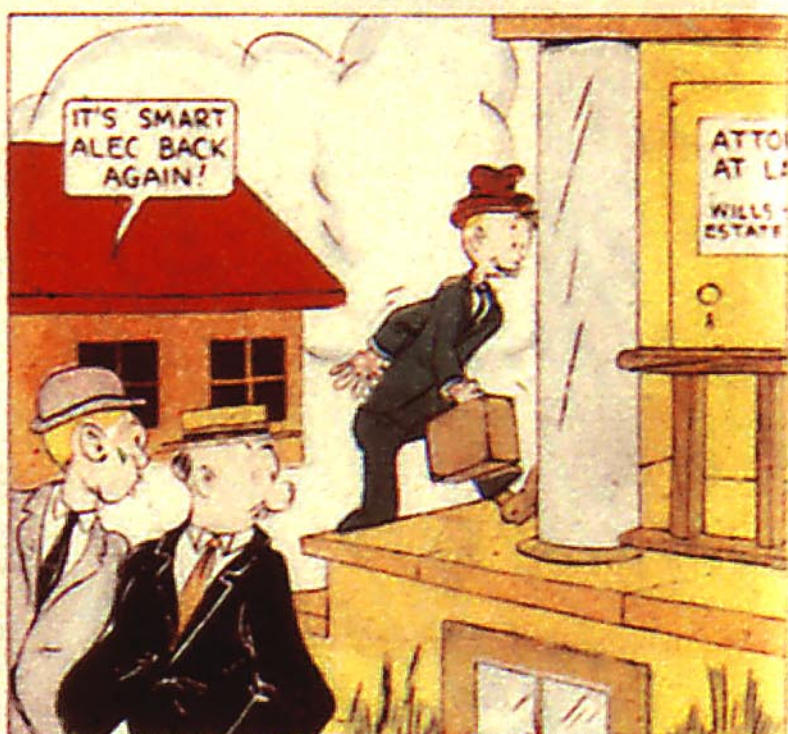
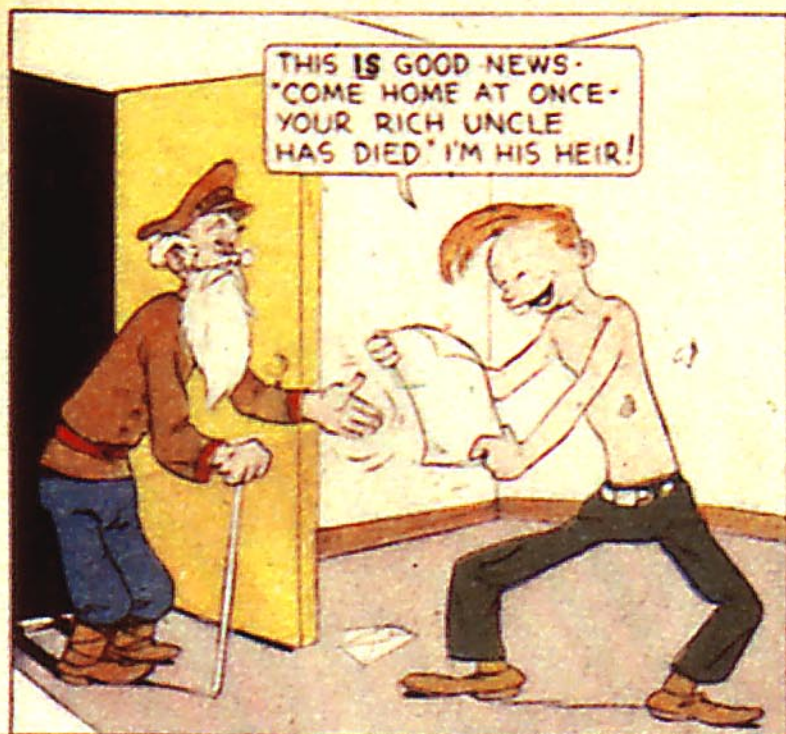
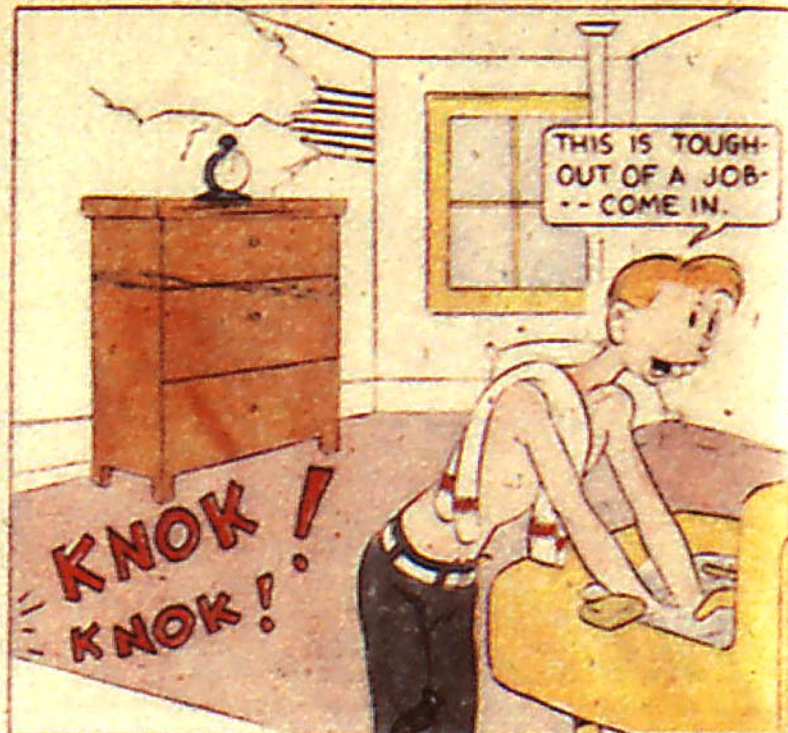
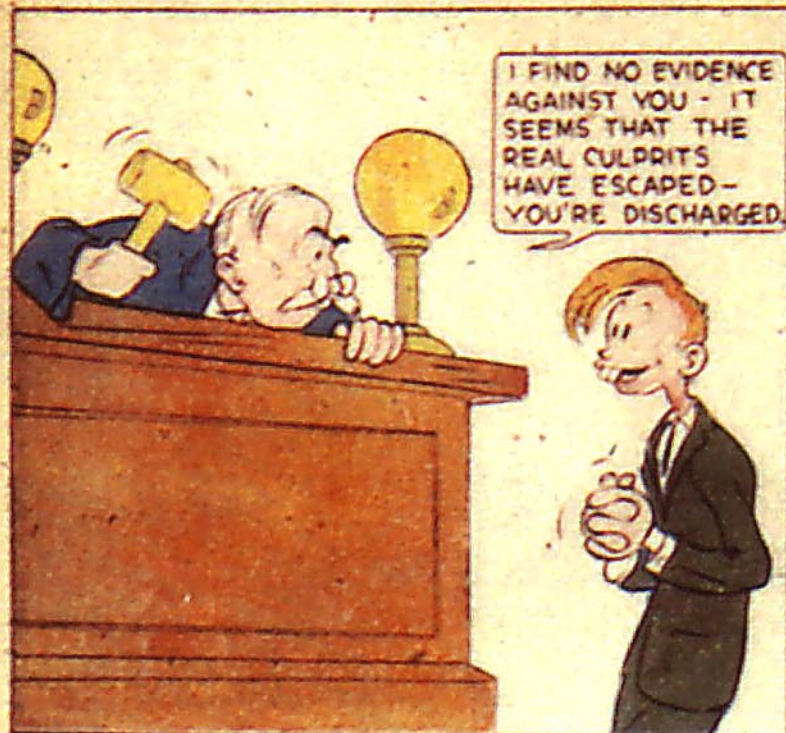
WHEW - WOTTA LIFE!

BOB WOOD -

SMART Alec





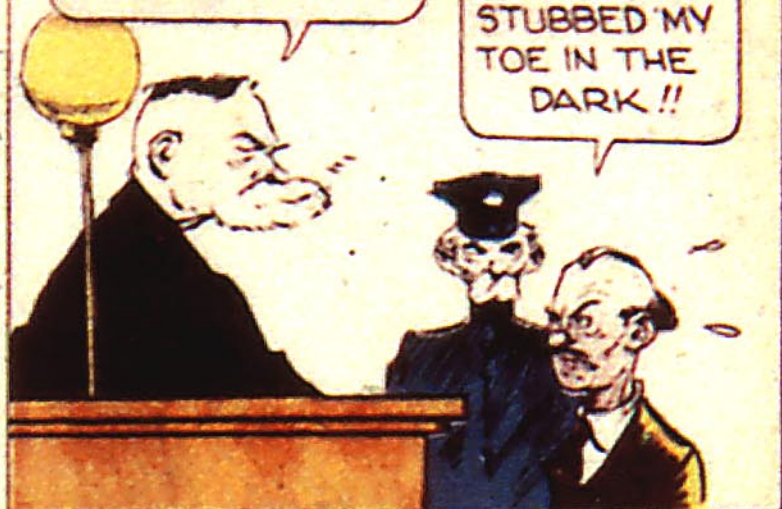


GOOD MORNIN' JUDGE



YOUR NEIGHBOR CHARGES YOU BEGAN TO CROON A TUNE AT 4 O'CLOCK A.M.

AW-YR HONOR, -I WASN'T CROONING, I STUBBED MY TOE IN THE DARK !!



DON'T BURN UP JUDGE.

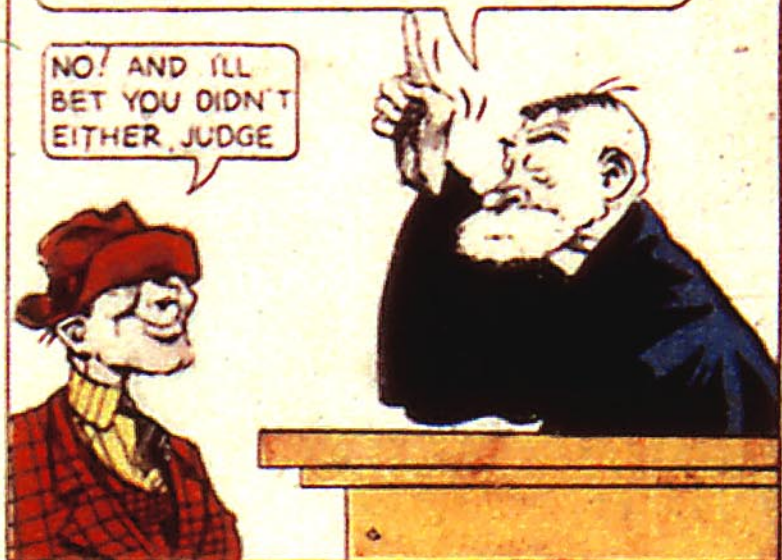
EXPLAIN WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR CAR THAT YOU WANT THE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY TO PAY FOR

MY ROADSTER IS INSURED FOR FIRE, AND I BURNED OUT ALL THE BEARINGS!



YOU YOUNG MEN OF TODAY WANT EASY MONEY. DO YOU KNOW WHAT I WAS GETTING WHEN I MARRIED MY WIFE?

NO! AND I'LL BET YOU DIDN'T EITHER, JUDGE



WHEN YOU HEARD A NOISE IN THE STILL OF NIGHT, YOU SAY YOU GOT UP AND SAW A MAN'S LEG UNDER THE BED. THE BURGLAR'S ??

NO MY HUSBAND'S. HE HEARD THE NOISE TOO!

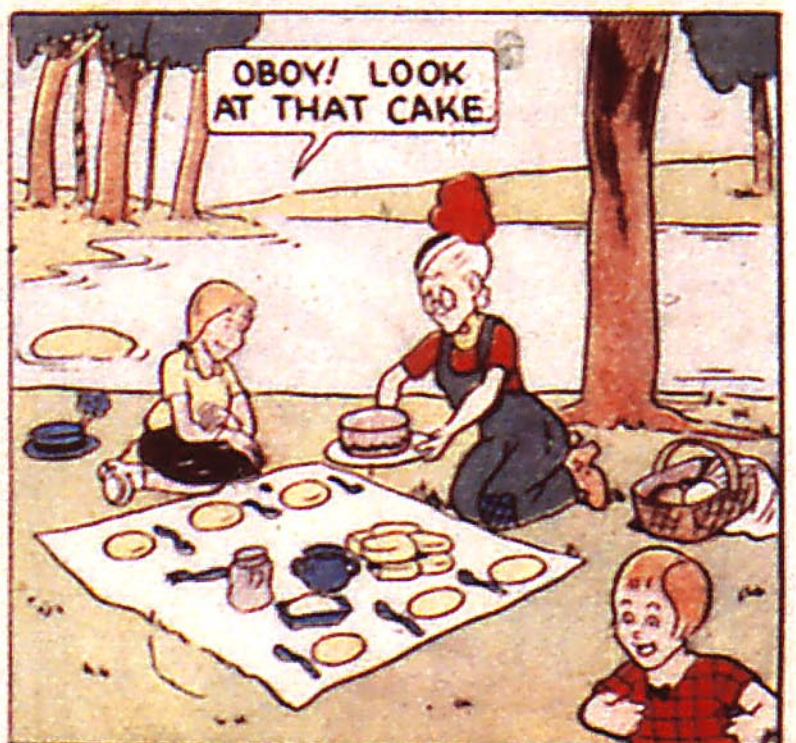
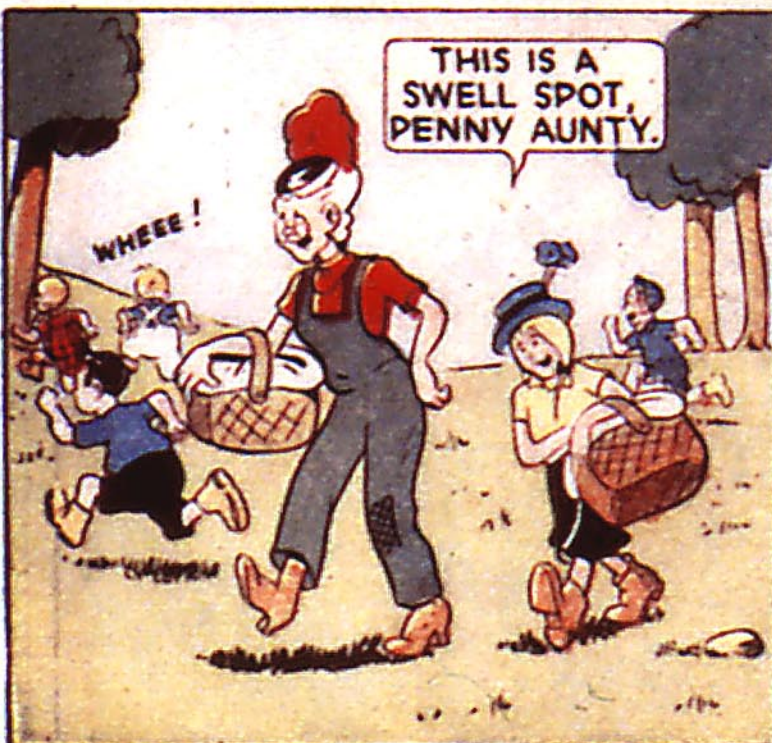
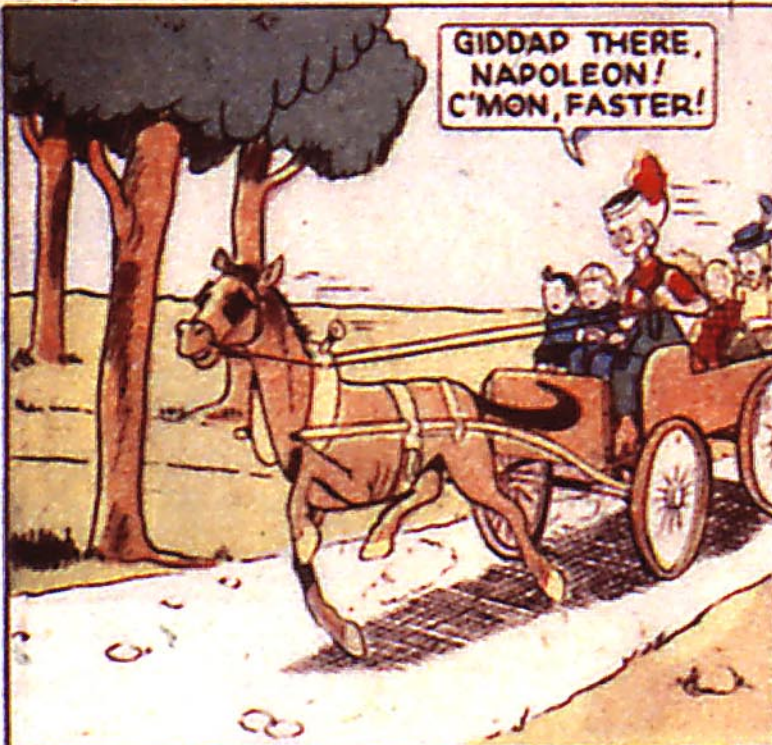
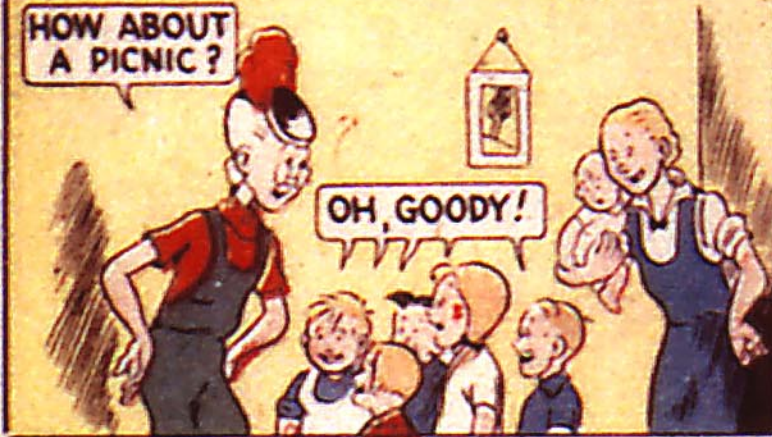


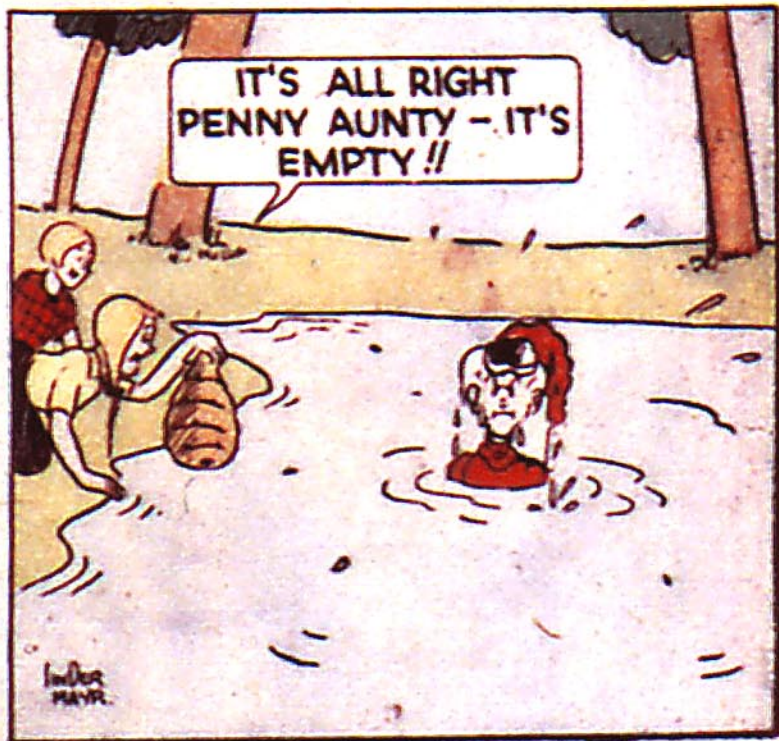
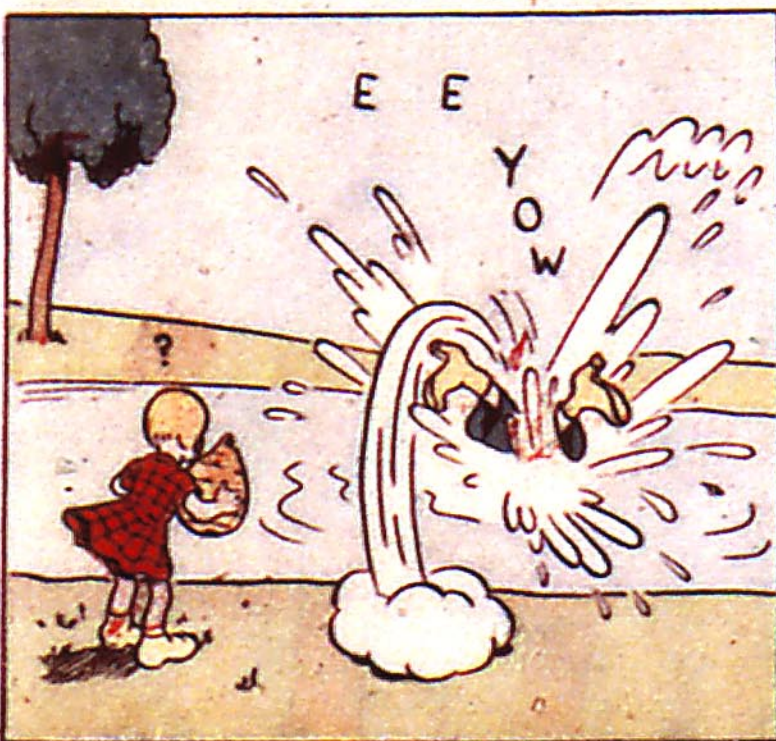
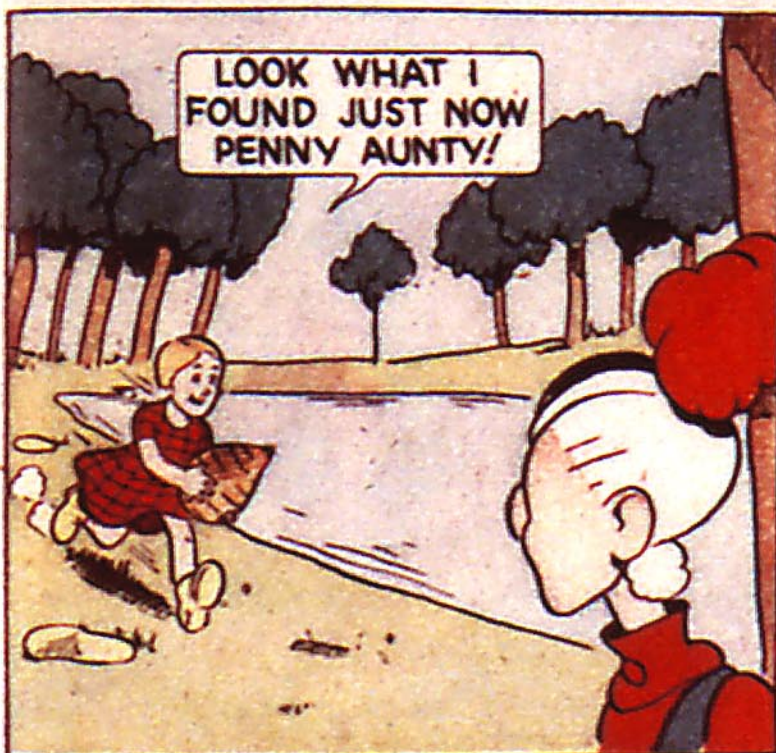
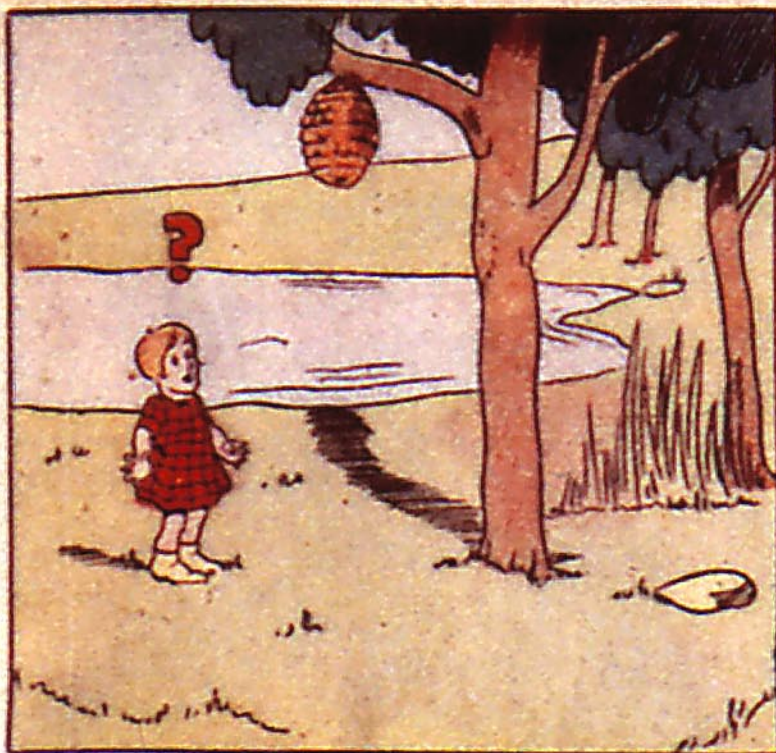
HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO SWINDLE SO MUCH MONEY BEFORE GETTING CAUGHT?

IT AINT NO USE TO TELL YOU, JUDGE, YOU'D ONLY GET CAUGHT. YOU BETTER STICK TO YOUR OWN LINE!



PENNY AUNTY





BLACK AND TAN

AH FEELS CONFIDENT
AH'LL KETCH PLENTY
O' FISH T'DAY!

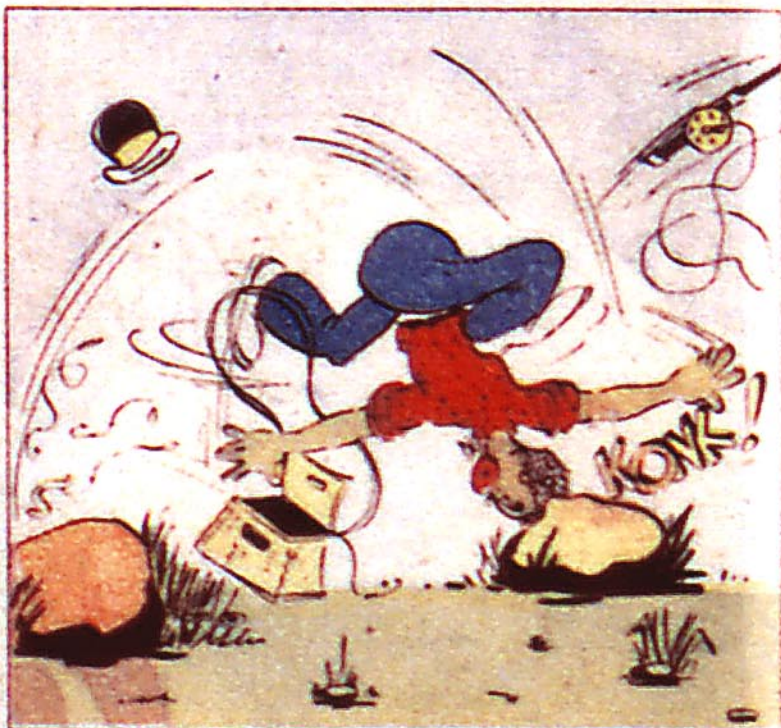
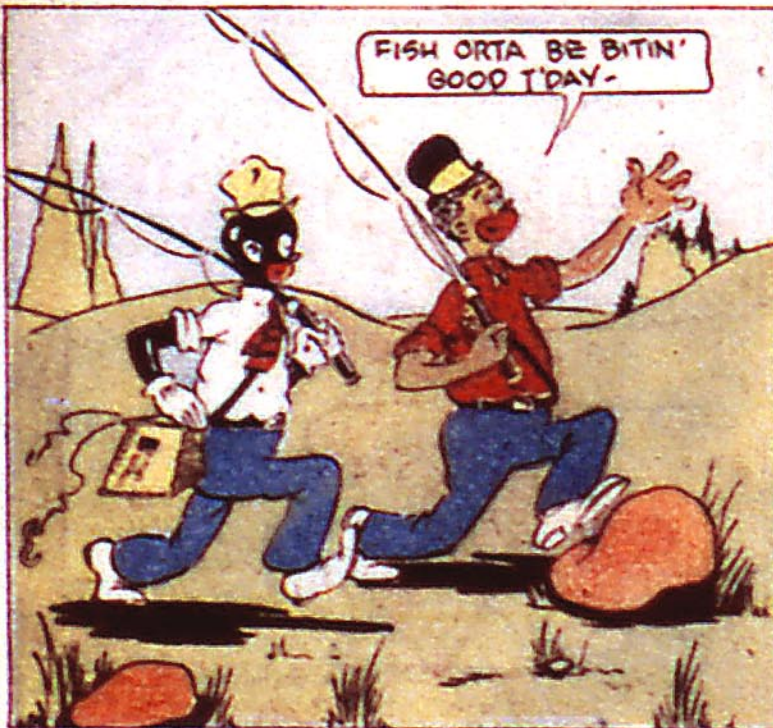
HOW'S DAT, TAN?



AH'S GOT A RABBIT'S
FOOT IN MA PANTS
POCKET!

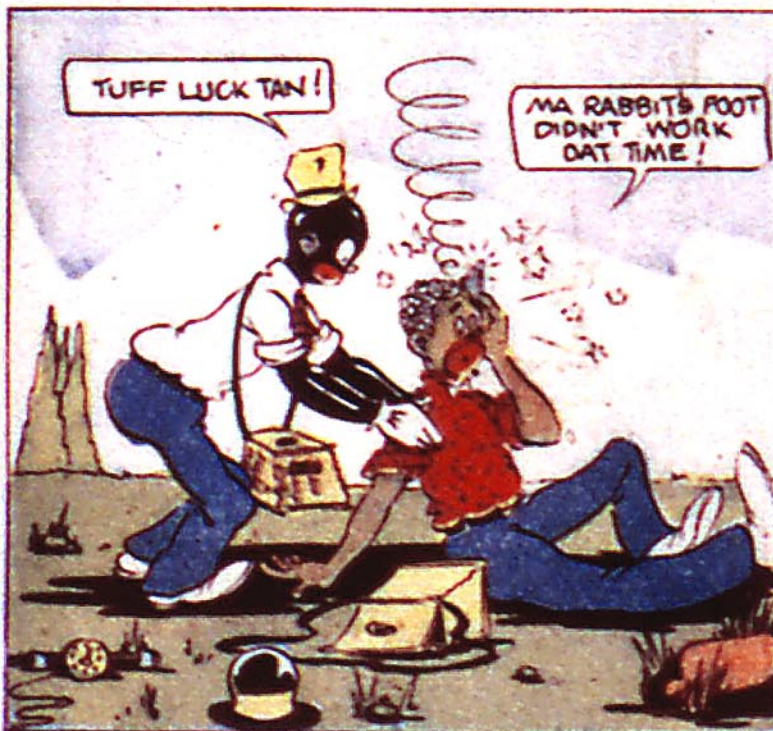


FISH ORTA BE BITIN'
GOOD T'DAY-



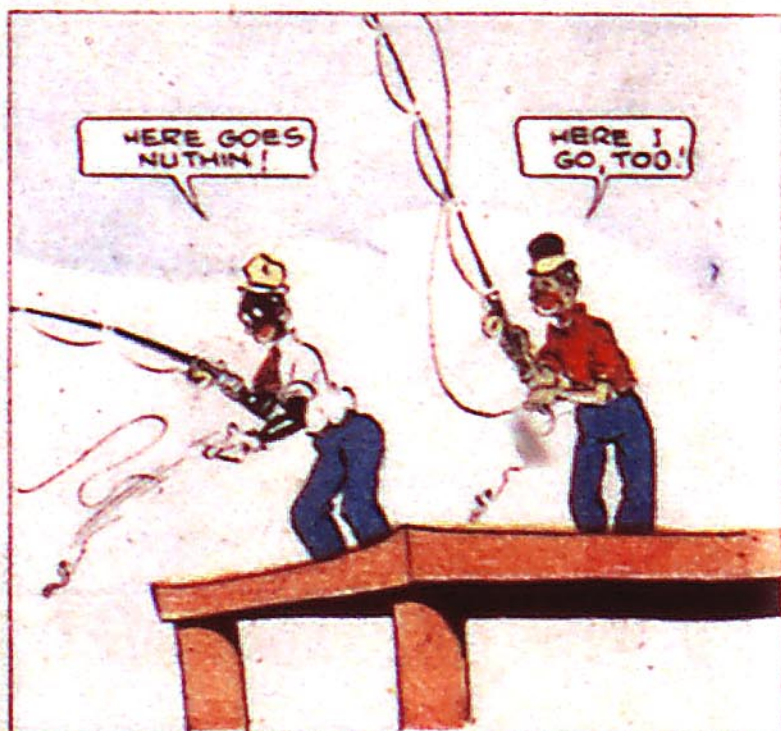
TUFF LUCK TAN!

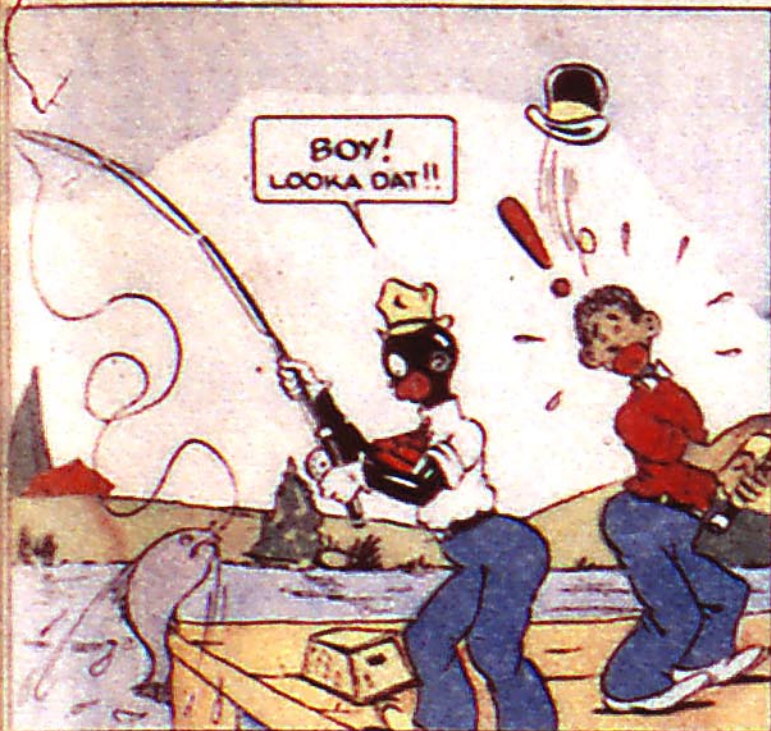
MA RABBIT'S FOOT
DIDN'T WORK
DAT TIME!



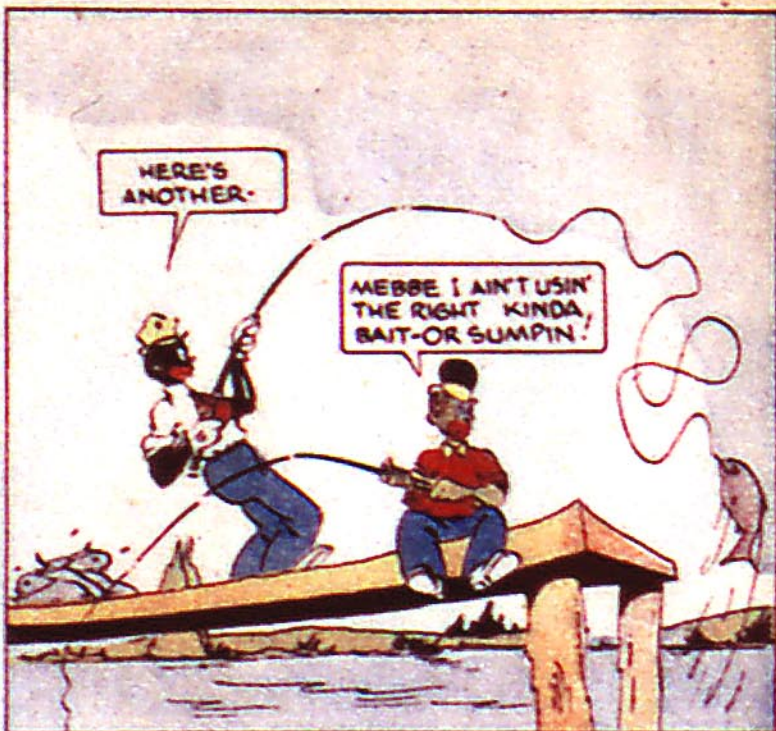
HERE GOES
NUTHIN!

HERE I
GO, TOO!



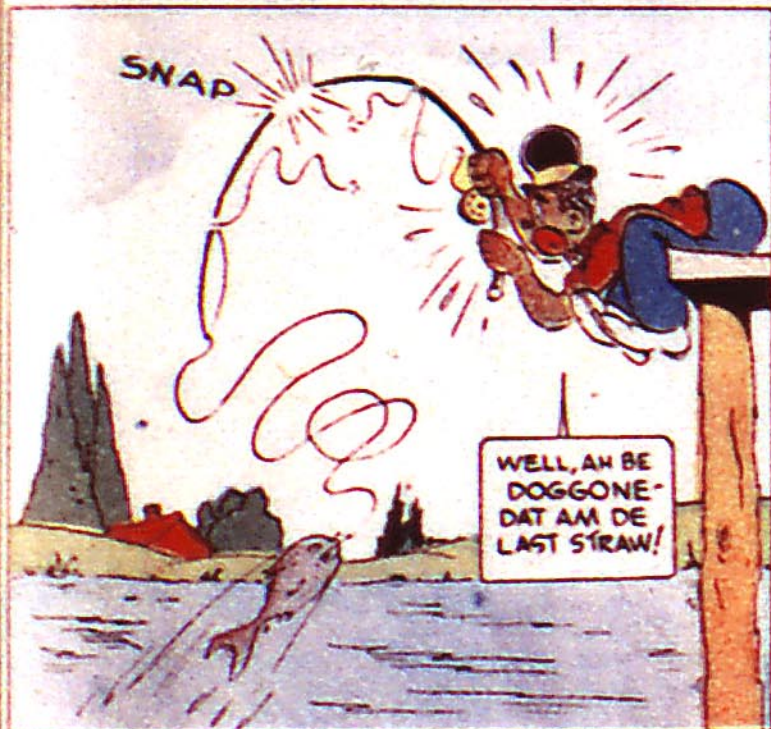


BOY!
LOOKA DAT!!



HERE'S ANOTHER-

MEBBE I AINT USIN'
THE RIGHT KINDA
BAIT-OR SUMPIN'!

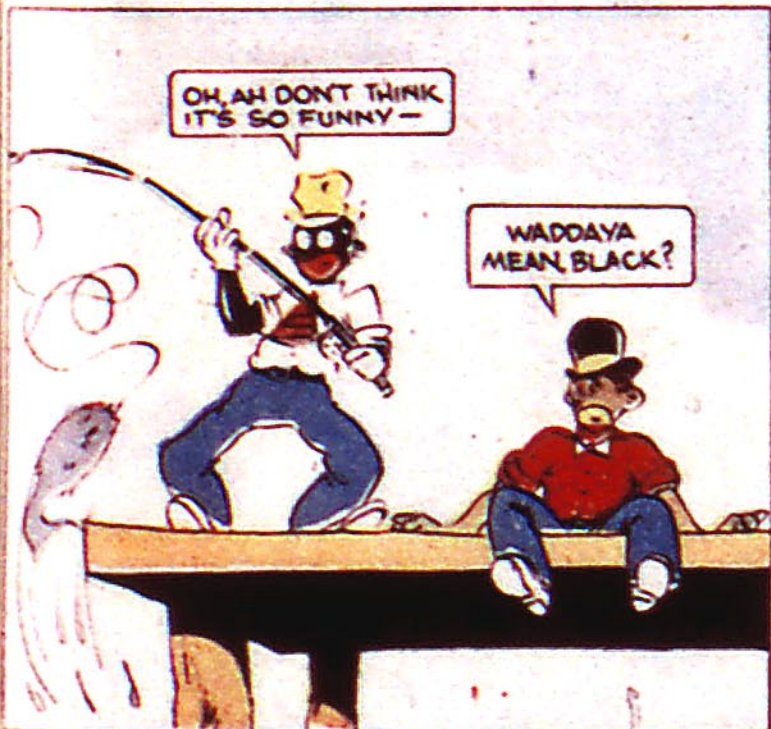


SNAP

WELL, AH BE
DOGGONE-
DAT AM DE
LAST STRAW!

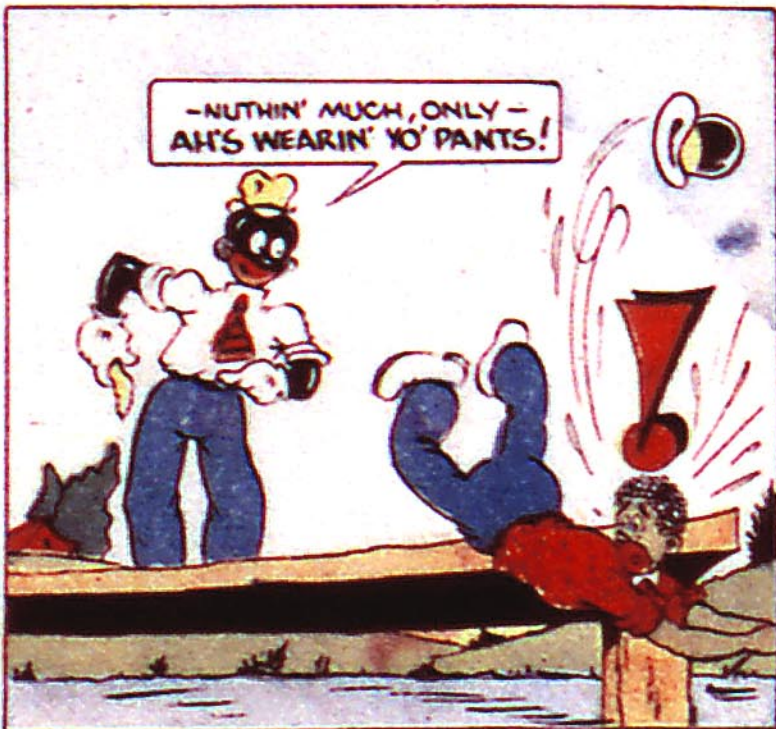


DAT RABBIT'S
FOOT DONT
SEEM T'BE
BRINGING ME
MUCH LUCK-
SURE AM
FUNNY!



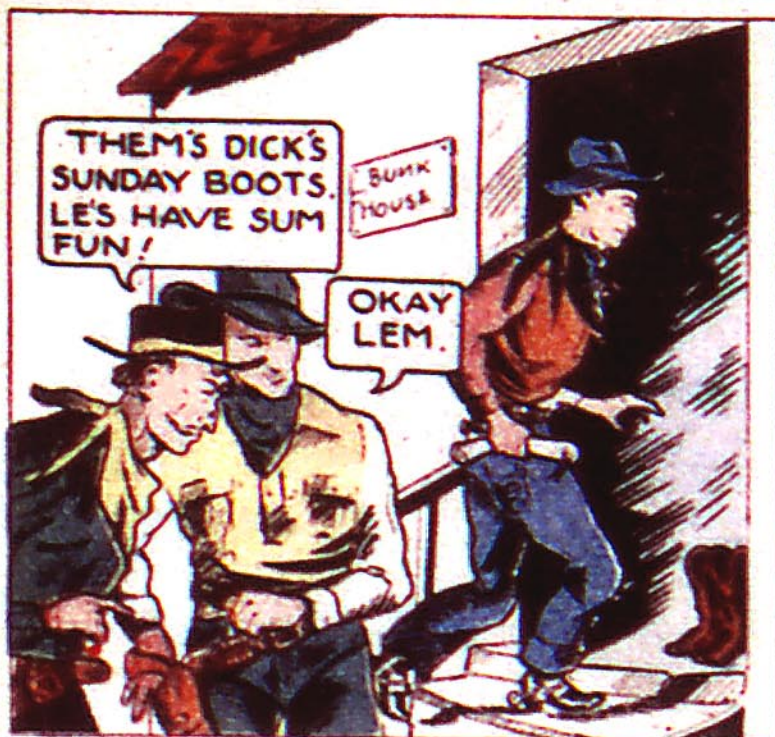
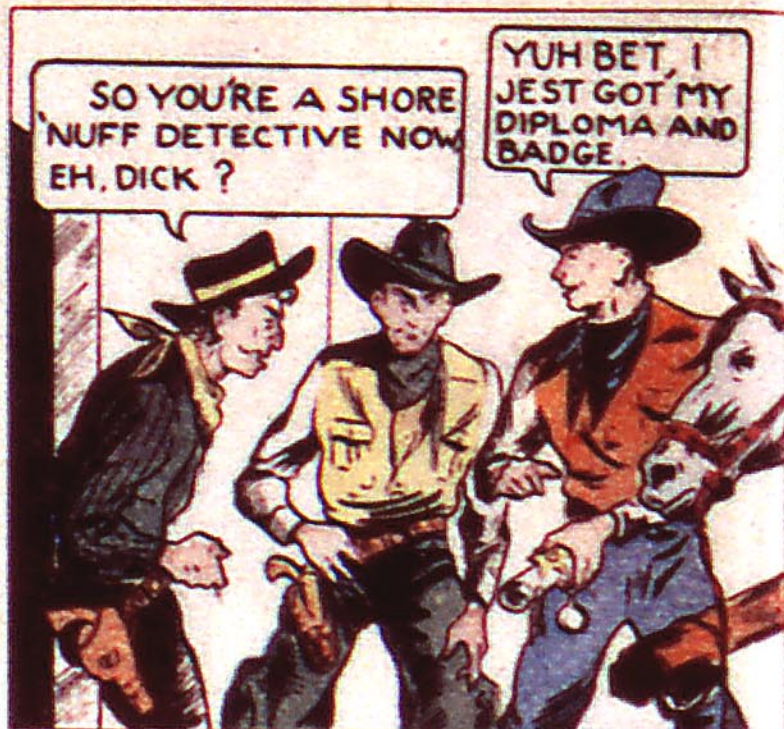
OH, AH DONT THINK
IT'S SO FUNNY -

WADDAYA
MEAN, BLACK?



-NUTHIN' MUCH, ONLY -
AH'S WEARIN' YO' PANTS!

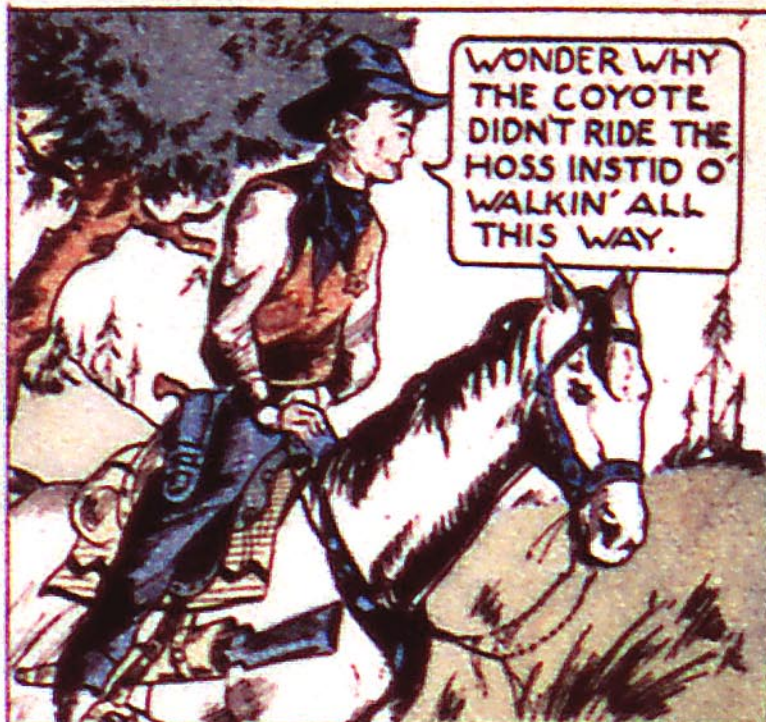
DICK THE DETECTIVE



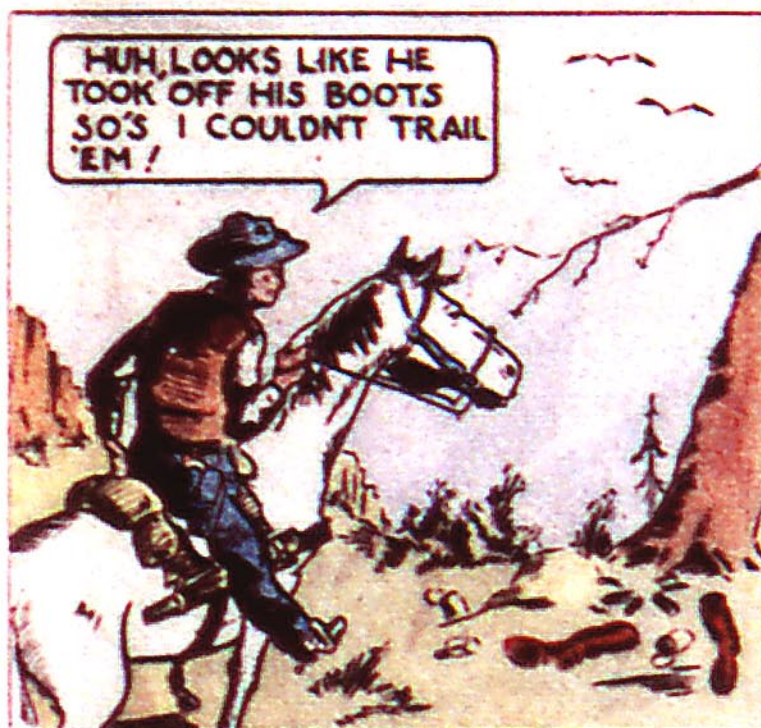


THE HOSS THIEF
LEFT A GOOD TRAIL
I WON'T HAVE NO TRO-
UBLE KETCHIN' HIM.

YOU KIN USE
MY HOSS,
DICK.



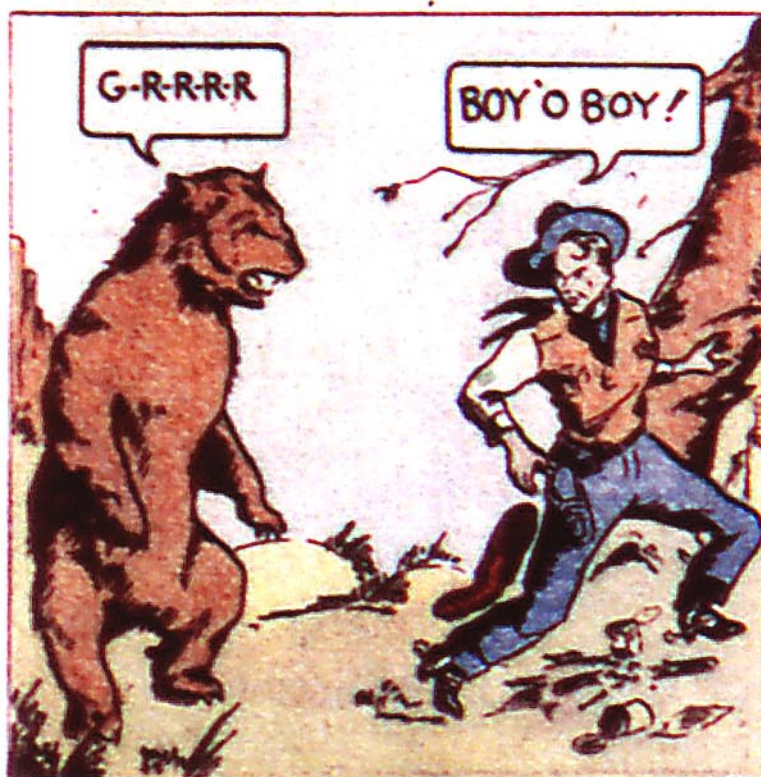
WONDER WHY
THE COYOTE
DIDN'T RIDE THE
HOSS INSTID O'
WALKIN' ALL
THIS WAY.



HUH, LOOKS LIKE HE
TOOK OFF HIS BOOTS
SO'S I COULDN'T TRAIL
'EM!

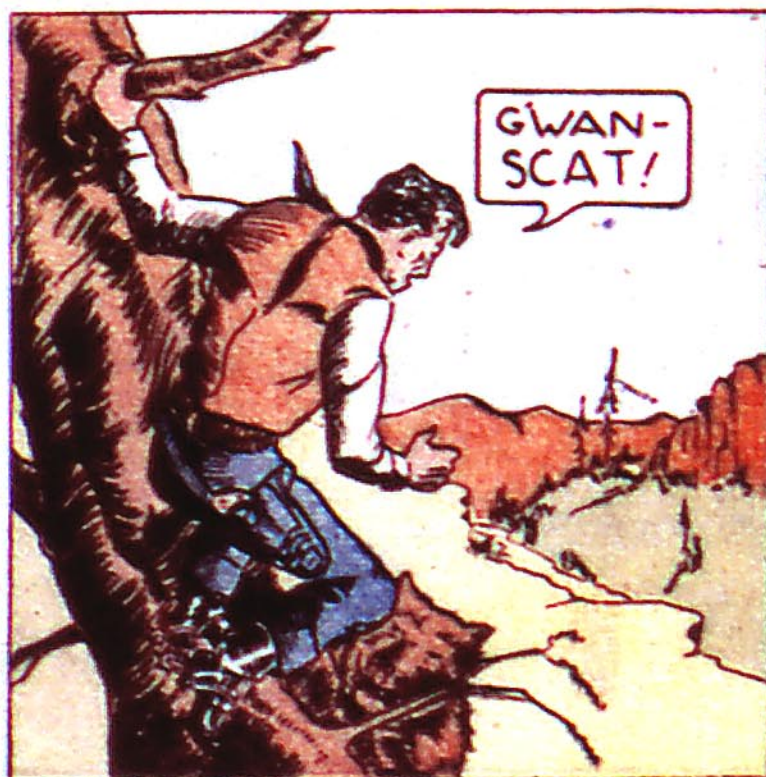


MY OWN SUNDAY BOOTS.
HOW IN TARNATION--!!



G-R-R-R-R

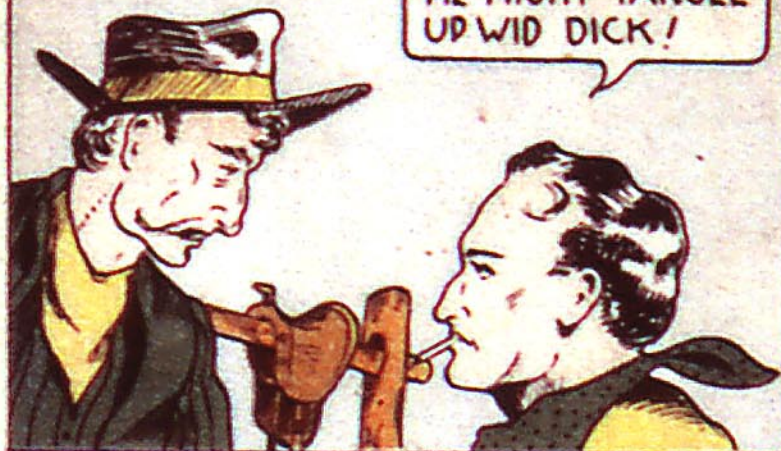
BOY'O BOY!



G'WAN-
SCAT!

SAY, SMOKEY, DICK'S
BEEN GONE A LONG
TIME. RECKON WE
BETTER FETCH 'IM.

YEH, I HEARS JAKE
SNIPE, THE OUTLAW
IS PROWLIN' ROUND
THESE PARTS AGIN.
HE MIGHT TANGLE
UP WID DICK!



MIGHTY GLAD YUH
CAME, PARD. I KIN
USE THIS OTHER
HOSS, TOO.

HOW'M I GONNA
GIT BACK TO
THE RANCH?



DO I HAVE
TROUBLES?

YA WONT NEED NO
HOSS WHEN THET
BEAR GITS DONE
WID YA!



YOW!



I BETTER TIE
HIM UP 'CAUSE
WHEN HE WAKES
HE MIGHT GET
MAD!



AN' YOU'LL GET
A THOUSAND
DOLLARS' REWARD,
DICK!

WAL, RATTLE MAH
BONES EF DICK
HAINT CAUGHT
JACK SNIPE, THE
OUTLAW!



GEE!

AARON BURR



WAS A BRAVE SOLDIER
IN WASHINGTON'S ARMY.
BUT LATER, FOR A REASON
NEVER MADE PUBLIC, LOST
THE GENERAL'S RESPECT.



AARON BURR

1756 LAWYER 1836
 STATESMAN
 SOLDIER



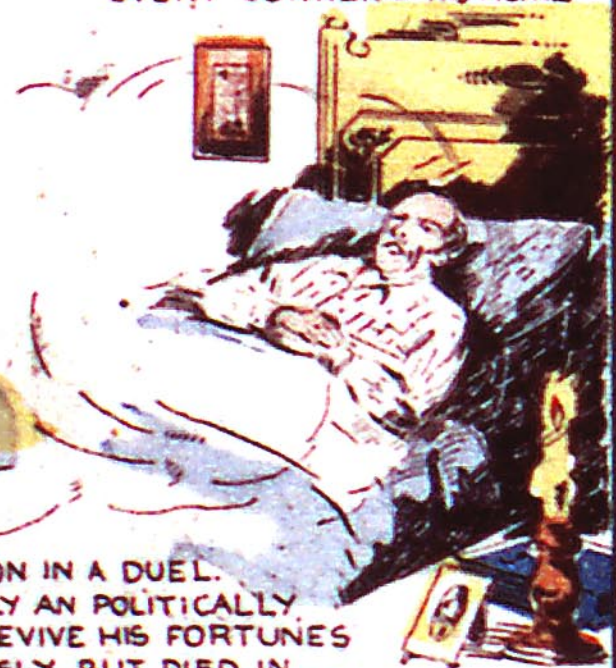
WAS AN ORATOR,
STATESMAN, AND
SCHOLAR. THIRD
VICE PRESIDENT
OF THE UNITED STATES.



BOOKS OF LAW ON EACH
SHELF AND TABLE IN
EVERY CORNER OF HIS HOME

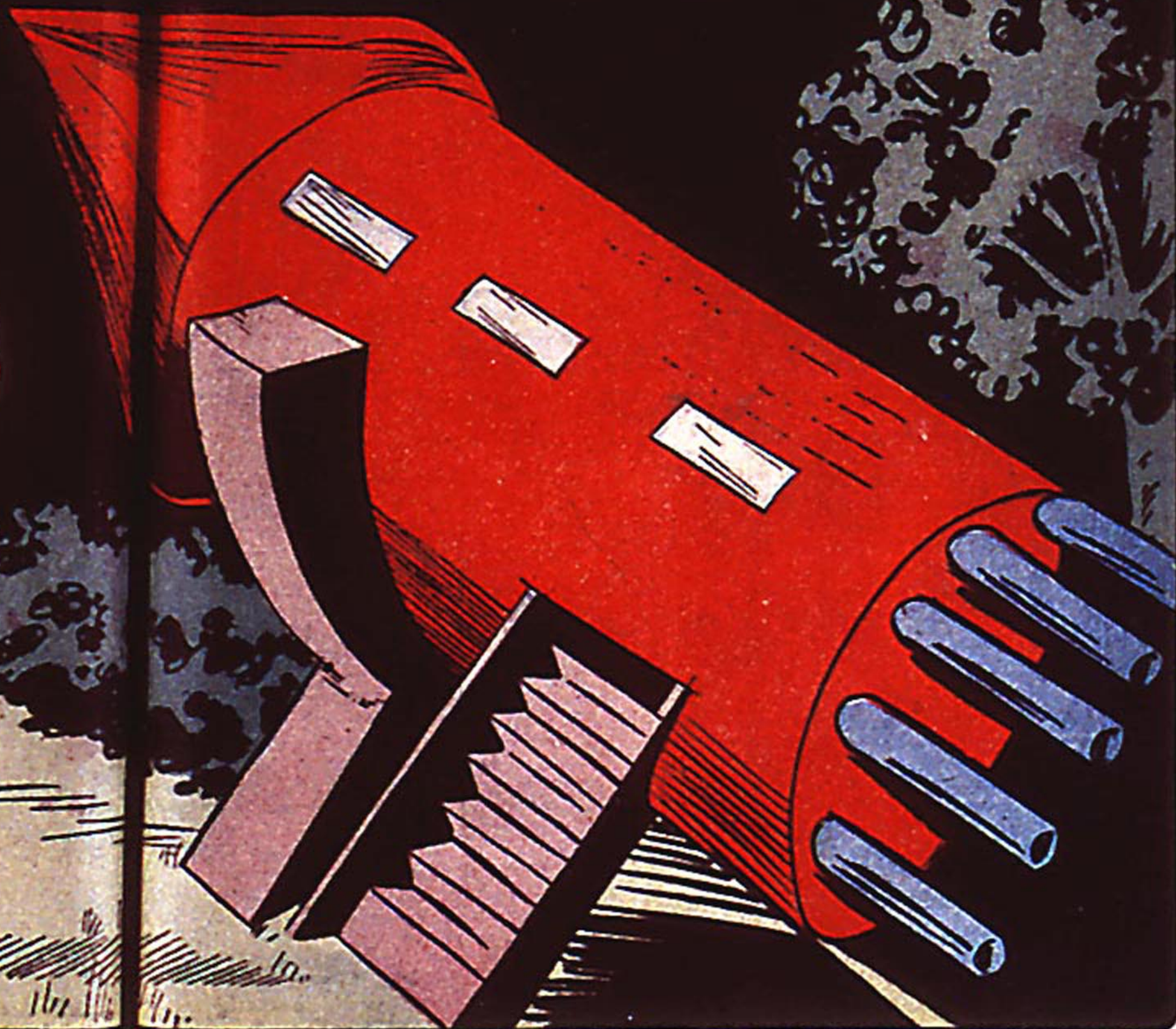


KILLED HAMILTON IN A DUEL.
RUINED, SOCIALLY AND POLITICALLY.
HE TRIED TO REVIVE HIS FORTUNES
UNSCRUPULOUSLY, BUT DIED IN
POVERTY, ALONE AND FORGOTTEN.





"WHEN MY KID WANTS SOMETHING,
HE GETS IT."





JUNGLE GETAWAY

by TOM CURRY

Even when he heard the descending plane's roar, Tad Martin didn't realize why Sargus had had the diamond miners clear a "football field." Martin had been puzzled by it, because Sargus and his pal, Juan Gomez, the slinky breed, didn't know the first thing about football. Yet they had been furious because Martin had refused to cut trees and level ground with them, that he wanted to save his energy.

Forty miners craned necks as the flashing red biplane circled into the wind and landed, drawing to a stop on Sargus's bumpy field. Sargus, a heavy-set giant, with thick black brows and a bull jaw, stood beside Gomez. Sargus was a bully; Martin, tow-haired, broad of shoulder and lean-waisted, had not yet come to physical blows with him; it was a question of keen interest as to which one would win in a rough-and-tumble scrap.

Tad's face showed the strain of hard work in digging diamonds from the Brazilian wilderness, four hundred miles up the Araguaia river in the heart of the unexplored Matto Grosso. The only avenue in and out was the river—or the air.

The aviators wore goggles, flying jumpers. The tall pilot, with seamed red skin and buck teeth, grinned. "Howdy, gents," he growled, and drew an automatic pistol from his pocket.

His stocky pal followed suit. "We've come to collect your diamonds," the pilot said.

The rough miners gasped. Two, swifter than the others, turned to run toward the brush shacks. They found themselves facing Sargus and Gomez, pistols on them. "Shell out," bawled Sargus. A big miner cursed, took a step toward Sargus, who pulled his trigger. The miner went down with a screech of anguish, shot in the stomach. His writhings quelled resistance among his comrades.

Tad was caught in the mob. Hands up as the four thieves gave quick orders. Martin had been among the first to reach the diggings, and he had forty thousand dollars in rough stones cached in his brush-and-mud shack.

"Snap into it, Gomez," yelled Sargus. And the feline breed, with his thin face and slinky body, began to weave in and out among the throng, taking sacks of diamonds, weapons, money, stuffing them into a canvas duffel bag.

Sargus said, when Gomez had finished his collection, "Keep a gun on them—kill anyone who moves, Gomez. I know where there's a lot more, boys." He picked up the duffel bag and ran to Martin's hut.

Tad cursed, took a step forward. He saw his long labor gone for nothing, his sweating in the muck, washing diamonds from the moun-

tain torrent that fed into the river a mile below. Gomez had plainly spied on him, seen him when he added to his store, had told Sargus about the cache.

"Hey, you," growled the big-toothed flyer, and a bullet tore within an inch of the moving Martin, buried into the head of old Harveson, a favorite in the camp. Harveson fell dead.

The furious miners were cowed. Sargus appeared at the door of Martin's shack, tossed out a bulging duffel bag. "Here it is, Franks," he shouted, and then ducked back out of sight.

"Bring it here, hurry, we can't hold this mob forever," yelled Franks, the big-toothed pilot.

Sargus did not answer. Franks edged around the bunch of miners, whose emotion was fast getting the better of caution. Martin was urging his neighbors to help him put up a fight. Franks, gun up threateningly, reached the bag, picked it up. "Sargus, you fool—come on. We're going—"

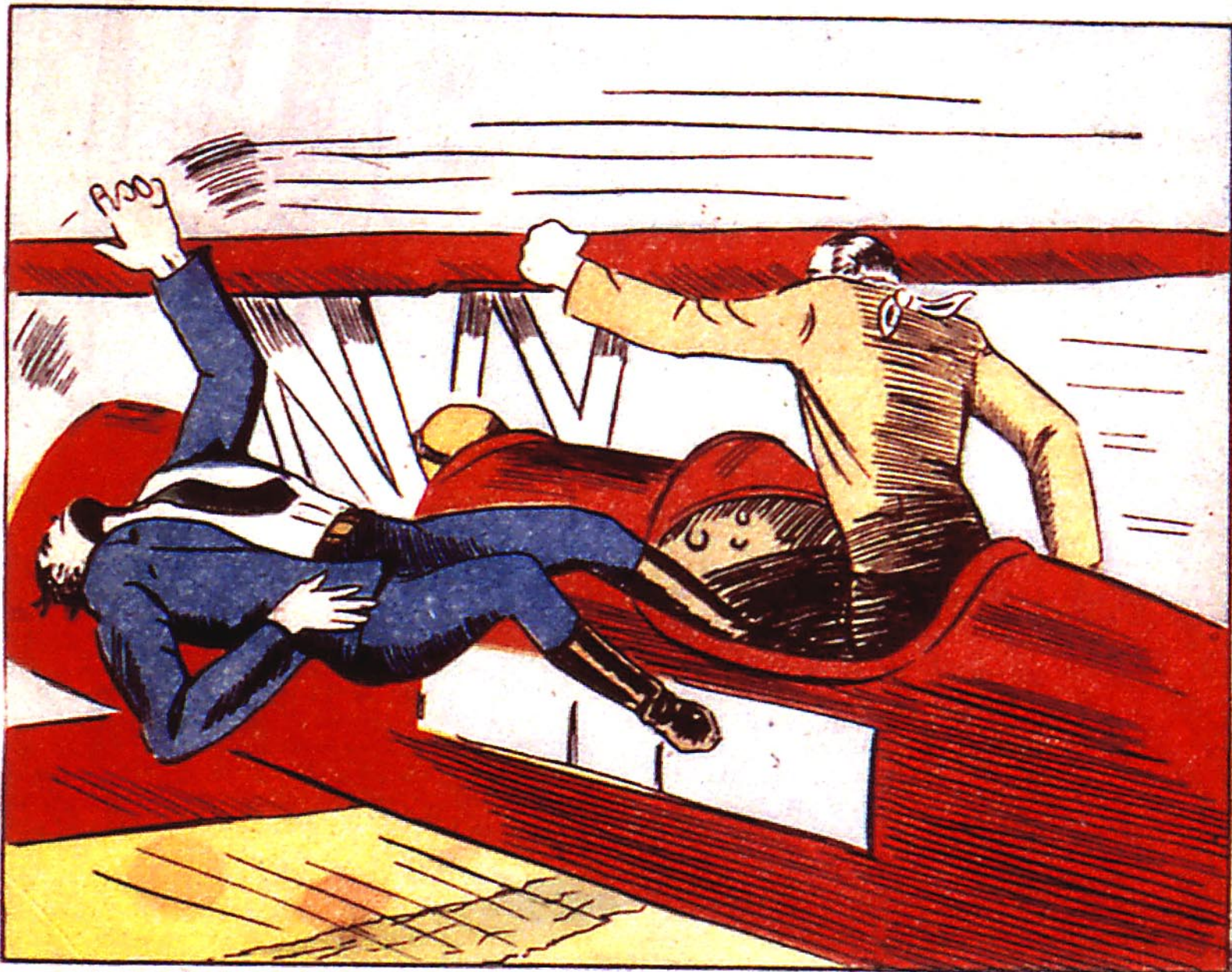
No reply. Gomez, shivering in his yellow boots, called shrilly to his master. The other flyer licked nervous lips as the miners' growls grew angrier, louder; the pack surged forward. Franks fired, wounding a man in the front rank. This stopped the mob for a minute, gave the trio a chance to reach the plane. The motor was idling, as they climbed in, Gomez taking the rear cockpit.

Tad Martin was beside himself. He saw all his hopes going into the air in that duffel bag of loot. For months he had slaved in the steaming, insect-ridden bush to gain his small fortune. Gone were his dreams of riches. Martin pushed to the front of the cursing miners, as the plane began to move. Gomez, head just visible in the rear pit, fired wildly at the bunched men.

Martin ran in, close to the tail, where Gomez could not see him because of the bulge behind the seat. The two flyers were out of sight in the control pit ahead. Tad threw his long body across the fuselage. The plane gained speed, began rising. It climbed steadily, clearing the trees—Sargus's football field had done its work.

Martin crawled along the fuselage, the violent rush of wind in his face. He could just see the top of Gomez's oily black hair. The roaring motor killed all other noises.

Strength surged through Martin's powerful arms as he came within striking distance of Gomez. He reached in, his vise-like fingers grasping the breed's slim neck. Gomez gave one strangled cry, unheard over the motor. His liquid eyes turned up, nearly popped from his head when he recognized Martin. He tried to swing around the pistol he held in his hand but Martin snatched at it, jerking Gomez out



of his seat. He hit Gomez a sudden sharp blow in the teeth; the plane was shaking with vibration, as Gomez, clear of the pit, fell back, legs sprawling in the air. Martin saw the scared look on the breed's face as Gomez slid off the fuselage and went dropping like a plummet to the jungle below.

Pistol in hand, Martin stood erect on the seat. He leaned forward, looked over into the forward pit. The wind blew furiously against his body, as he jammed his gun against the back of Franks' head. The big-toothed pilot swung, thinking it was Gomez poking him. He went white as he saw Tad's determined, rage-twisted face.

"Take her back or I'll drill you," shouted Martin.

The stocky pilot went for his gun, which he had put in its holster, thinking himself safe in the air. Martin fired once; the thief crashed forward, and the ship lunged crazily. Franks pulled his stick, circled, and swept back toward the camp, in surrender.

At the diamond camp, when the red plane bumped down on the field, the miners rushed to the machine; it had not come to a stop before they were dragging out the pilots, punching and kicking Franks, rolling the wounded man over and over.

"Where's our diamonds?" howled a miner.

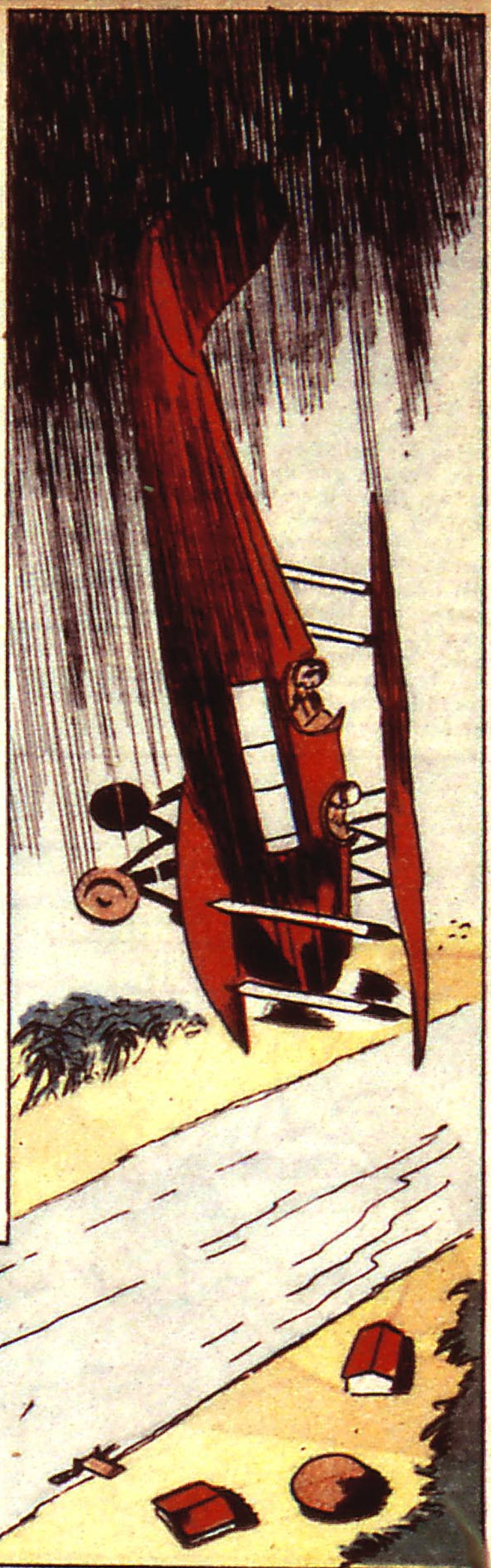
Martin grasped the duffel bag from under the seat. "Here it is," he cried, tossing it out, jumping after it.

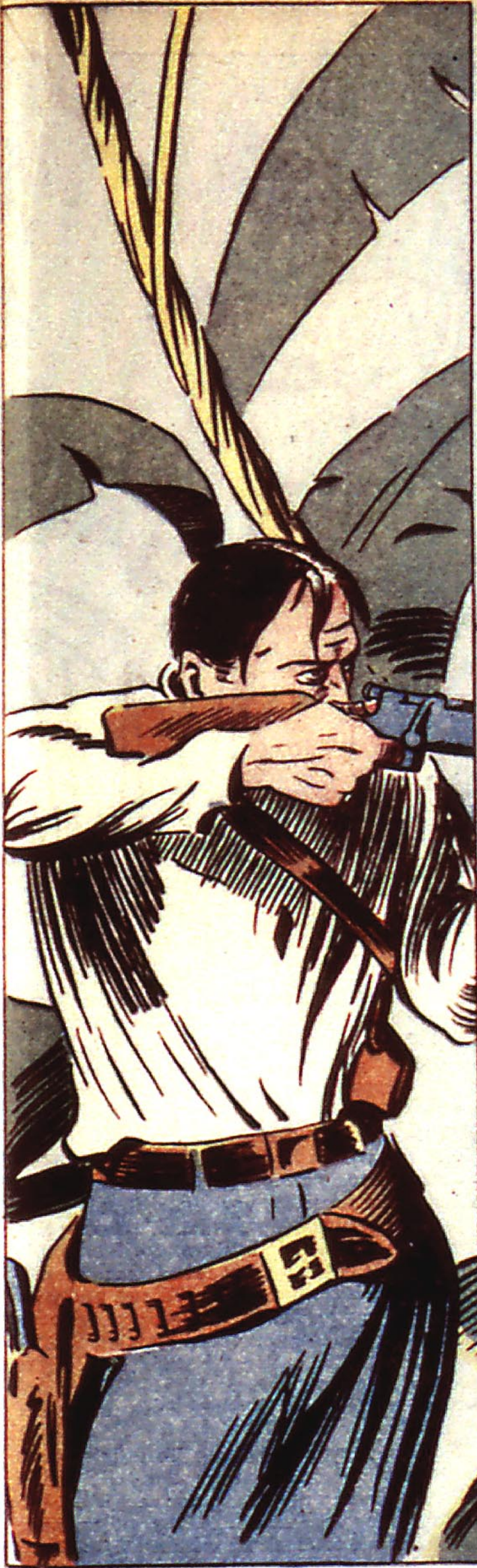
The bag was quickly opened. A roar of amazed rage rose as tin cans, old shoes, personal junk, spewed from the draw-mouth. "Why," Martin gasped, "that's my outfit!"

"You got the wrong sack," a man cried.

But there was no other duffel bag in the red plane. The impatient miners practically took the machine to pieces hunting. Franks, face bloody and puffed from his beating, suddenly growled, "That guy Martin tossed the diamonds out, meaning to get them himself."

The excited miners swung on Tad. His protests were in vain, suspicion directed at him. The others did not attack him but drew away from him for a whispered confabulation. Martin was shocked when his partner, Billy Wilson, went with them. They half believed what the vicious Franks said, that Martin had dropped the bag to pick it up later for himself.





Martin strode over to his shack. He found that his bunk had been moved; the cache hole where he had kept his treasure was empty. Calmer now, he tried to figure what had happened. A hiss from the rear of the hut sent his eyes that way; Billy Wilson crawled in under the smashed wall there. His face working in excitement.

"Tad—they're going to string you up, try to scare you into telling where that loot is—they think you may know."

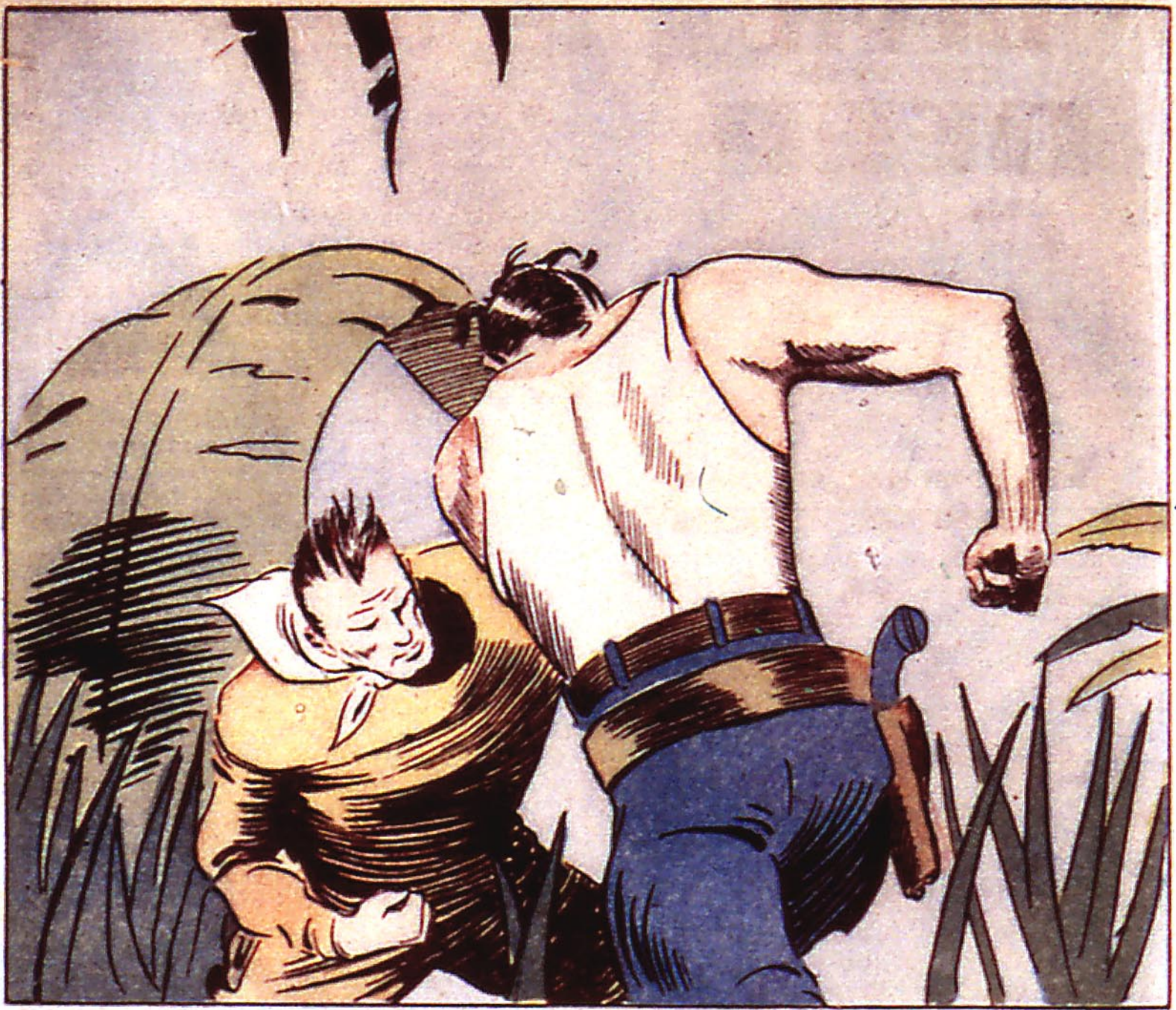
Martin's jaw set hard. He stared at the hole through which Wilson had come; it was a fresh opening. He had a gun but did not wish to use it on the excited miners. He stepped past Wilson, crawled out under the shack. He was hidden from the clearing, and was almost at once buried in the thick brush. He began to run swiftly, along a faint trail.

Twenty minutes later he stood on the bank of the Aragua, where several canoes were drawn up. The sun streamed in the strip above the river. He set about launching his own craft. Sargus, late comer that he was, had made an error in that carefully laid plot of his. It was a joker Martin held.

After an hour's run downstream, Martin rounded a bend, and saw Sargus ahead. The giant's dark face glared back at him as Sargus, knowing he was caught, swung his dugout in, paddling toward the right bank. The big thief dropped his paddle and threw up a rifle, fired. The slug whanged viciously past Martin's low-bent head. Tad sent a shot with his pistol, that hit the gunwale of Sargus's canoe. The shock startled Sargus so that he jerked back off balance, and the narrow canoe capsized, throwing Sargus into the water. Sargus began swimming.

Martin steered his craft in, eagerly looking for the duffel bag among the floating debris from the upturned canoe. But he did not see it; the current swept the canoe down. He wanted to get to the canoe, but Sargus had turned, come up behind him. Martin was jerked back as Sargus seized his gunwale and tipped him over. As he came up, blowing for air, Sargus hit him with a giant fist, got his arm around his throat, shutting off his wind. But Martin, treading water, reached around, seized Sargus's long black hair, and turned a complete somersault that threw Sargus off.

Gators slid off the sandspits nearby. But



the two enemies fought on, at physical grips for the first time, each feeling satisfaction in the punishment he gave the other. Sargus spat out water, raised his clubbed fist, smashed it down on Martin's head. Martin went under, but came up, seized the extended arm, drawing Sargus to him. Sargus twisted like a fighting alligator but Martin held on, punching the bearded face, driving his knees into the belly.

The current sucked them toward shore. Martin pushed Sargus under, but the giant's feet hit bottom and he shoved violently up, broke away, lashed toward the bush-fringed bank. Martin followed. The two were on their feet now, and the big man swung a wild blow at Tad, who ducked, and countered with a terrific uppercut that caught Sargus on the chin and snapped his black head back between his shoulders. Sargus fell with a grunt; Martin was on him, shoving his face under, keeping him there. Sargus fought to rise but Martin was on top, had the advantage of the precious air. He held Sargus under until the giant suddenly stopped fighting.

Martin dragged his unconscious enemy

toward shore. He left him in the shallows, turned to follow Sargus's canoe, beached on a spit below. Martin waded and swam to it, righted it: tied under the bow was the duffel bag he wanted. Opening it, Martin knew he had recovered his own diamonds and the valuables of his comrades.

The sun was red over the jungle as canoes, Wilson among them, paddled down. Martin hailed them joyfully, waving the sack.

"Sargus planned it way ahead," Martin told them. "The 'football' field was for his pals to land on. He ran into my shack, got my diamonds, which Gomez had spied out, and then tossed out my duffel of junk—one bag looks like another, they're standard articles. Sargus doublecrossed his crooked friends, meaning to keep all the plunder himself. He ducked out the back of my hut into the bush, made the river.

"But there was one thing he didn't count on—he was a late-comer to camp. He didn't know I had an outboard canoe motor cached in oiled silk at the river landing, which made it easy for me to catch up with him!"

DEVIL OF THE DEEP

BY
NORMAN
DANIELS

DAVE DEAN, INTREPID ADVENTURER, DARES THE PERILS OF A TROPIC SEA IN SEARCH OF PEARLS.

WHAT IF THEM NATIVES ARE RIGHT AND THERE IS GHOSTS IN THESE WATERS ?

YOU'RE GOING NAVE YOURSELF WATER GHOSTS- HUMPH ! I'M LOOKING FOR PEARLS.

I'D FEEL BETTER IF WING PO WASN'T ON THAT SHIP !

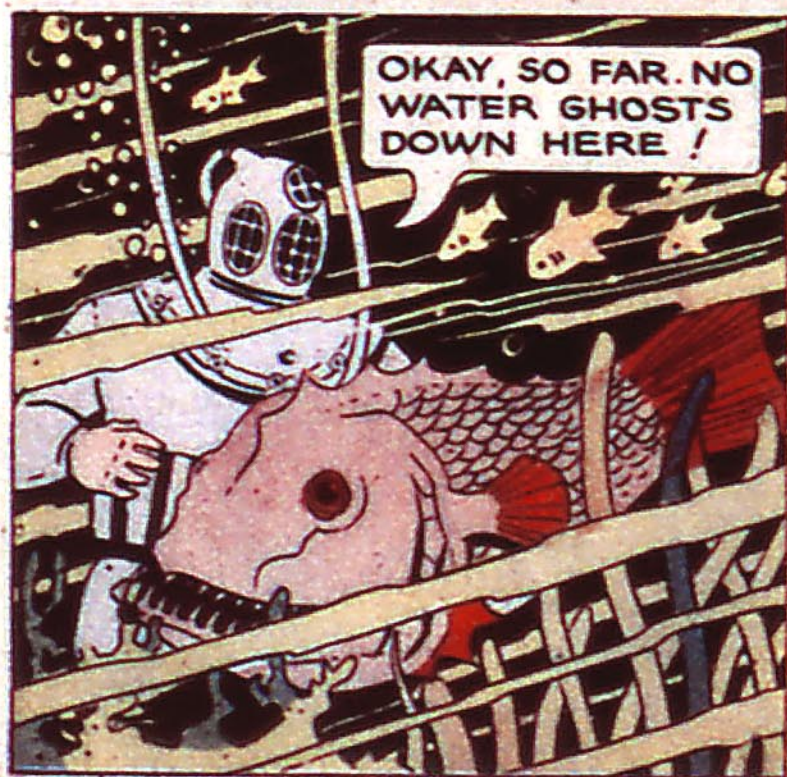
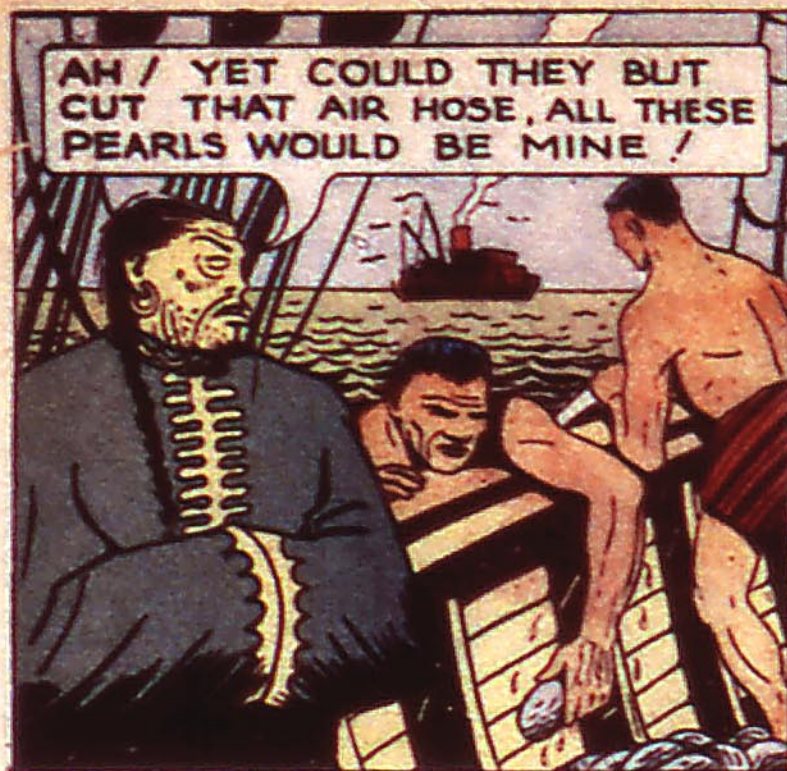
WHAT CAN HE DO ? HE HAS NO DIVING EQUIPMENT. STOP WORRYING !

DOWN YOU GO AND GOOD LUCK ! IF YOU SEE ANYTHING, SIGNAL AND I'LL PULL YOU UP !

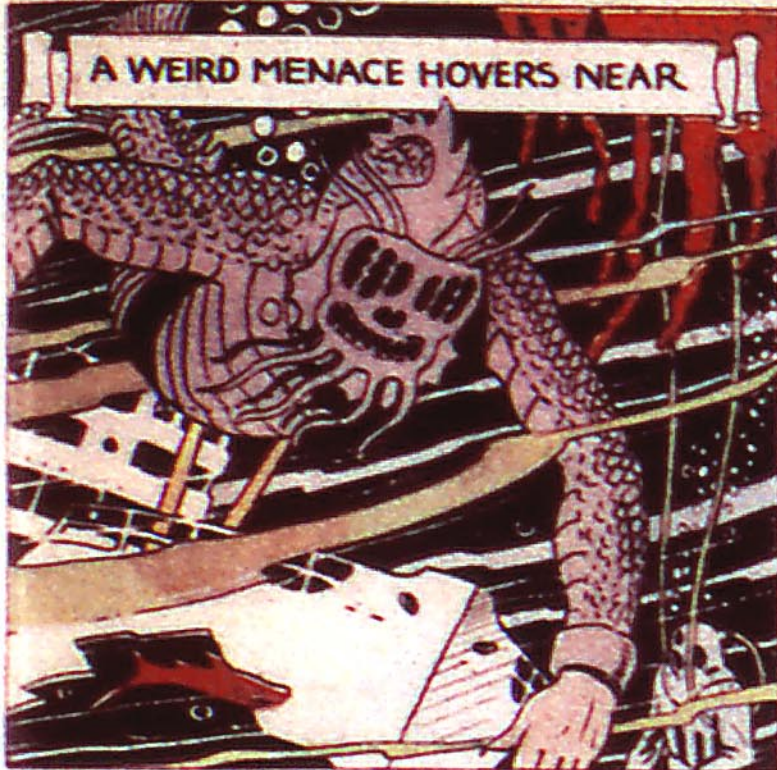
THE FOOL ! MAY THE DEVILS OF THE DEEP TAKE HIM !

MAYBE IF I GET CLOSE-

NEVER MIND HIM. FIND ME PEARLS ! WE SHALL TAKE CARE OF HIM LATER.



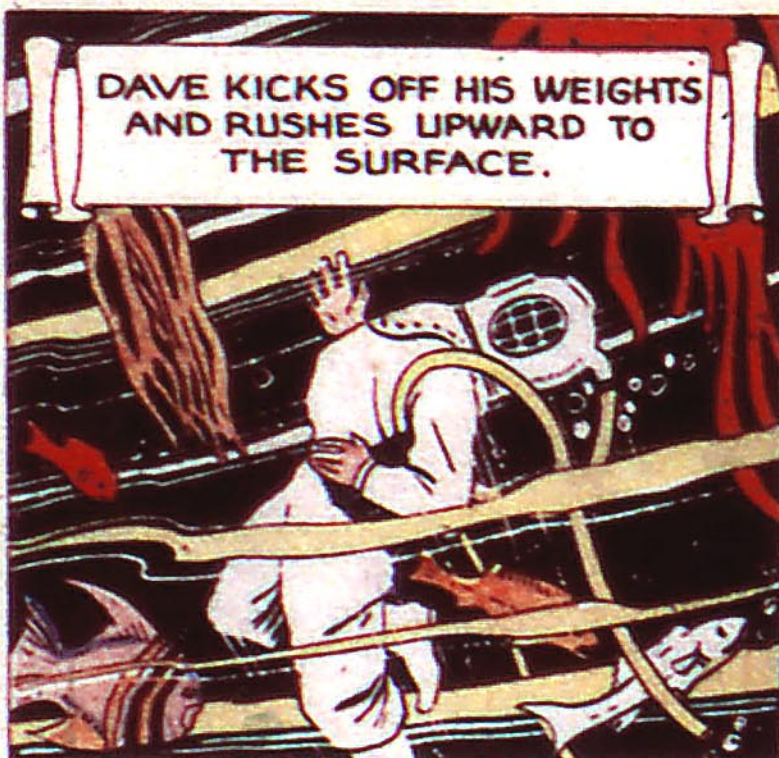
A WEIRD MENACE HOVERS NEAR



MY AIR HAS
BEEN CUT-OFF!



DAVE KICKS OFF HIS WEIGHTS
AND RUSHES UPWARD TO
THE SURFACE.



TRY TO STAY UP!
WE'LL SAVE YOU!

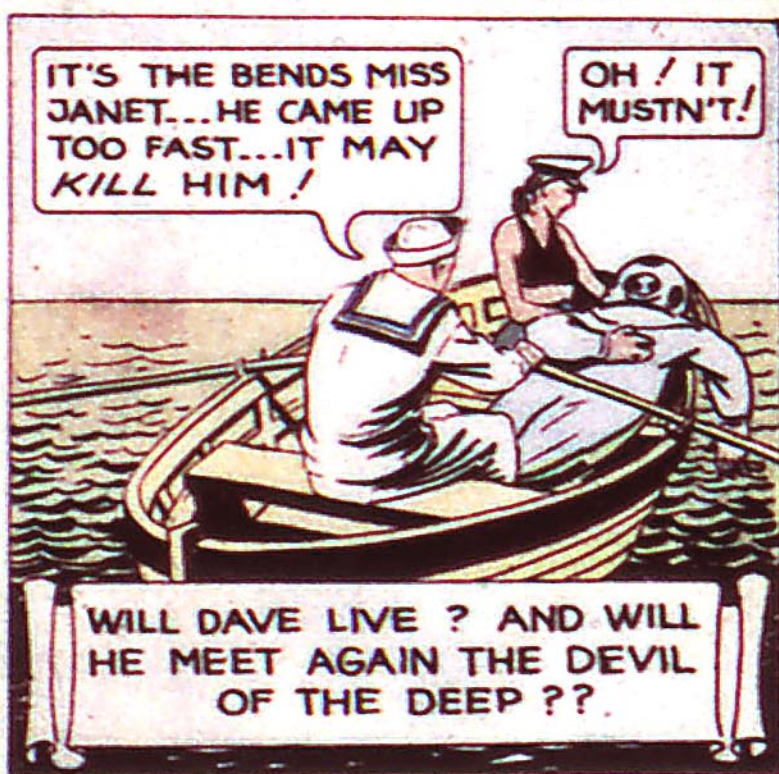
THANKS....SOME-
THING CUT...MY
AIR HOSE AND
LIFE LINE

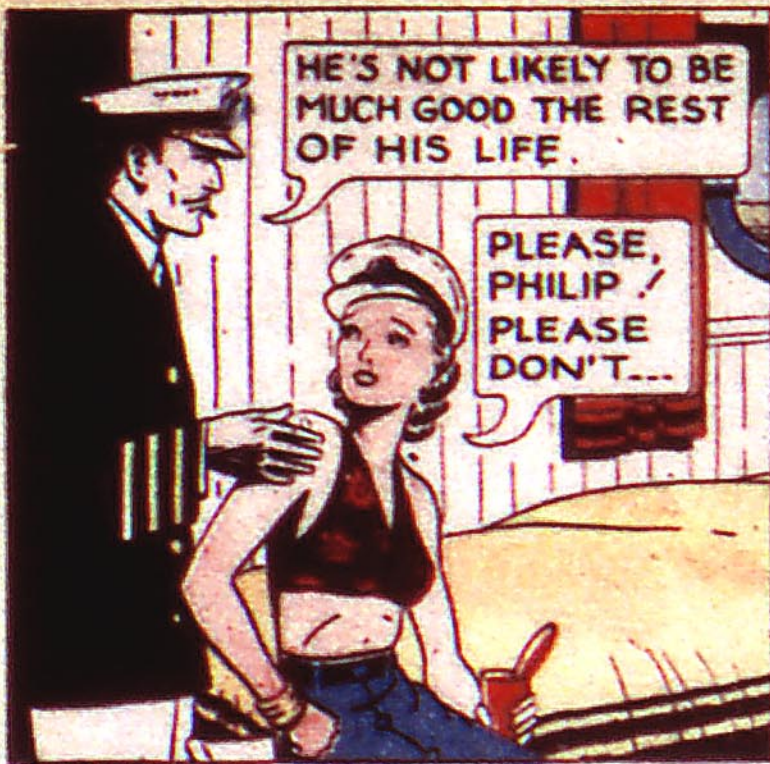


IT'S THE BENDS MISS
JANET...HE CAME UP
TOO FAST...IT MAY
KILL HIM!

OH! IT
MUSTN'T!

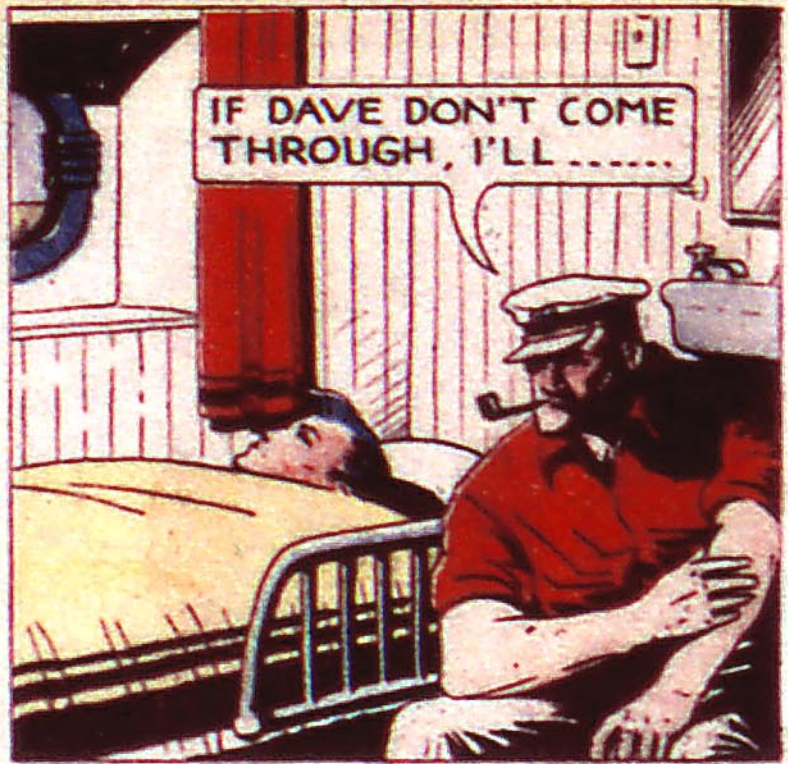
WILL DAVE LIVE? AND WILL
HE MEET AGAIN THE DEVIL
OF THE DEEP??





HE'S NOT LIKELY TO BE MUCH GOOD THE REST OF HIS LIFE.

PLEASE, PHILIP! PLEASE DON'T....



IF DAVE DON'T COME THROUGH, I'LL



YOU'RE SWELL, JANET. I OWE YOU.....MY LIFE.

BUT...I COULDN'T LET YOU DIE.....

BUT DAVE'S NATURAL STRENGTH AIDS HIM TO COMPLETE RECOVERY.



THANK YOU, SIR, FOR YOUR KINDNESS. I'D HAVE BEEN A GONER..

DON'T MENTION IT. THESE WATERS ARE CURSED.

I'M RIDING BACK IN THE BOAT WITH DAVE.



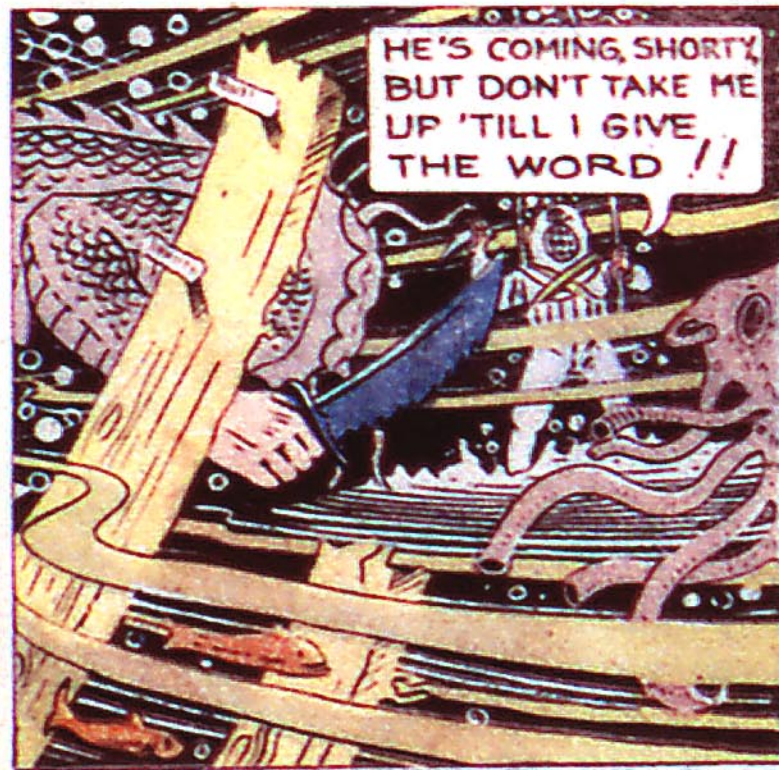
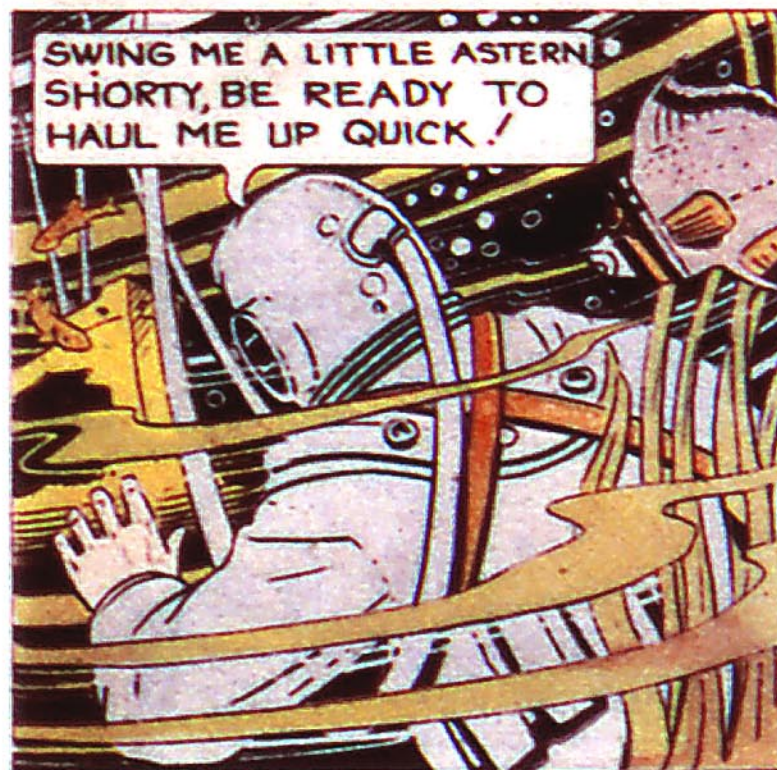
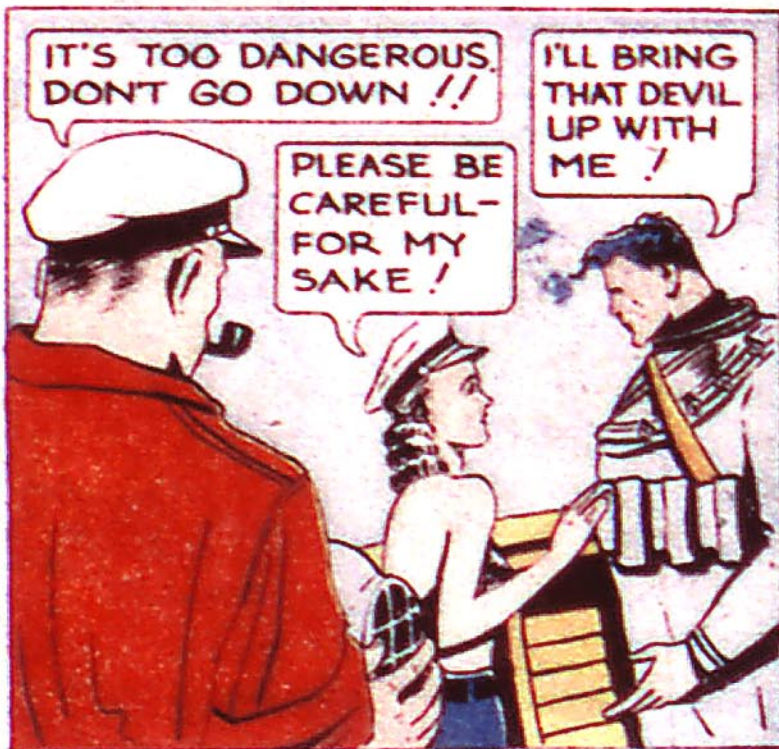
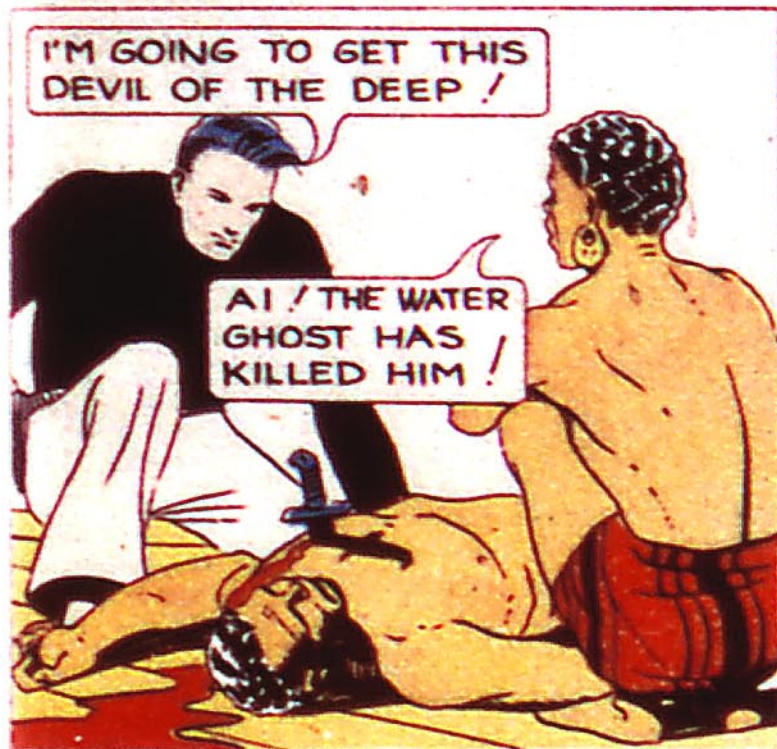
JANET, I WANT YOU TO RETURN TO THE YACHT. WHERE WE'RE GOING'S NO PLACE FOR A WOMAN.

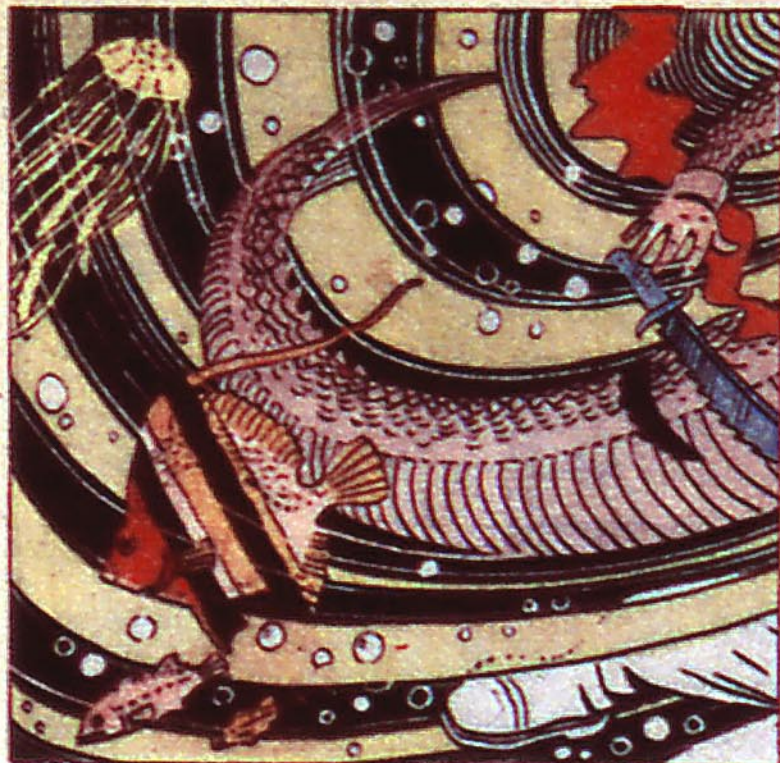
I'LL ONLY STAY A MINUTE, DAVE. SHORTY CAN ROW ME BACK.



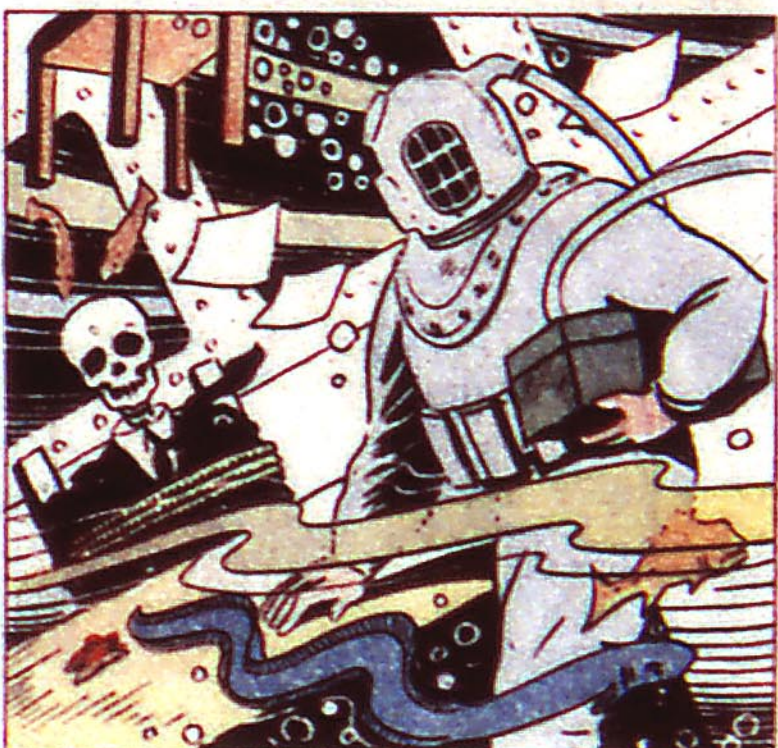
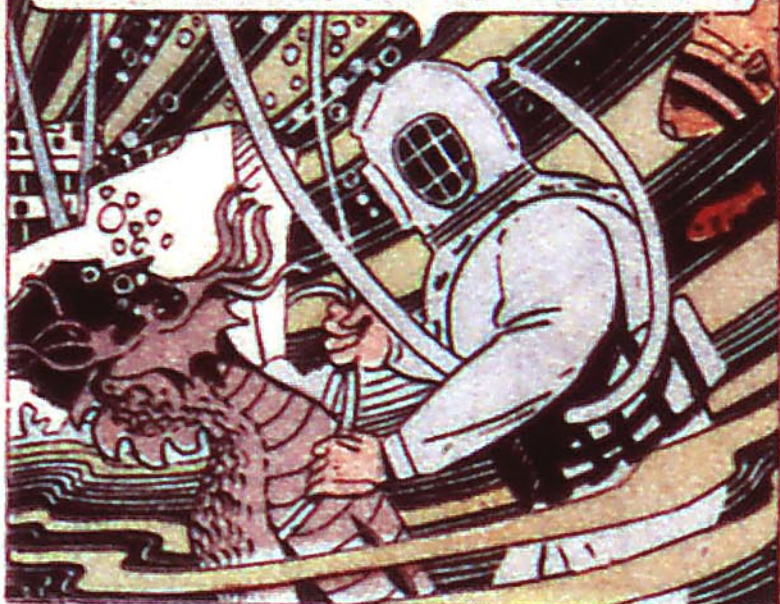
IF THE CHINK DID IT, I'LL BLOW HIM APART!

TAKE IT EASY. WING PO IS DANGEROUS.





SEND DOWN ANOTHER LINE, SHORTY,
AND TAKE THIS ONE UP. YOU'LL FIND
THE WATER GHOST AT THE END OF IT.



HE DIDN'T WANT ME
TO SEE THAT SUNKEN
SHIP BECAUSE HE
SANK IT !

HE'S NOT DEAD.
THERE WAS
OXYGEN IN HIS
FREE DIVING
SUIT !!



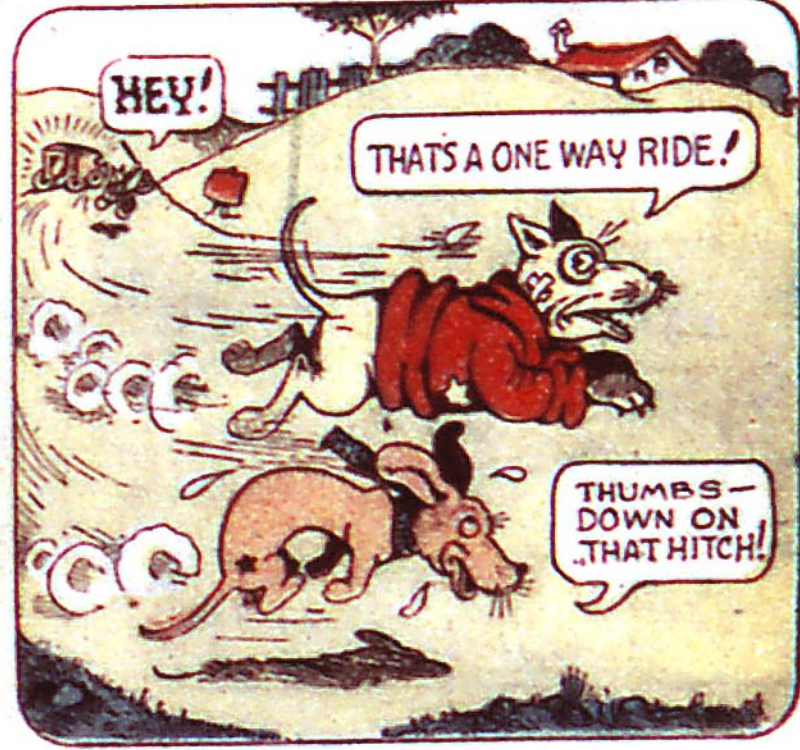
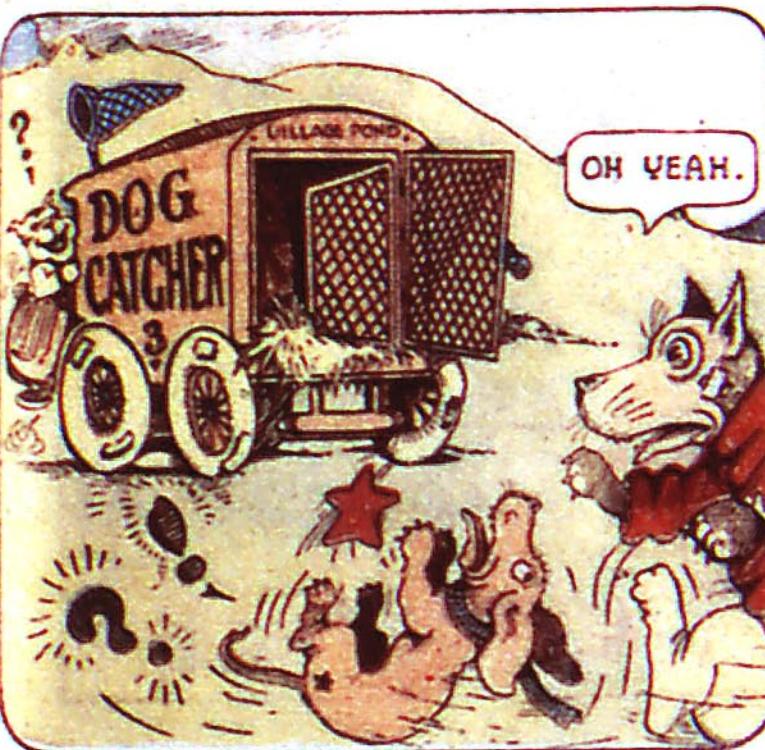
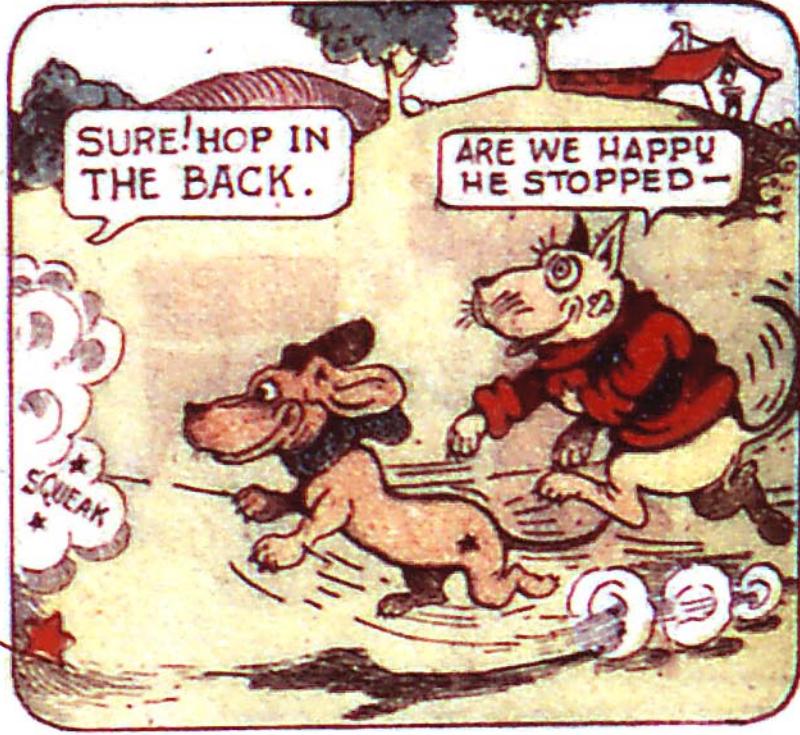
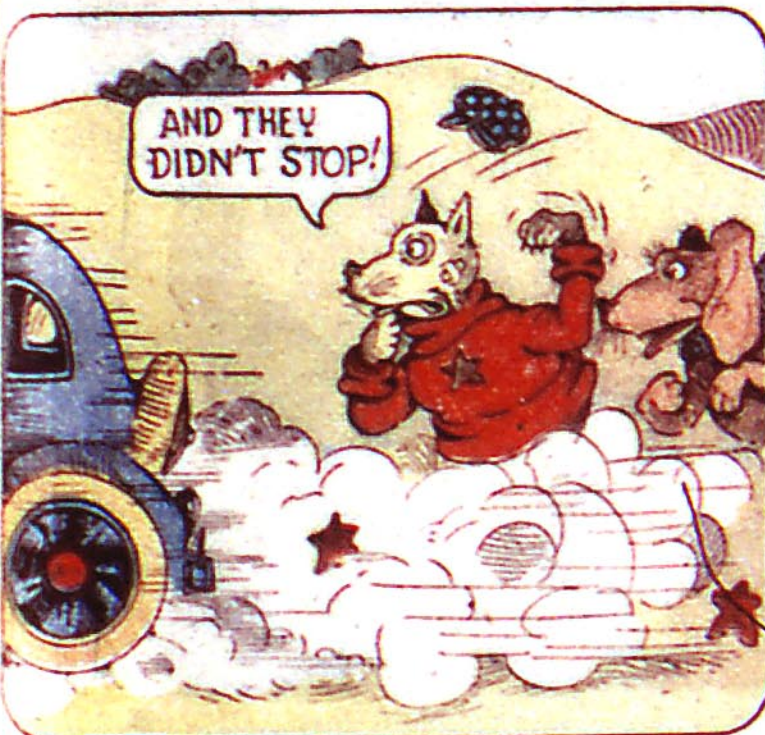
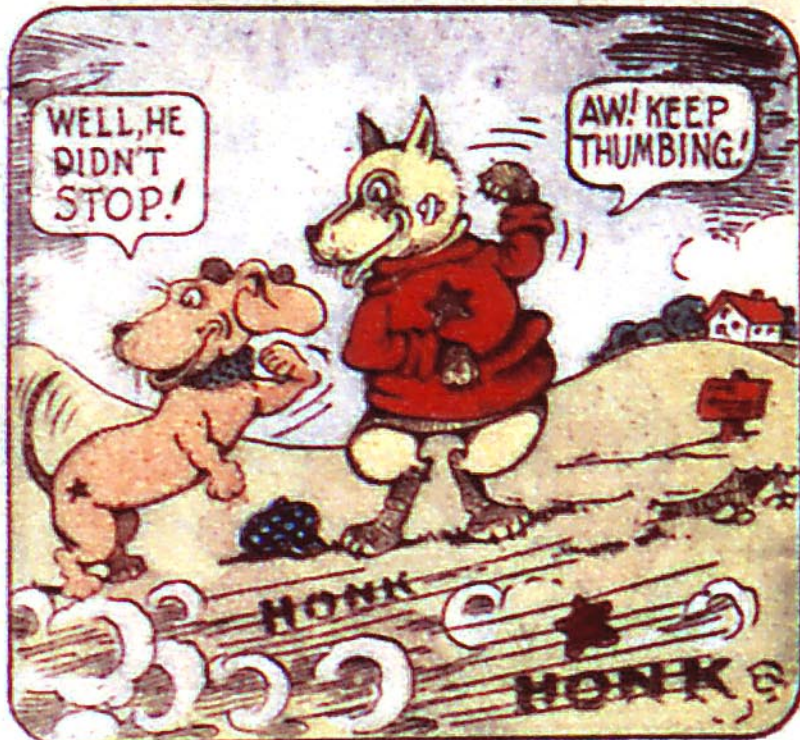
HE DYNAMITED HIS COUSIN'S YACHT
AND TRIED TO SCARE ME AWAY
SO I WOULDN'T FIND OUT.

TO GET HIS
COUSIN'S
FORTUNE !

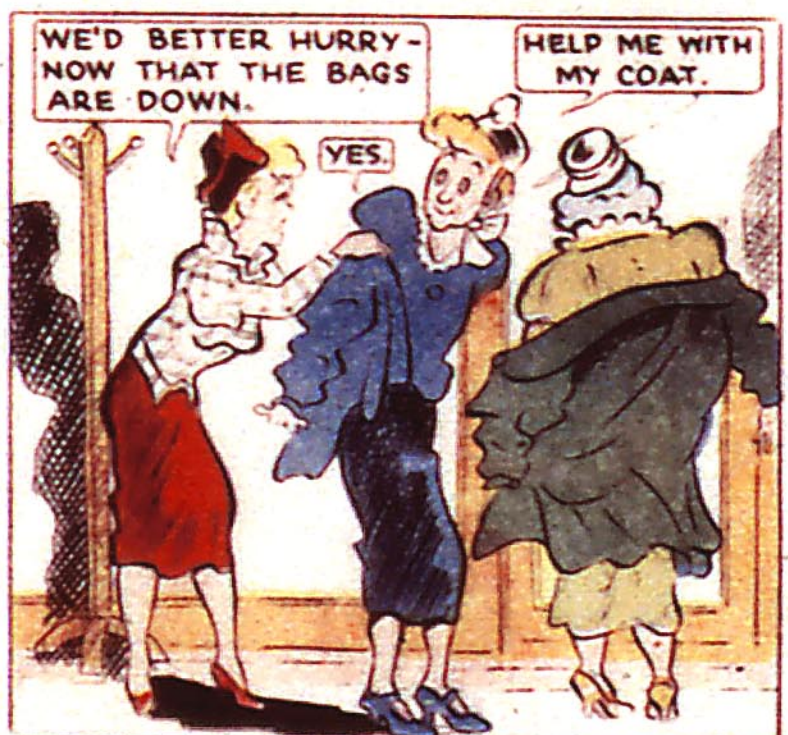
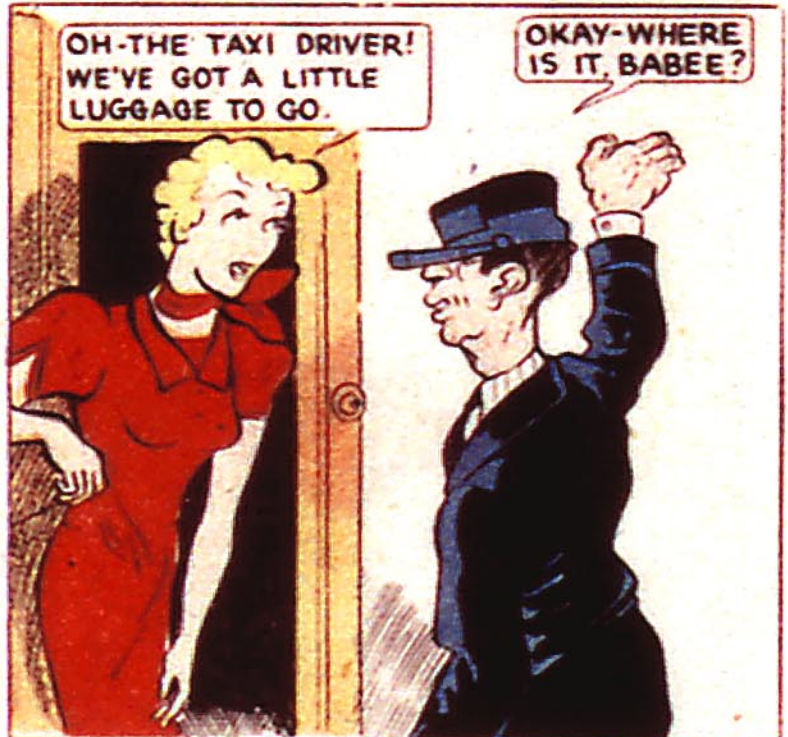
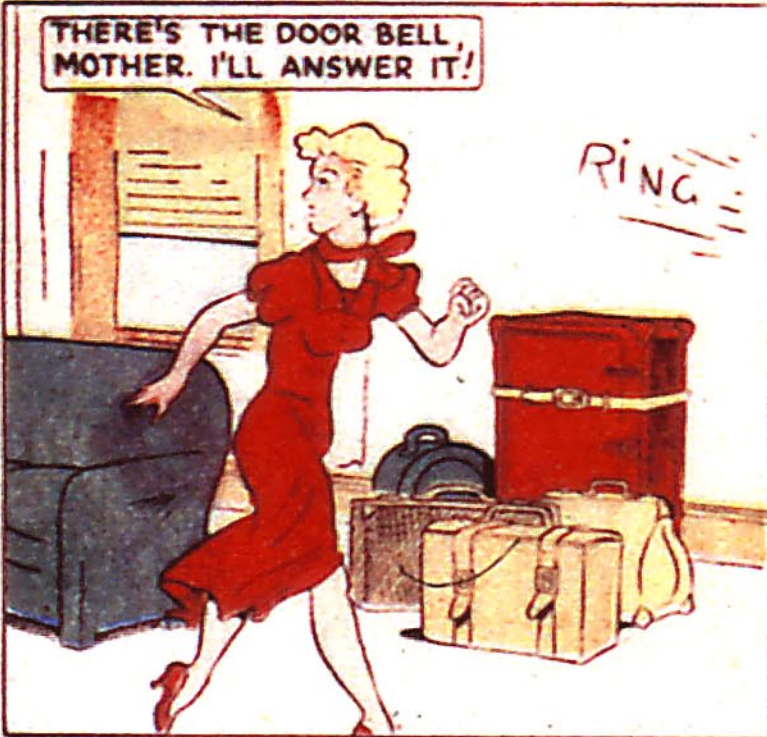
BUT HE WON'T SAVE
HIMSELF THIS TIME !



RUNT AND Tubby



GRANNY AND HER PETS

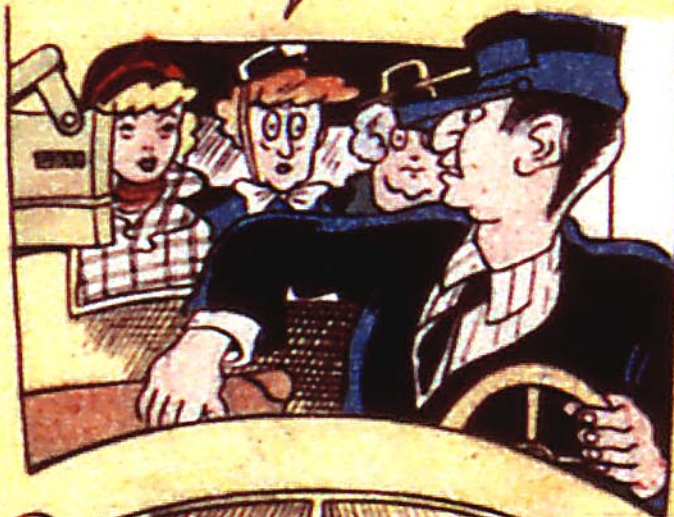


GOSH GRANNY-ISN'T IT
THRILLING TO BE GOING
ON AN OCEAN VOYAGE!

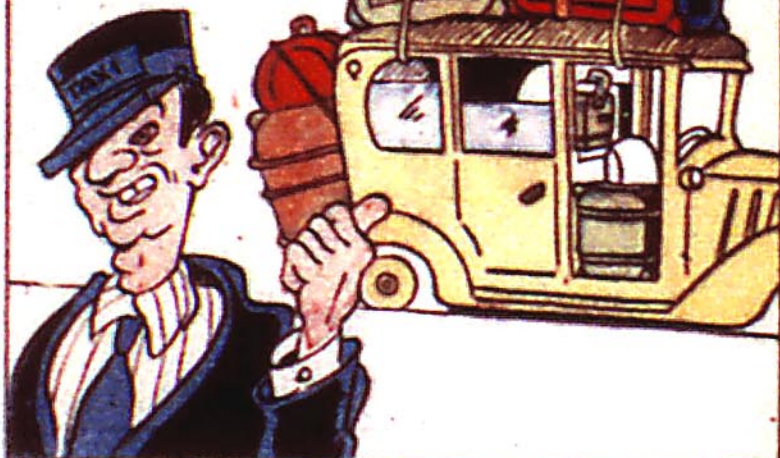
NOW WHERE
IN THE WORLD
IS THAT
TAXI?



WE'LL DON'T TAKE ALL DAY-DRIVER,
WE'RE IN A HURRY!

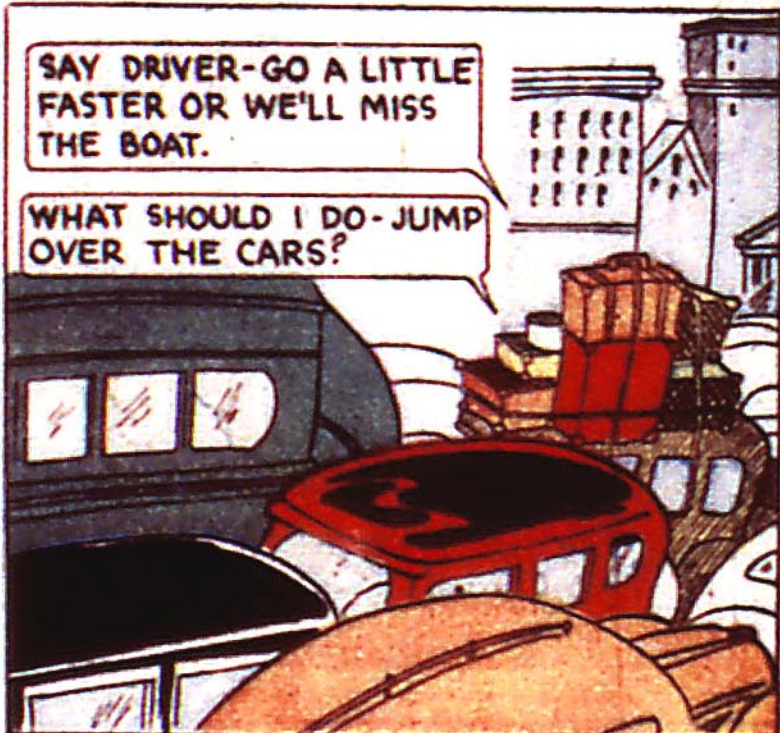


HERE IT IS, GIRLS,
RIGHT IN FRONT
OF YA. YA MUSTA
THOUGHT IT WAS
A MOVIN' VAN.

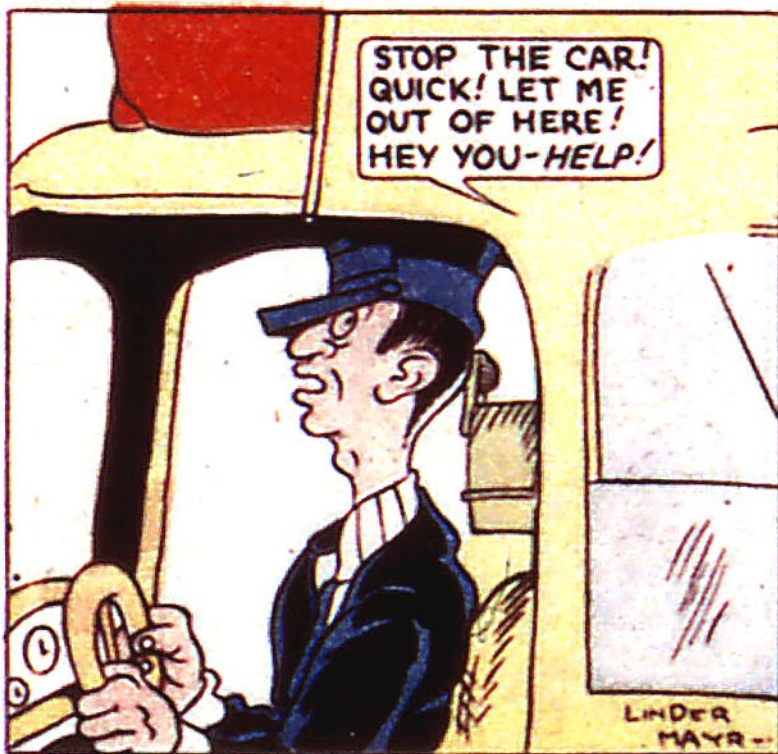


SAY DRIVER-GO A LITTLE
FASTER OR WE'LL MISS
THE BOAT.

WHAT SHOULD I DO-JUMP
OVER THE CARS?

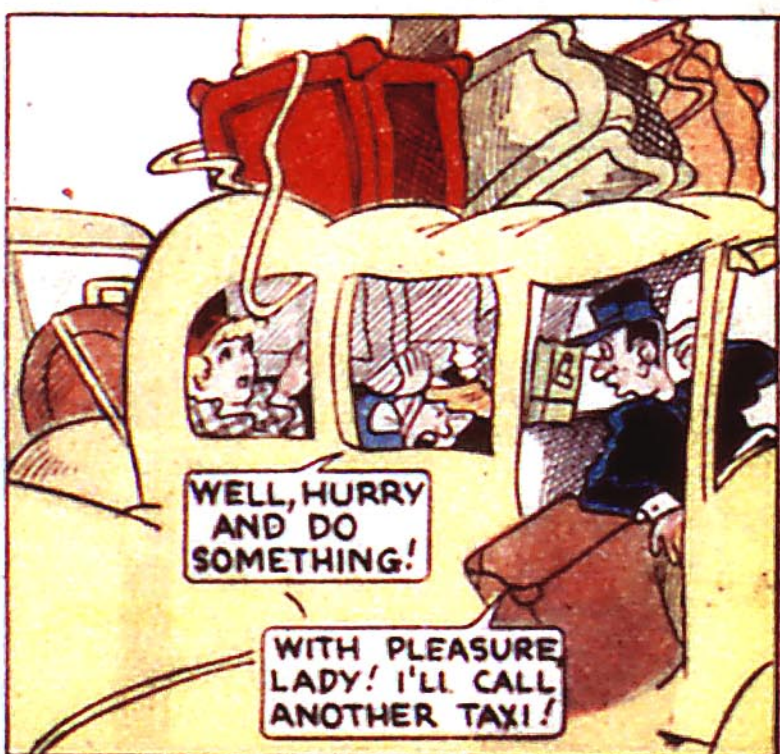


STOP THE CAR!
QUICK! LET ME
OUT OF HERE!
HEY YOU-HELP!



WELL, HURRY
AND DO
SOMETHING!

WITH PLEASURE
LADY! I'LL CALL
ANOTHER TAXI!



LINDER
MAYR

IIKE INSURANCE



I'VE TRAMPED ALL OVER TOWN AND HAVEN'T SOLD A NICKLE'S WORTH OF INSURANCE - AND AM I TIRED -

OH MR. IKE - WILL YOU PLEASE COME UP HERE?



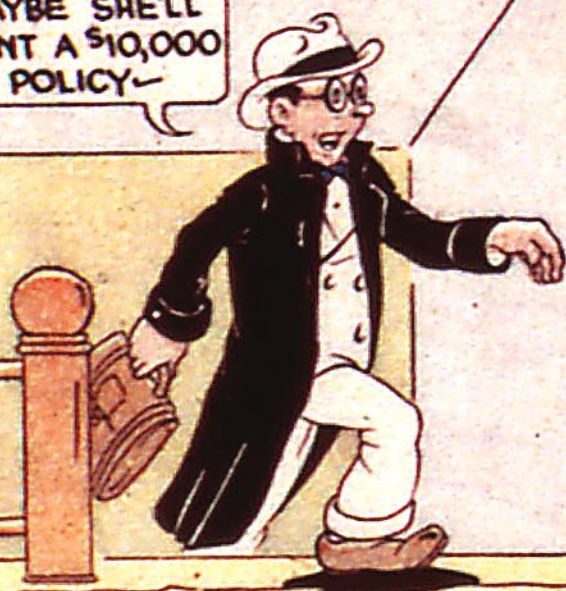
SURE, MRS. JONES - BE RIGHT UP!



WHAT A BREAK - MAYBE A \$5,000 POLICY!



MAYBE SHE'LL WANT A \$10,000 POLICY -



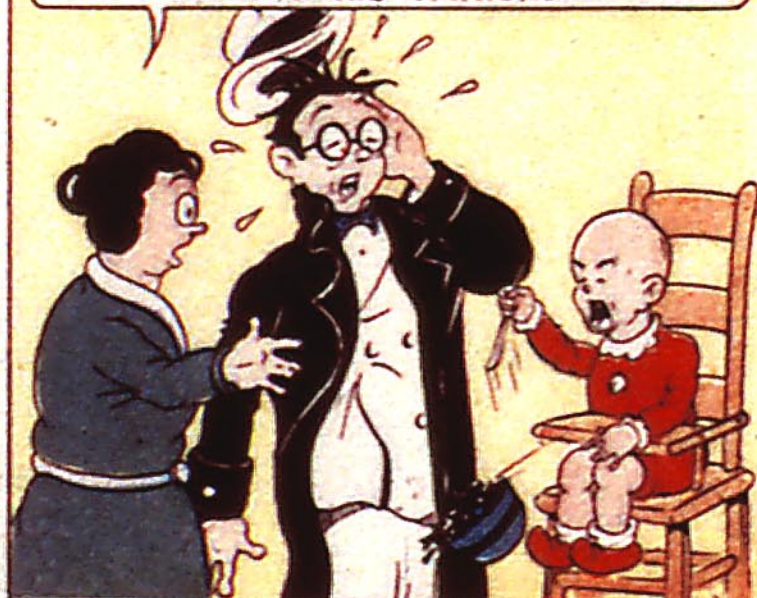
H-H-HULLO, MRS. JONES (PUFF) WANNA (PUFF) SEE ME?



COME IN, MR. IKE, YOU'RE JUST THE MAN -



NOW, MR. IKE - WON'T YOU TAKE LITTLE JUNIOR AWAY IN YOUR BLACK BAG IF HE DOESN'T EAT HIS SPINICH?



Are You **HANDICAPPED?**

CHARLES P. STEINMETZ

1865

MADE GOOD

1923

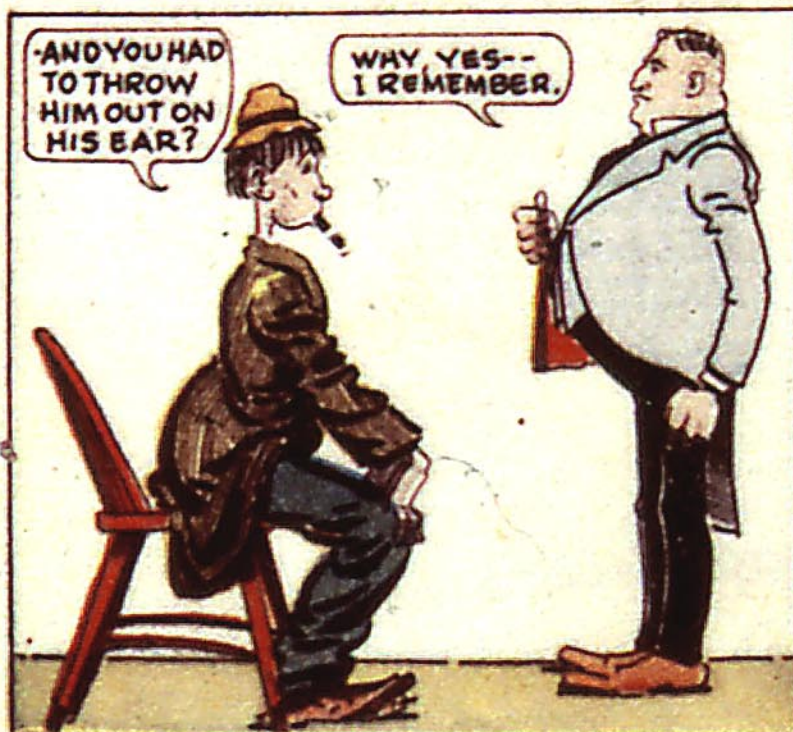
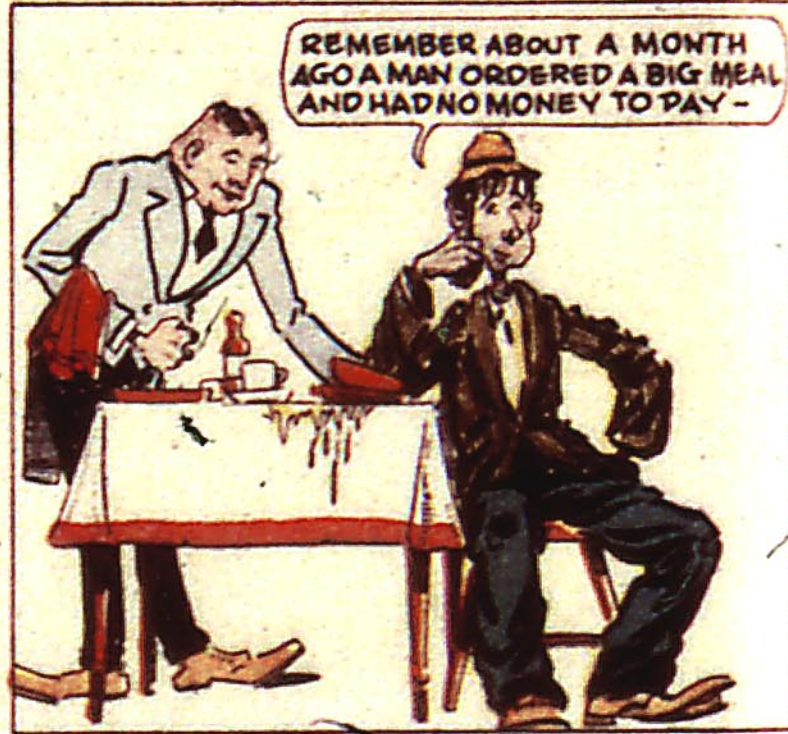
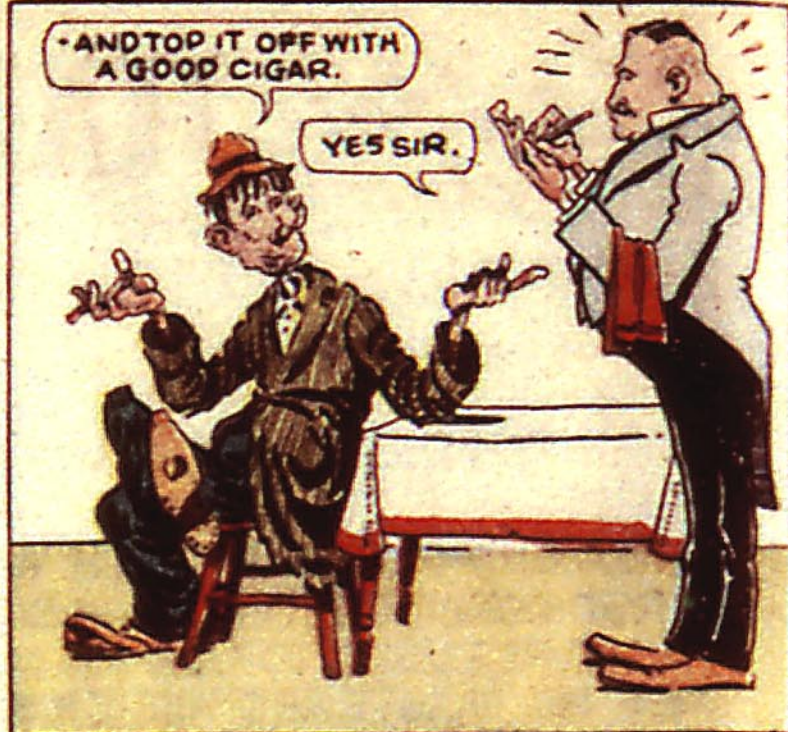
BORN AT BRESLAU, GERMANY, OF PENNILESS PARENTS. WAS A DWARF AND A CRIPPLE FROM BIRTH. WAS FIRST CONSIDERED DULL IN SCHOOL, AS HE REFUSED TO USE HIS MIND. YET HE MASTERED HIGHER MATHEMATICS AND MANY LANGUAGES IN EARLY SCHOOL DAYS. ENTERED UNIVERSITY OF BRESLAU AT SEVENTEEN, TUTORED HIS FELLOW STUDENTS TO FINANCE HIS EDU-

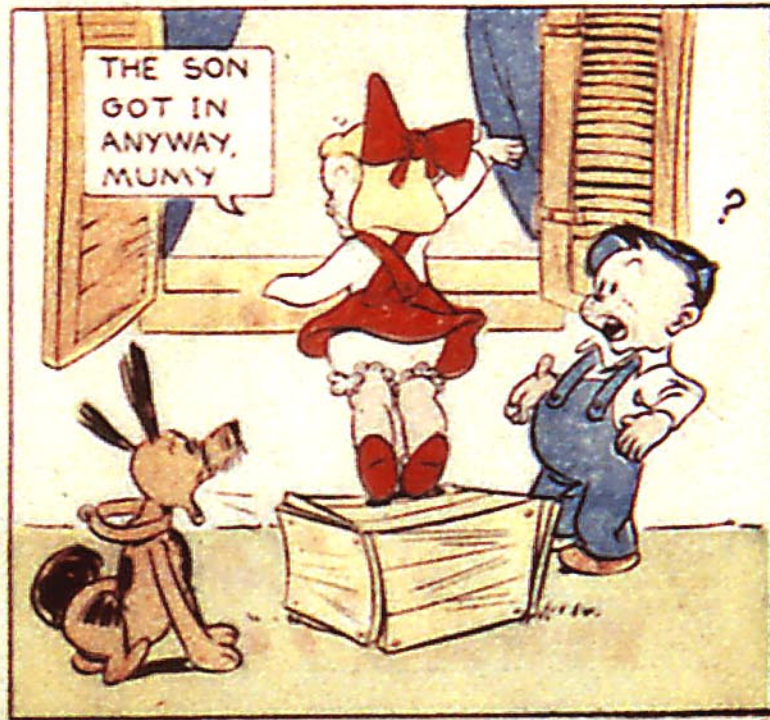
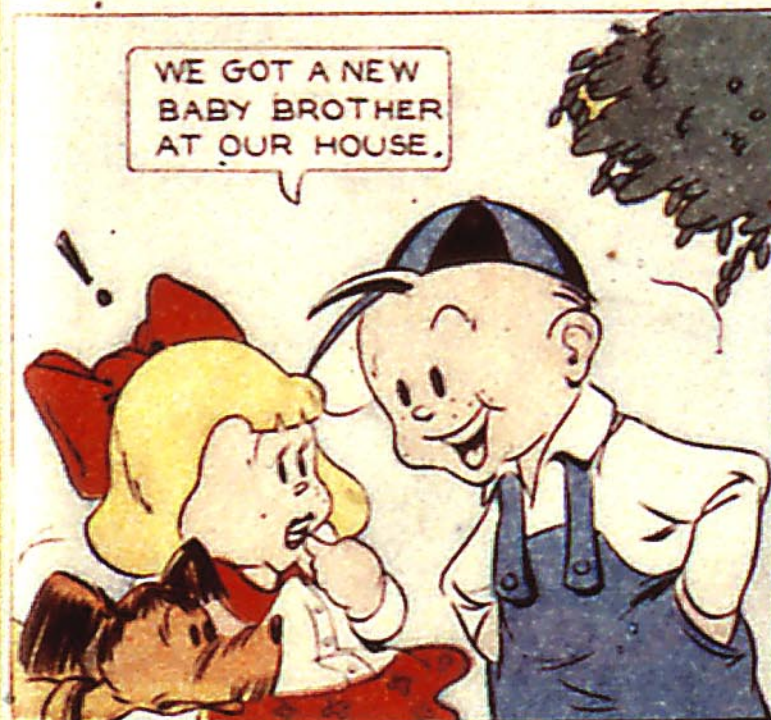
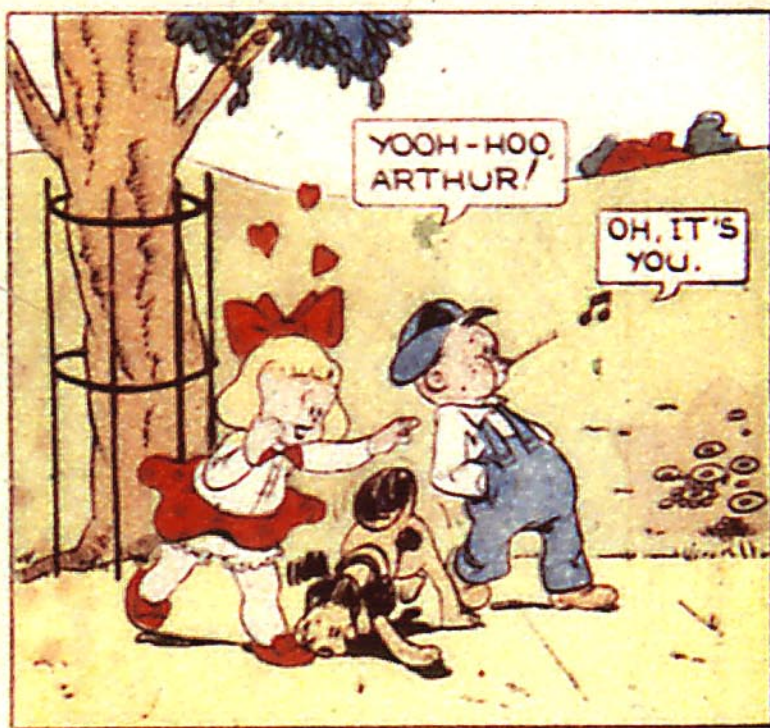
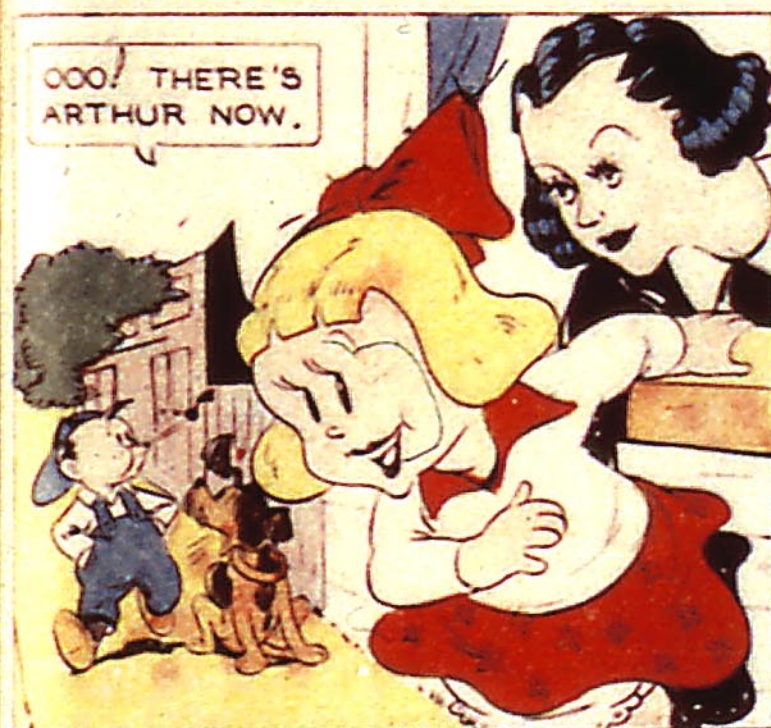
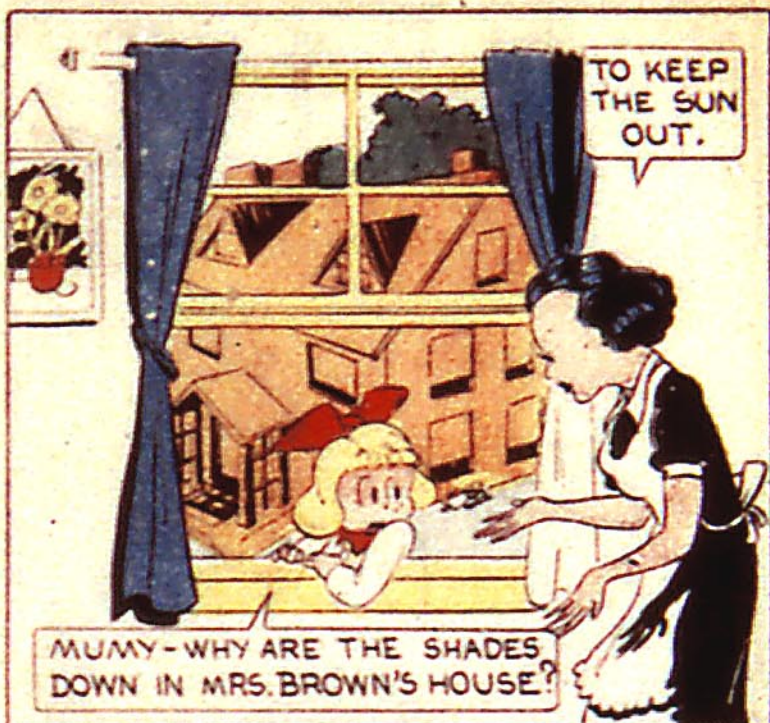
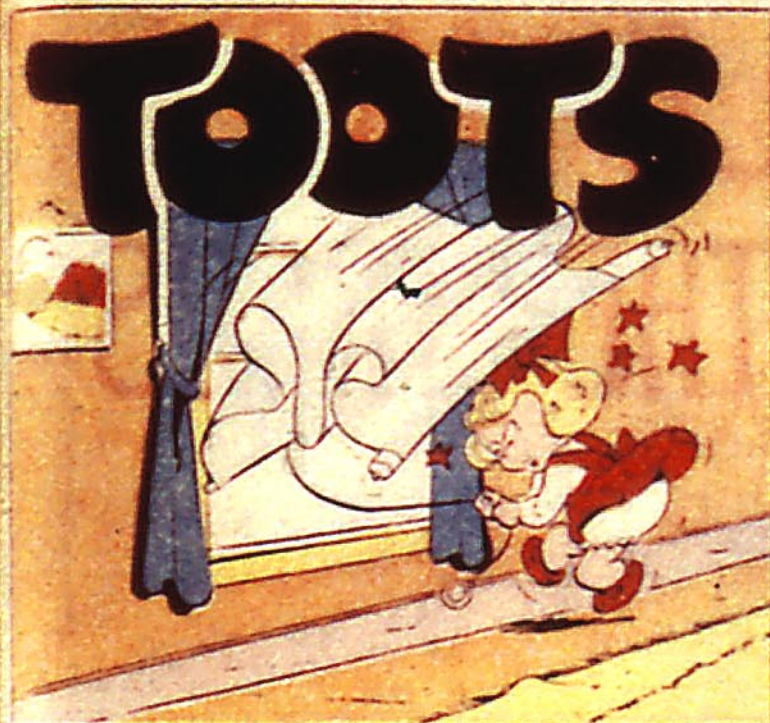


CATION. AFTER SEVEN YEARS HE WAS FORCED TO LEAVE THE UNIVERSITY, BECAUSE OF HIS SOCIALISTIC VIEWS.

AT TWENTY-FIVE HE CAME TO AMERICA, RENTED A VERMIN-INFESTED ROOM IN HARLEM, WORKED AS AN ELECTRICAL ENGINEER AT \$12 A WEEK. DISCOVERED AND ESTABLISHED LAWS USED TODAY IN DESIGNING ELECTRICAL MOTORS; BECAME ONE OF THE MASTER MINDS OF SCIENCE.

BINGO







LITTLE MARY OF THE CIRCUS



(A)

COMPLETE STORY

by

CLAIRE S. MOE

JIM WHY DONT YOU LET MARY PLAY IN PUBLIC SHE'LL BE MAKING A LOT OF DOUGH.

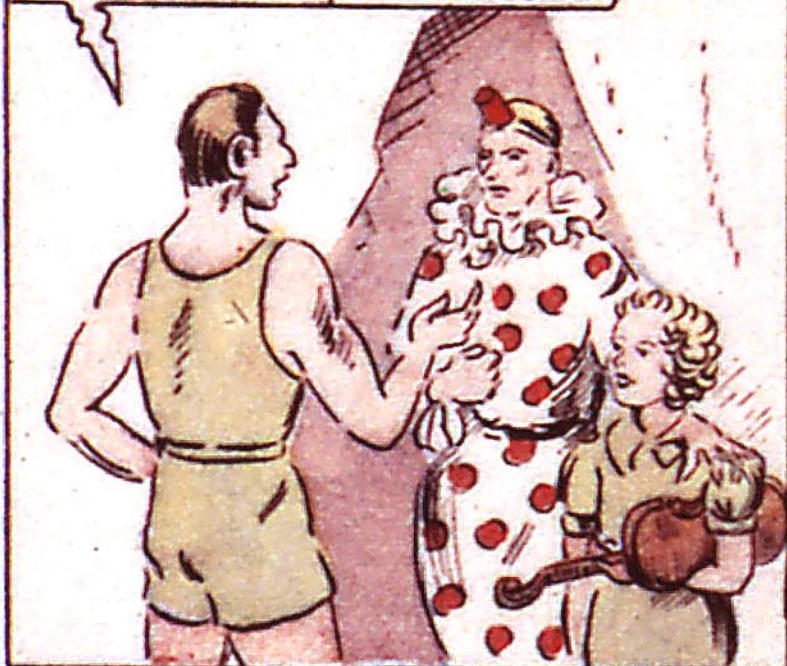
RENAR, YOUR ADVICE AND YOUR COMPANY ISNT WANTED AROUND HERE.



IT'S A YEAR NOW - DONT YOU REMEMBER HOW THE ROPE ON THE TRAPEZE MYSTERIOUSLY BROKE? SOMEBODY MEANT TO KILL ME - BUT INSTEAD IT KILLED MY WIFE - I HAVE MY SUSPICION - NOW GET OUT!



I DONT KNOW WHAT THAT'S GOT TO DO WITH ME - WELL, SO LONG JIM



ONE MORE MONTH, MARY, AND I QUIT THE CIRCUS AND LET YOU STUDY WITH PROFESSOR COUSIN.



I'LL HIDE THE MONEY HERE -
GOOD NIGHT, DADDY !

GOOD NIGHT, DEAR -
THE SHOW'S JUST
STARTED.



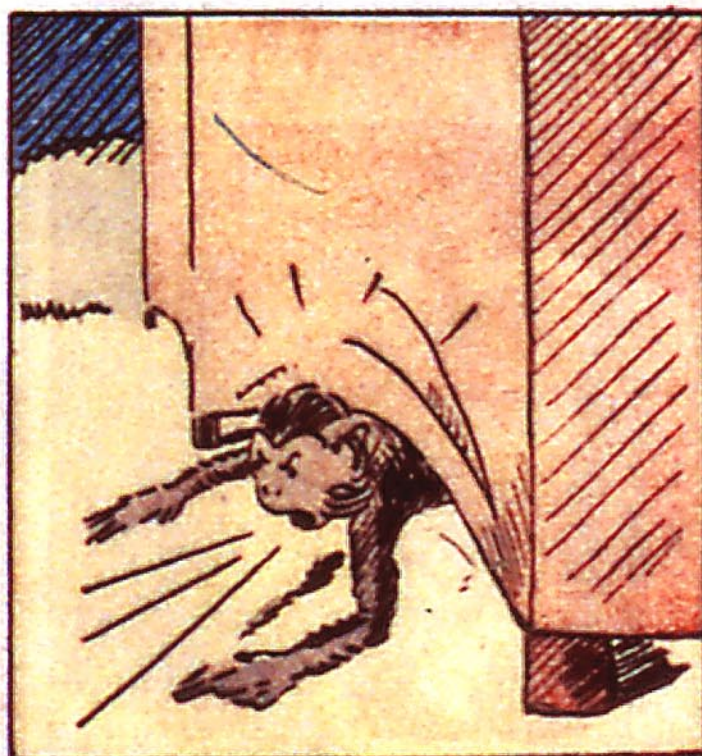
HE'S GONE - AND IF I CUT
THE ROPE - HE CAN'T PROVE
IT - NOW I'LL MAKE MONEY
WITH HER - I'LL WAIT 'TILL
SHE SLEEPS !



IF THE MONK DOESN'T HEAR ME EVERYTHING
WILL BE SWELL - I'LL TAKE THE KID
TO MY SHACK - NOWBODY EXCEPT THAT
WOMAN, WHO LIVES NEAR THE PLACE,
KNOWS I OWN IT - AND I TOLD HER I'D
BRING MY NIECE UP ONE
DAY -



SOUND ASLEEP - SHE'LL
BE WORTH A LOT OF
DOUGH !!



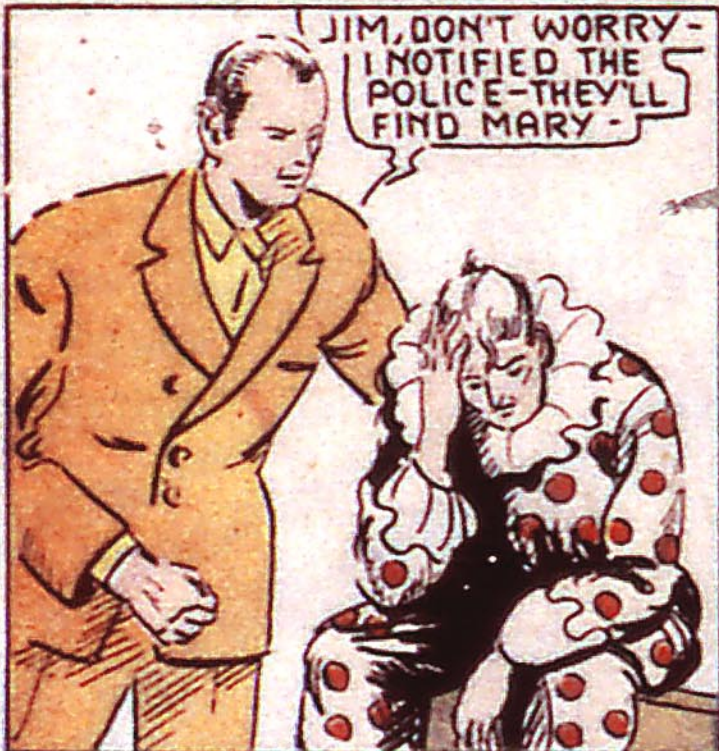
I GOT THE KID, THE MONEY, AND HER FIDDLE - THIS JOB WAS EASY! I WAS AFRAID THE MONK MIGHT MAKE TROUBLE



MARY! MARY! SHE'S GONE!



JIM, DON'T WORRY - I NOTIFIED THE POLICE - THEY'LL FIND MARY -



WELL, SHE NEVER WOKE - GUESS I'LL TAKE A NAP MYSELF



IN A LONELY CABIN MILES AWAY -

AS RENAR WENT TO SLEEP, HIS LIGHTED CIGARETTE FELL ON PAPER AND STARTED A FIRE.



ALARMED BY THE SMOKE, THE LITTLE MONKEY WAKES MARY.





SHE RUSHES OUTSIDE,

HOW DID I GET HERE, PAL?
GEE!! THE HUT IS BURN-
ING FAST!



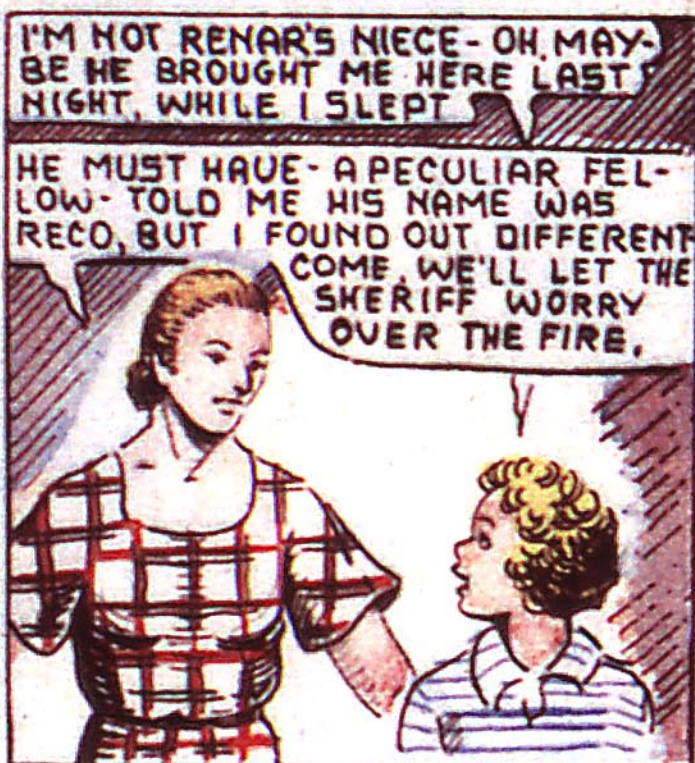
SAY, LITTLE GIRL, IS THERE
ANYBODY ELSE IN THERE?

I DON'T KNOW!



THAT'S NOT MY HOUSE - I
JUST WOKE UP - I LIVE IN
A CIRCUS -

YOU MUST BE RENAR'S
NIECE.



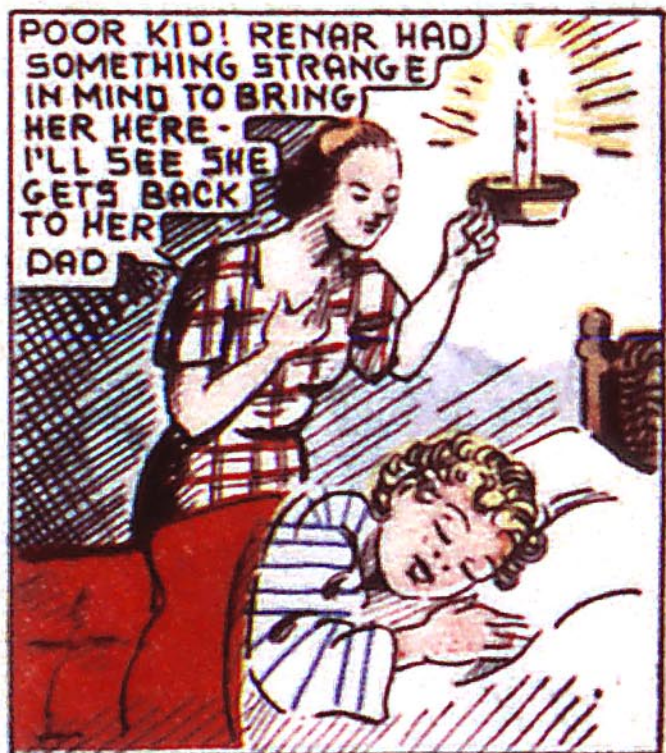
I'M NOT RENAR'S NIECE - OH, MAY-
BE HE BROUGHT ME HERE LAST
NIGHT, WHILE I SLEPT

HE MUST HAVE - A PECULIAR FEL-
LOW - TOLD ME HIS NAME WAS
RECO, BUT I FOUND OUT DIFFERENT
COME, WE'LL LET THE
SHERIFF WORRY
OVER THE FIRE,



THIS IS THE SWEETEST MILK I'VE EVER
HAD -

DRINK ALL YOU
WANT DEAR



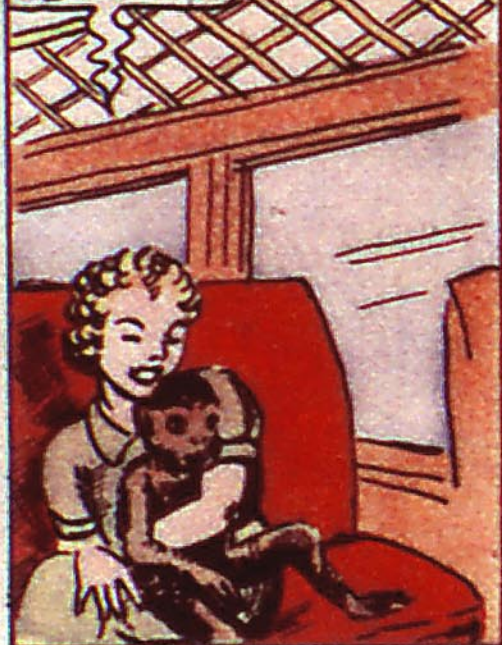
POOR KID! RENAR HAD
SOMETHING STRANGE
IN MIND TO BRING
HER HERE -
I'LL SEE SHE
GETS BACK
TO HER
DAD

A MAN, I GUESS RENAR,
WAS FOUND ALL BURNED
IN THE HUT - I DIDN'T TELL
THE SHERIFF THAT YOU
SLEPT THERE - THEY FUSS
SO MUCH ABOUT SUCH
THINGS - GOOD
BYE DEAR -



BUS-STOP

I HOPE DADDY ISN'T
WORRIED TOO MUCH
ABOUT ME.



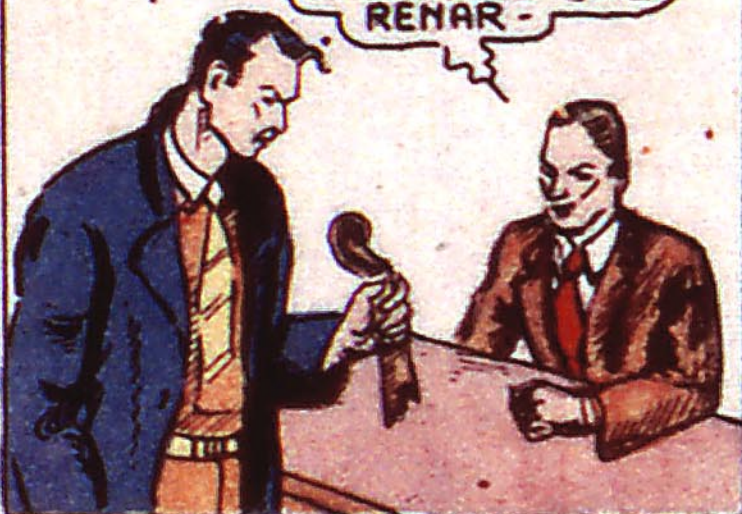
THE CIRCUS LEFT! OH DEAR!
WHERE'S MY DADDY?



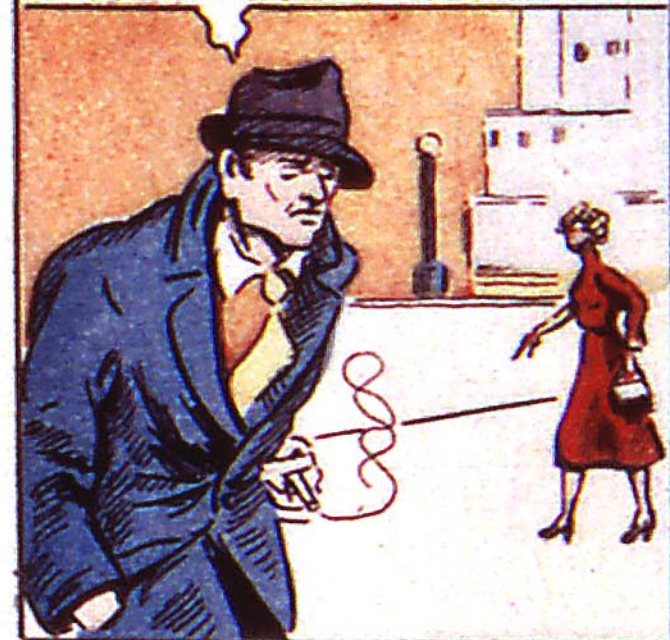
WHILE AT THE POLICE STATION-

YES, THIS IS MARY'S VIOLIN
ALLRIGHT

SORRY, SIR, THIS MEANS
YOUR DAUGHTER DIED
IN THE FIRE LIKE
RENAR -



THE POOR KID! IT'S HARD TO
BELIEVE - THERE'S NOTHING
LEFT FOR ME TO LIVE FOR NOW



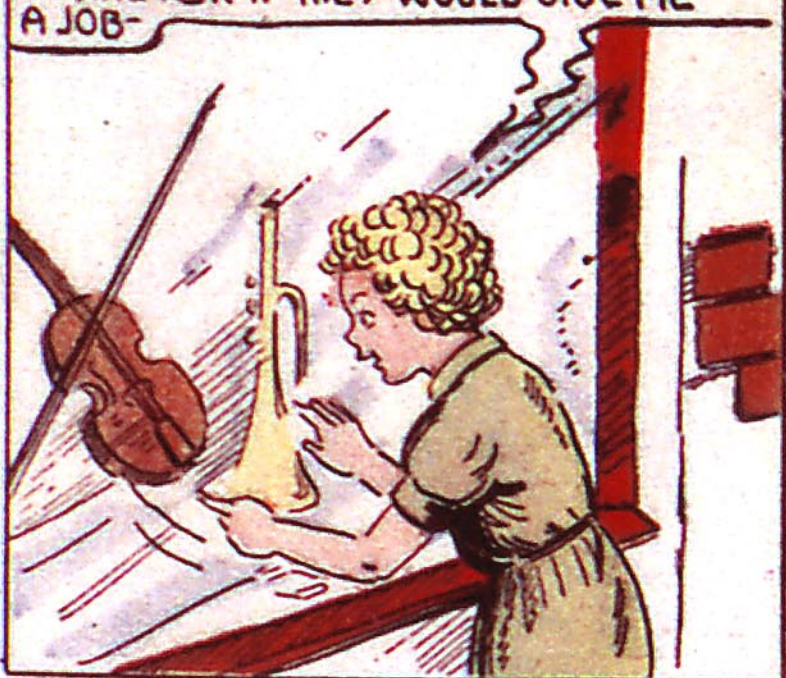
OH, PAL!-WHAT CAN I DO? DO YOU THINK
THE MAN IN THE HUT COULD HAVE BEEN
DADDY? OH NO!



LOOK, PAL, THERE'S A MUSIC STORE!
THIS GIVES ME AN IDEA!

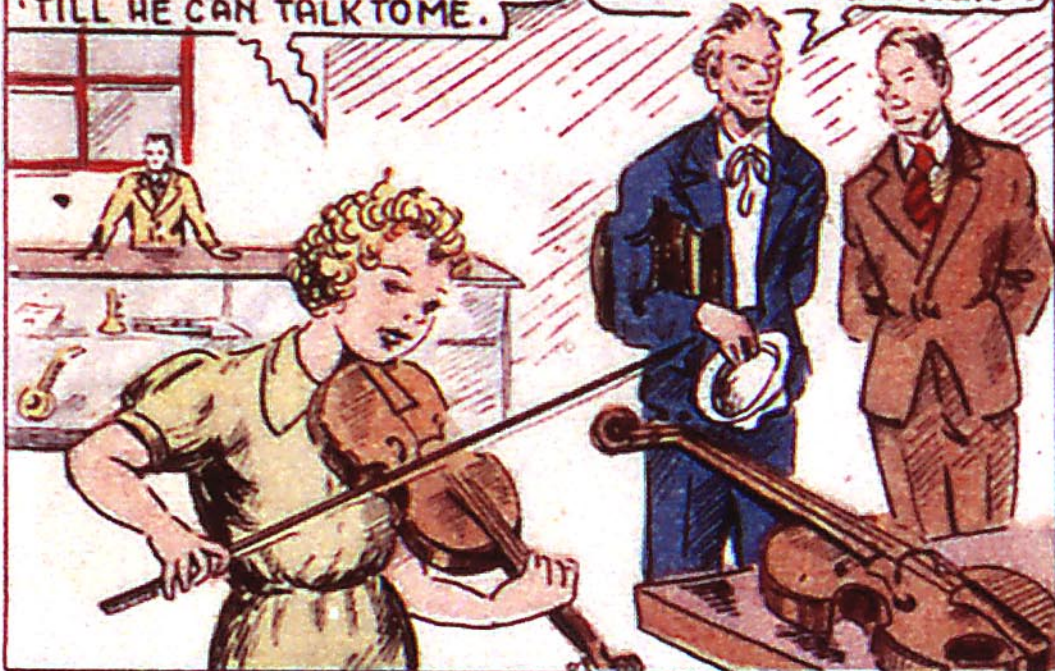


LOOK WHAT A BEAUTIFUL VIOLIN! I'LL GO
IN AND ASK IF THEY WOULD GIVE ME
A JOB-



GUESS THE MAN WON'T MIND
IF I PLAY HIS VIOLIN A LITTLE
'TILL HE CAN TALK TO ME.

WHO'S THE CHILD?
LISTEN TO THAT MUSIC!



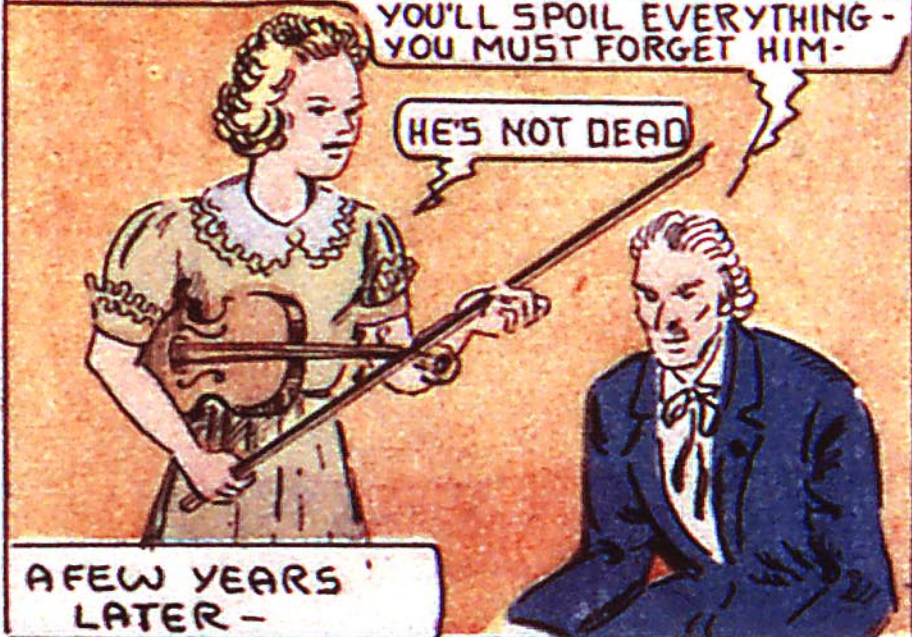
-AND YOU WISH TO WORK?
WELL, WELL!- YOU COME
TO MY HOUSE AND I'LL
GIVE YOU WORK ON THE
VIOLIN- I'M PROFESSOR
COUSIN.

OH-OH, THE
GREAT MASTER!



TO MORROW'S CONCERT WILL BE THE BEGINN-
ING OF A GREAT CAREER, MARY- THE MEMORY
OF YOUR DEAD FATHER MAKES YOU PLAY TOO SAD
YOU'LL SPOIL EVERYTHING-
YOU MUST FORGET HIM-

HE'S NOT DEAD



A FEW YEARS
LATER -

AT A HOSPITAL -

NURSE, A LITTLE
GIRL IS PLAYING TO
MORROW AT THE
MUSIC HALL-TAKE
ME THERE, PLEASE-
MARY-MARY IS
HER NAME.

I'M GLAD,
TOO.

POOR
FELLOW!
LOST
HIS MEM-
ORY-
HE MUST
THINK
HE KNOWS
MARY,
THE CHILD
WONDER



HERE IS THE MUSIC HALL - LET'S HURRY SO WE CAN GET A SEAT.

WAIT - WILL YOU TAKE ME TO THE CHILD'S DRESSING ROOM - PLEASE, NURSE?

MOST LIKELY THEY'LL THROW US OUT.

LISTEN, MISS. PLEASE LET US SEE THE LITTLE VIOLINIST - THIS MAN THINKS IT MIGHT BRING BACK HIS MEMORY.

IMPOSSIBLE

WAIT!

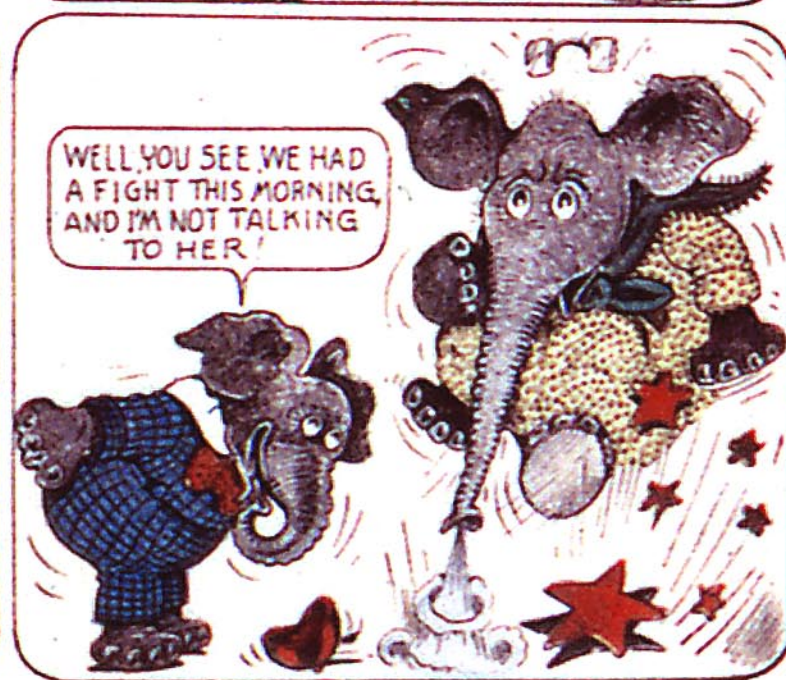
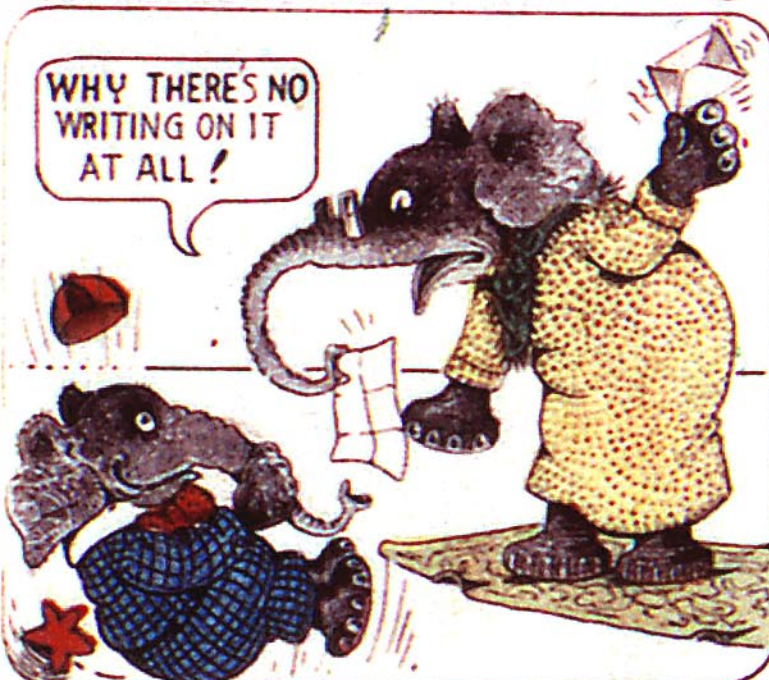
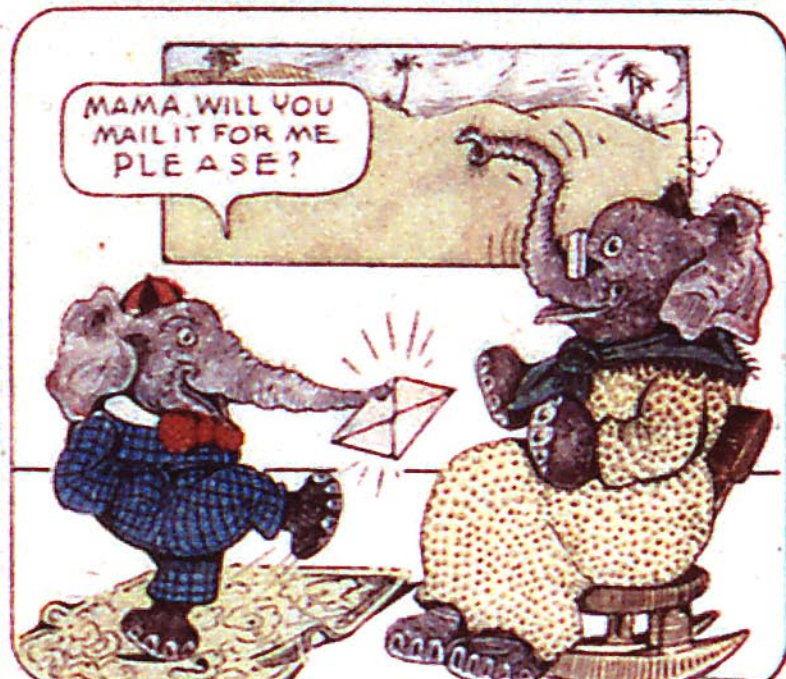
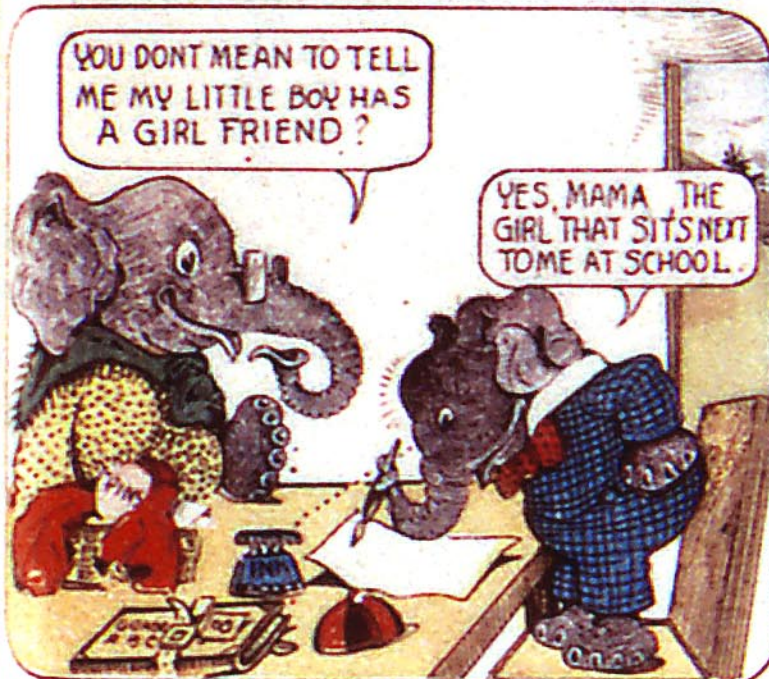
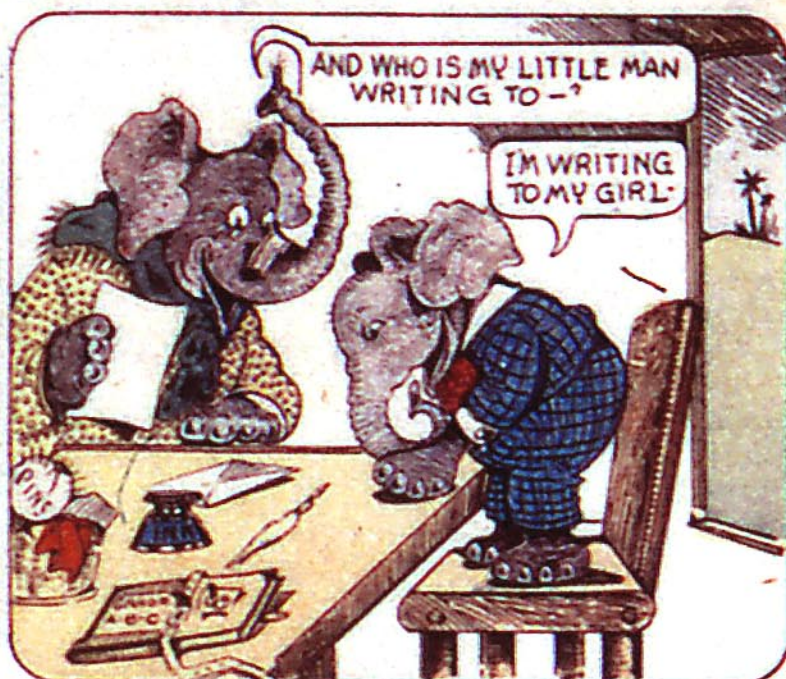
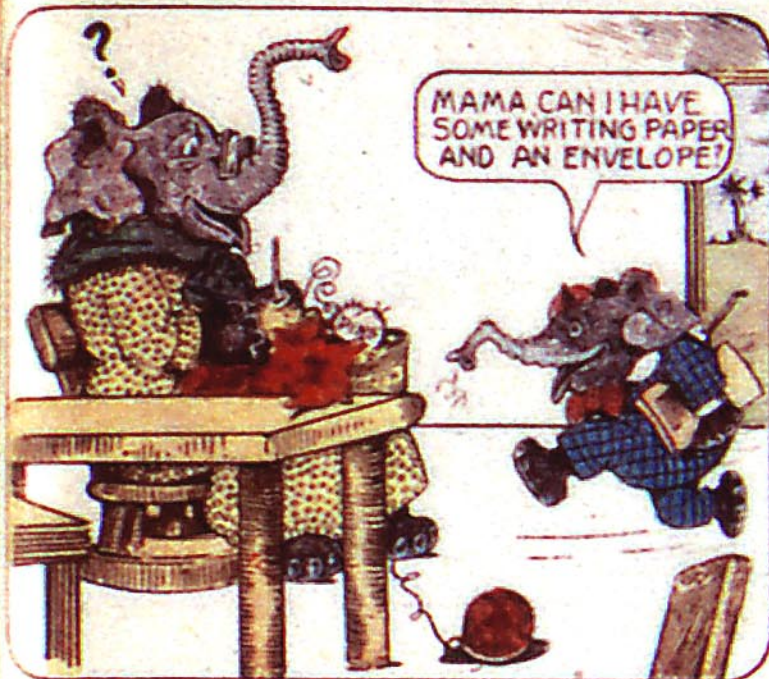
DADDY!

WHY - WHY - IT'S YOU, MARY MY LITTLE DAUGHTER!

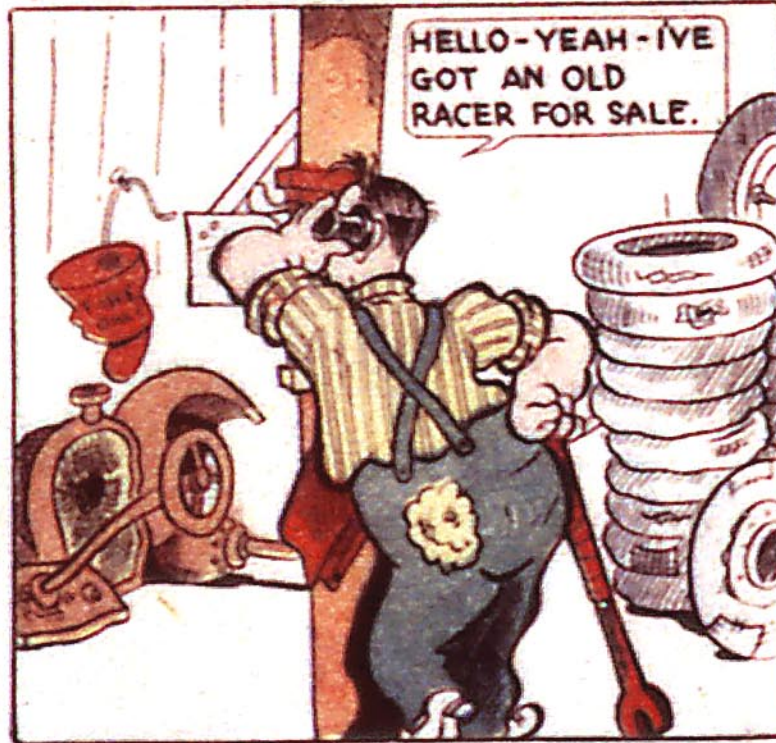
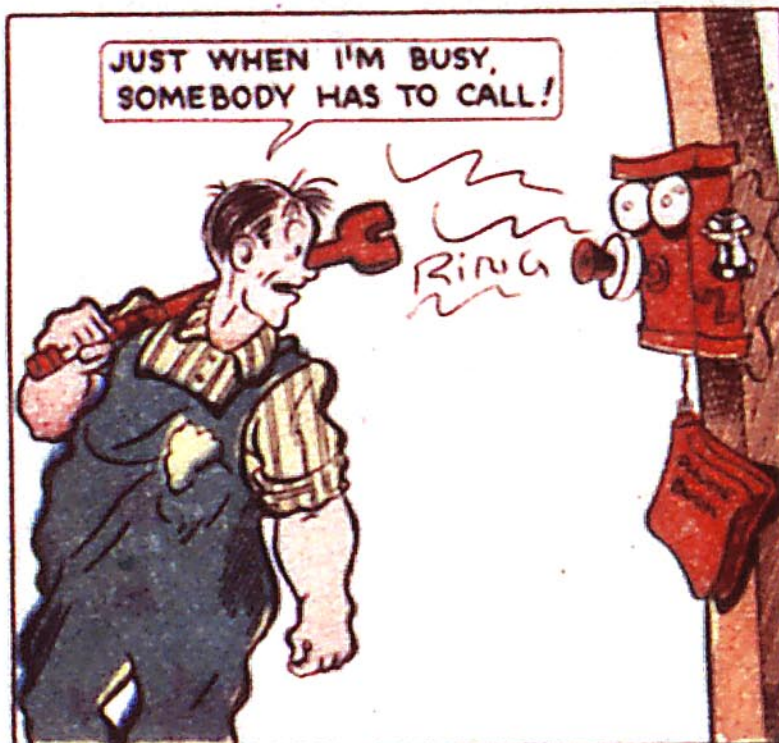
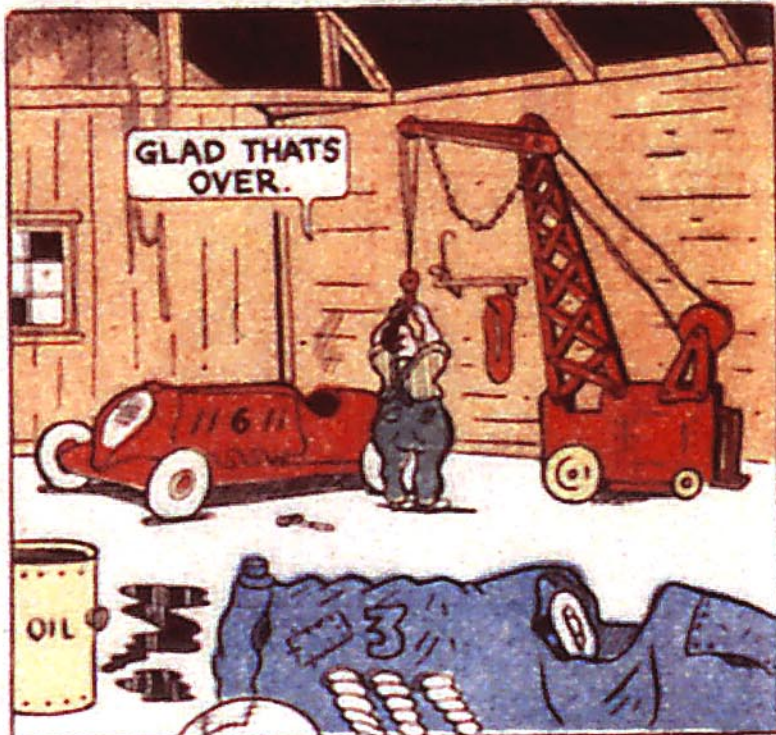
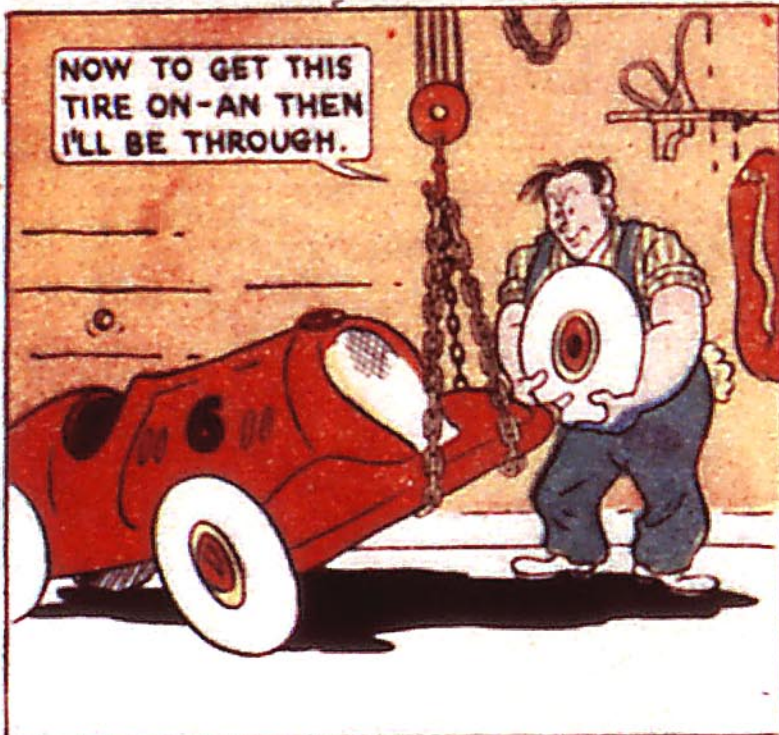
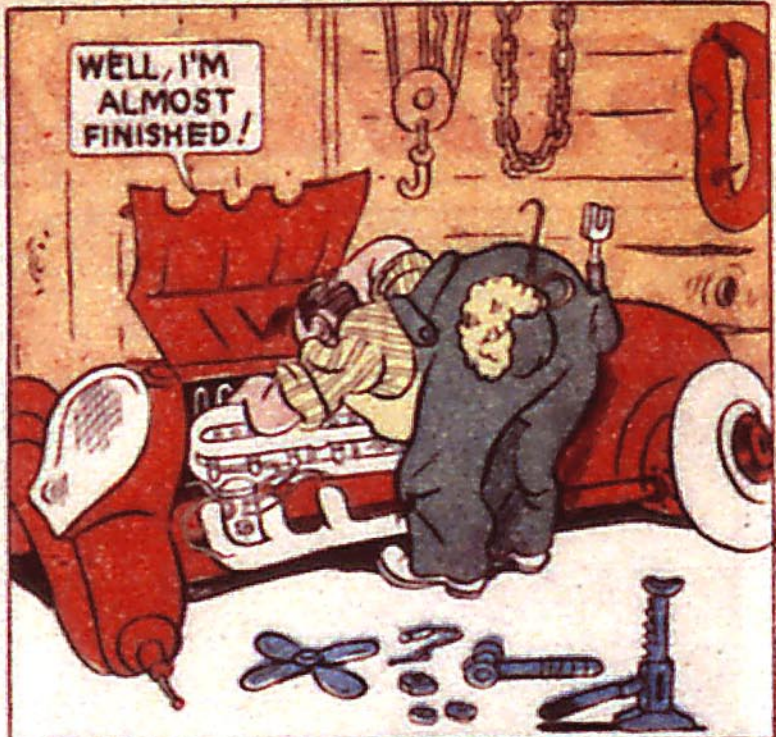
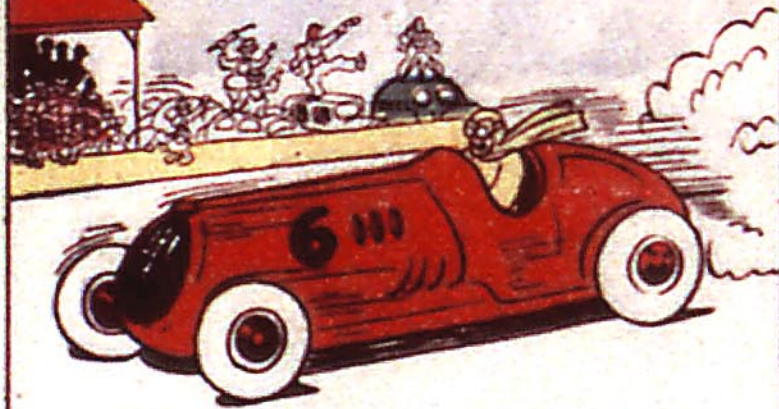
NOW HER PLAYING IS PERFECT - FULL OF JOY AND HAPPINESS!

THE END

"SCHOOL DAZE"



SPEED-A-WAY



WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE I'M
GONNA SELL THIS OLD
BUS AFTER ALL!

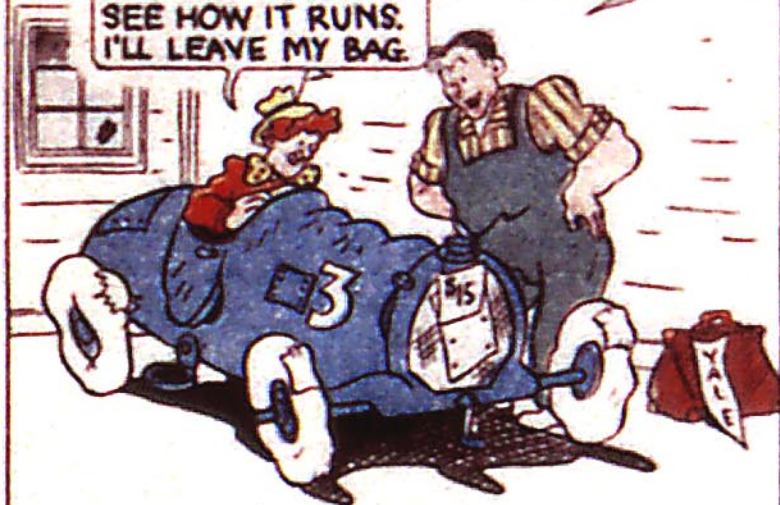


HELLO, STRANGER! I'M
THE GUY WHO CALLED
UP ABOUT THE CAR- IF
IT'S GOOD YET- I'LL
BUY IT.



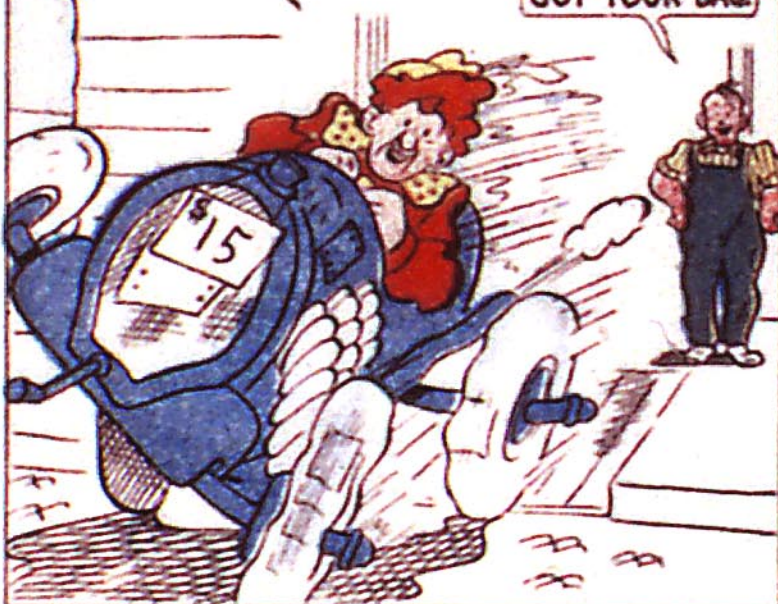
SAY, THIS IS OKAY!
I'D LIKE TO TAKE
A DRIVE WITH IT-
SEE HOW IT RUNS.
I'LL LEAVE MY BAG.

SURE, IT'S FULL OF
GAS-SO GO AHEAD.

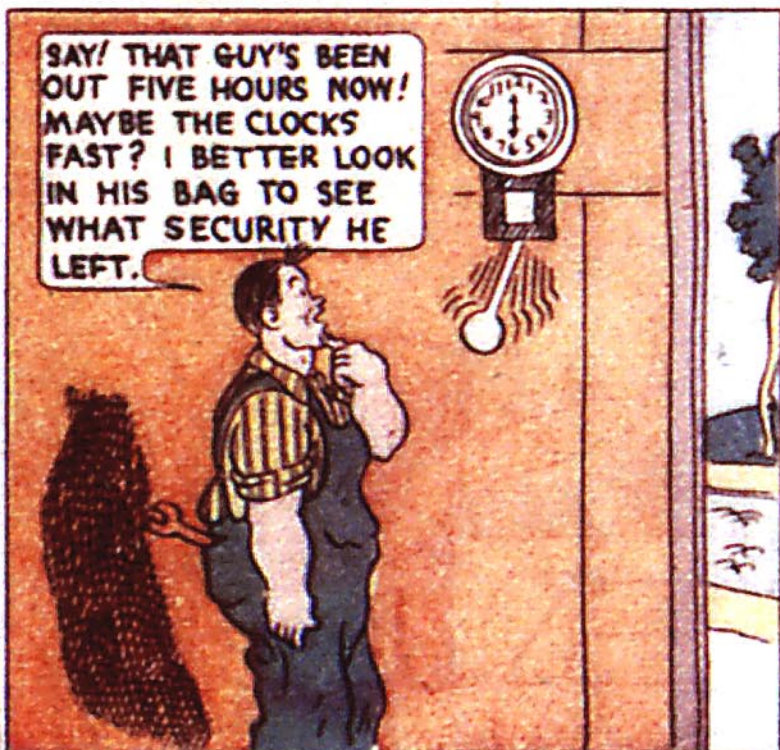


OBOY! I'LL DRIVE IT
AROUND THE BLOCK.

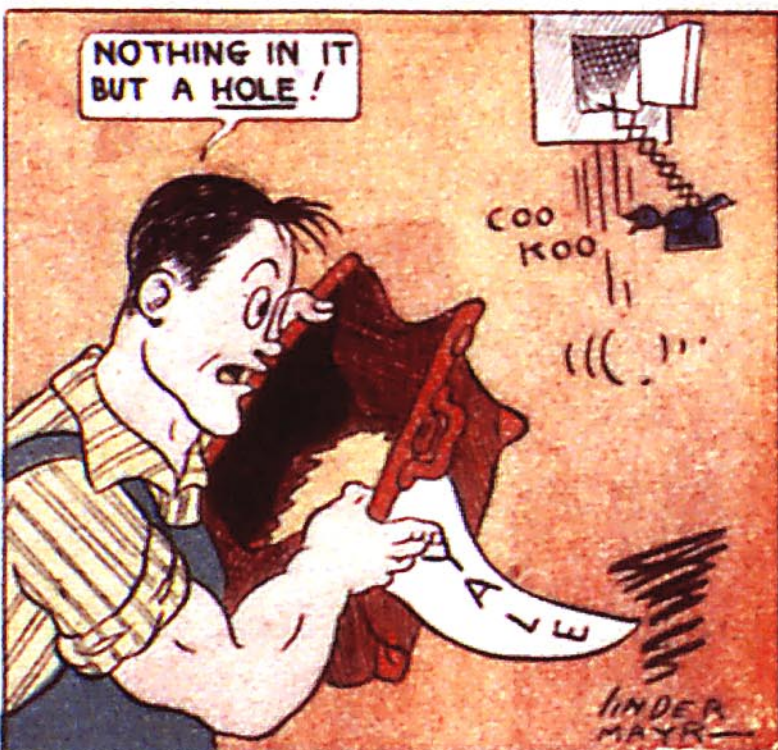
OKAY! DON'T
FORGET I
GOT YOUR BAG.



SAY! THAT GUY'S BEEN
OUT FIVE HOURS NOW!
MAYBE THE CLOCKS
FAST? I BETTER LOOK
IN HIS BAG TO SEE
WHAT SECURITY HE
LEFT.

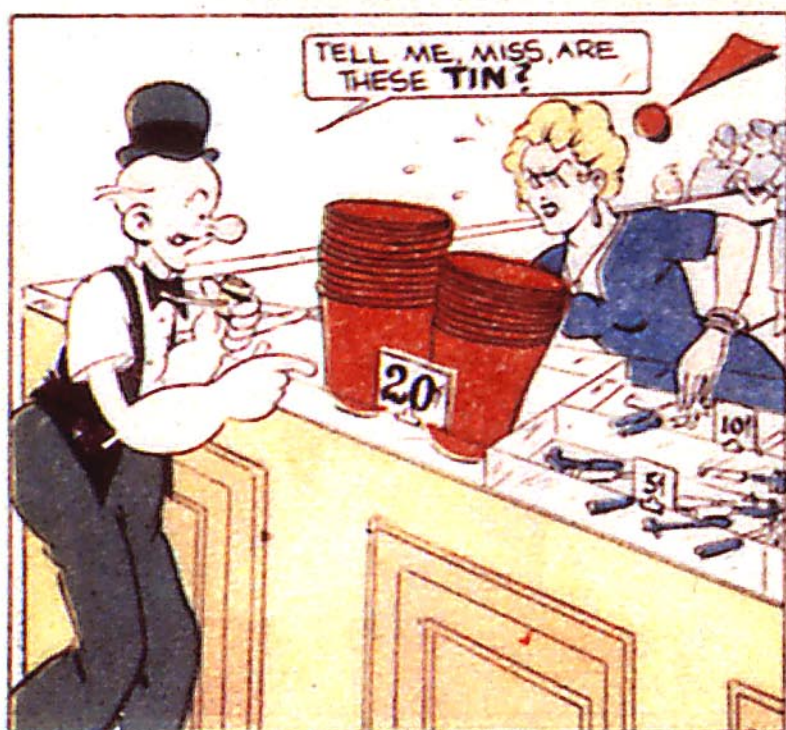
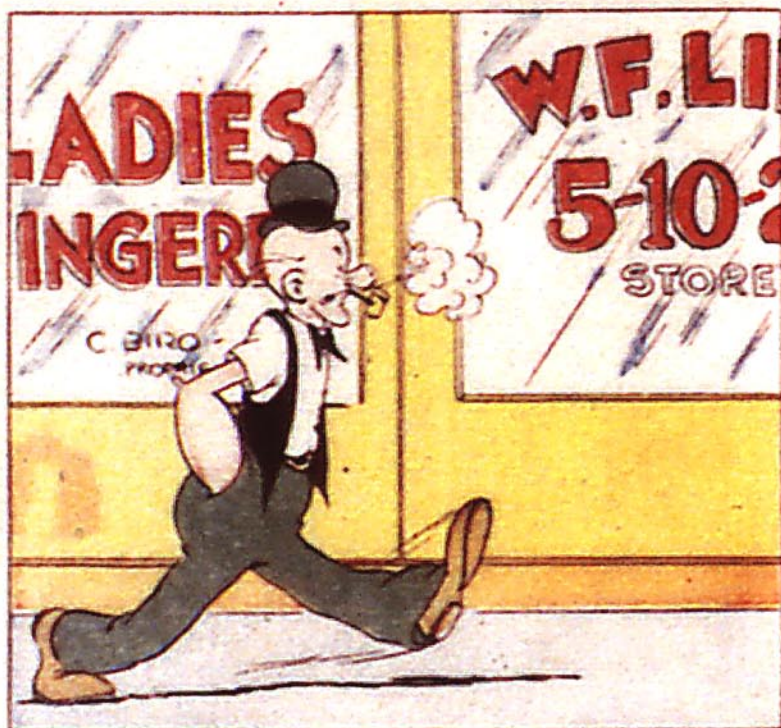
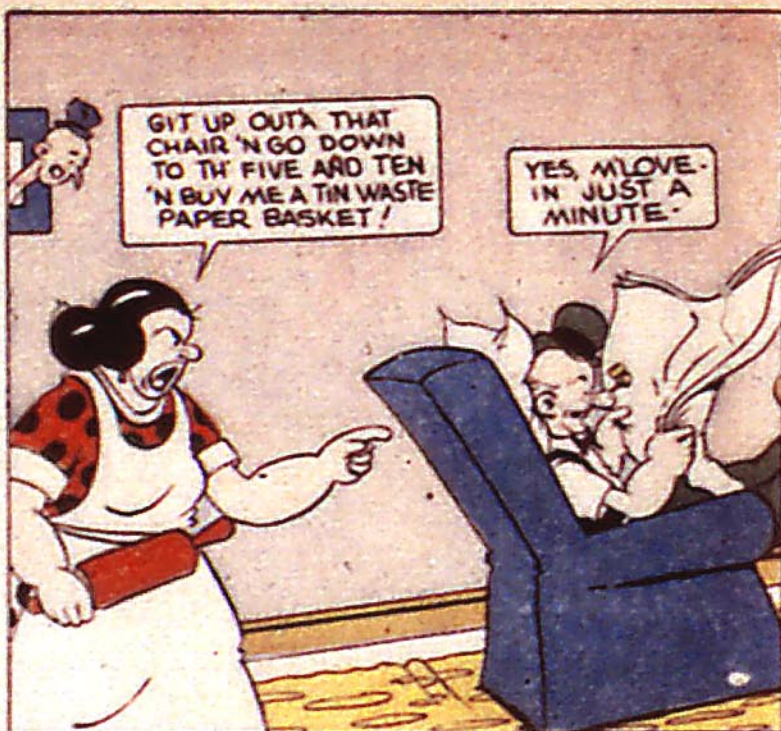


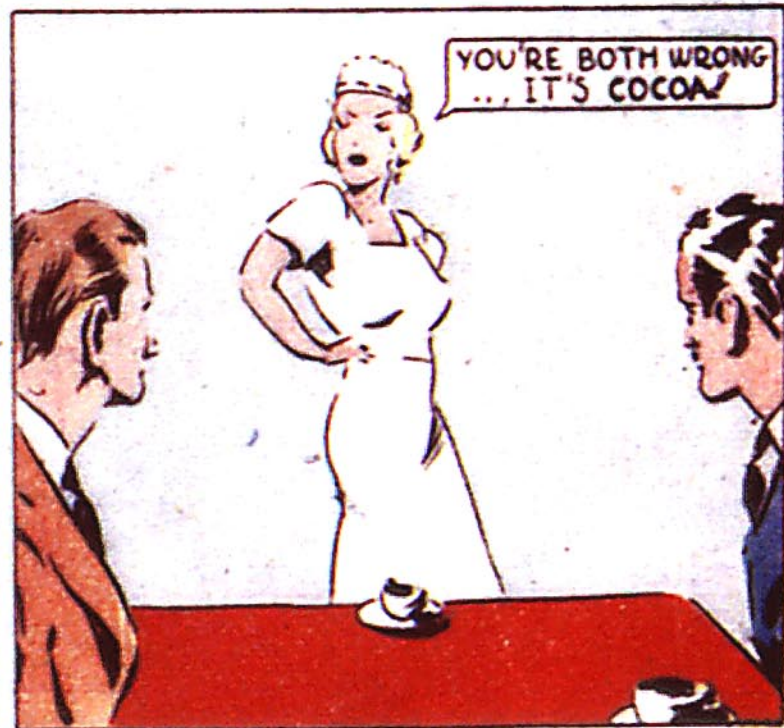
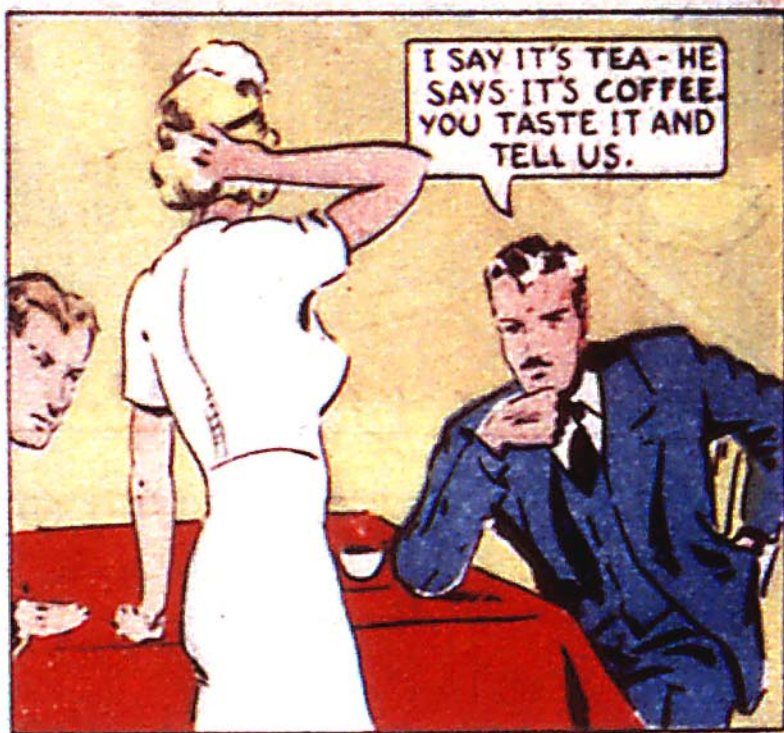
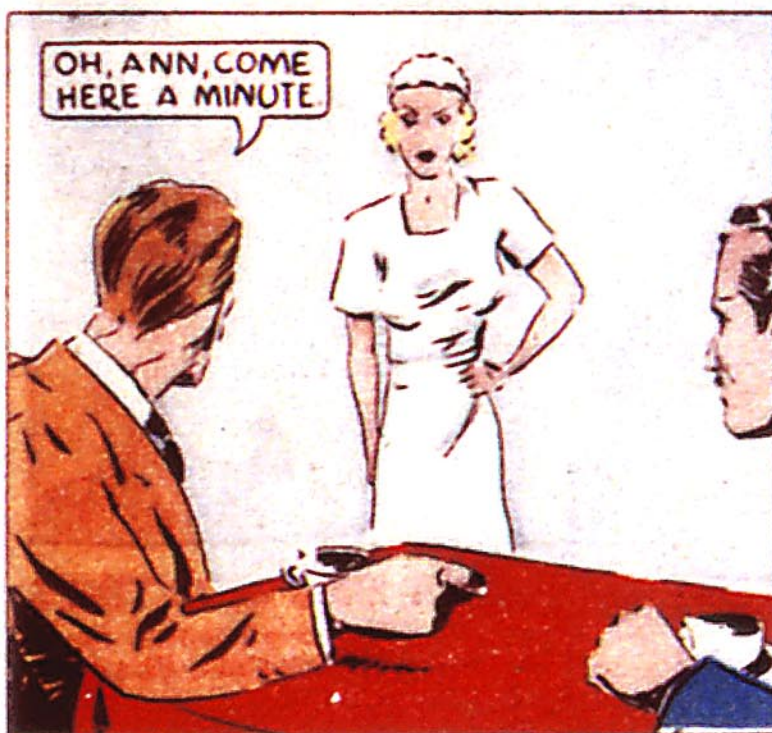
NOTHING IN IT
BUT A HOLE!



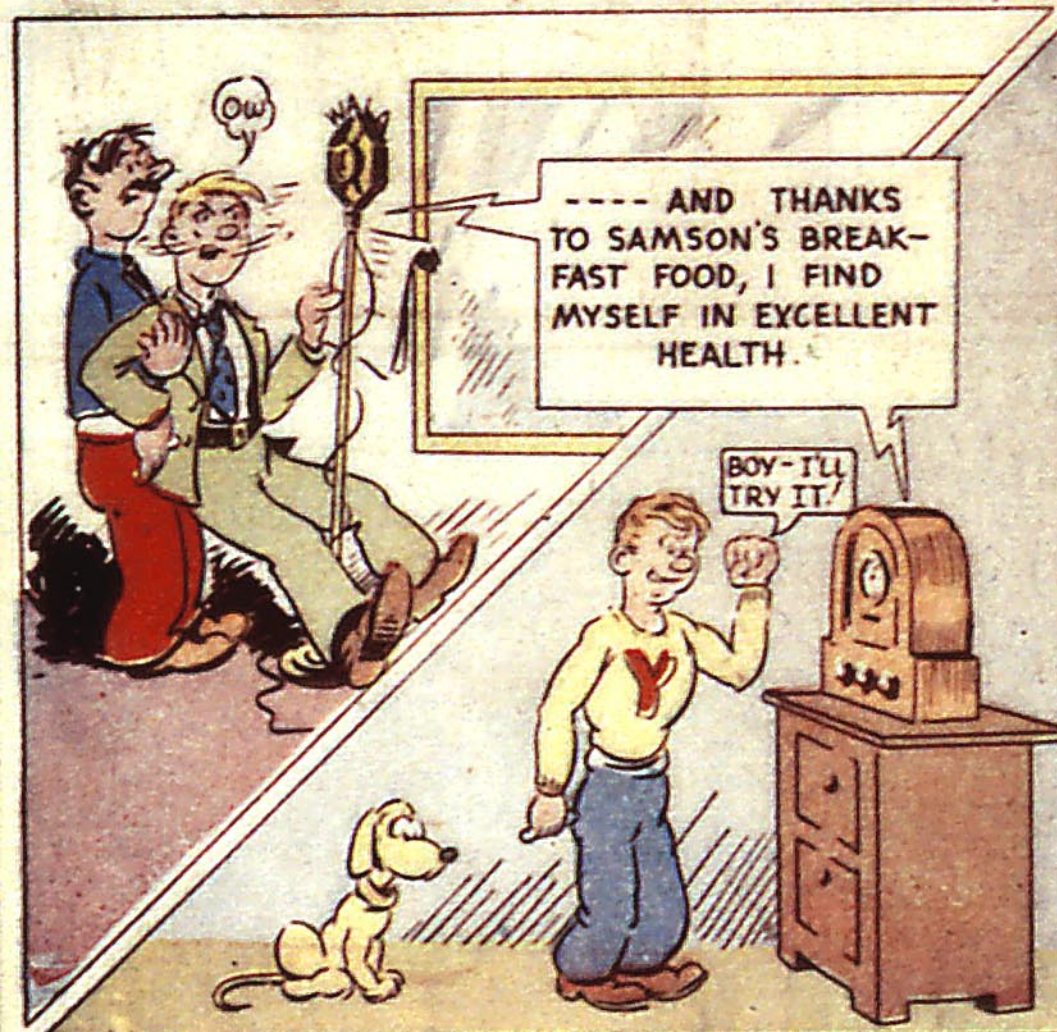
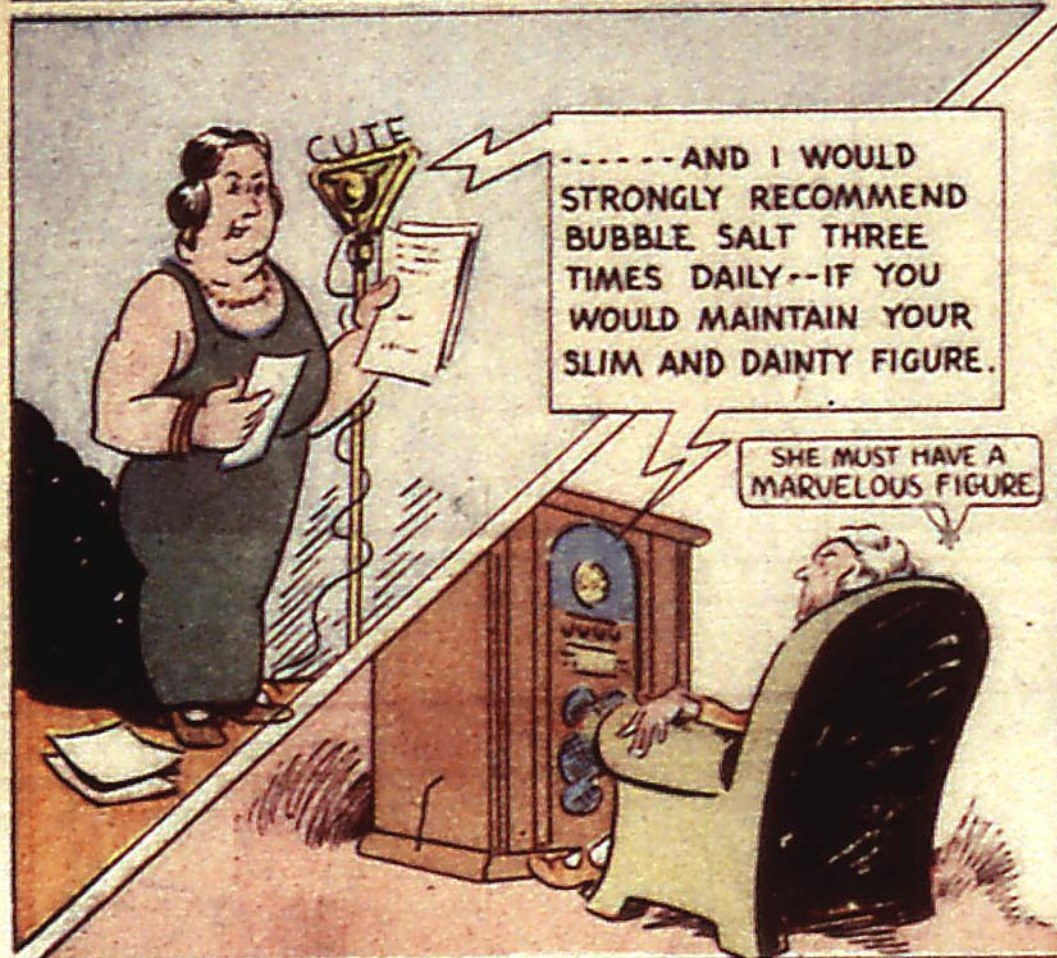
LINDER
MAYR

SHANTY O'TOOLE





Behind THE SCENES



NIX on Parties...
I'M THROUGH!



PHIL MISSED LOTS OF GOOD TIMES UNTIL...



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The gem of all portables. Imagine a machine that speaks in a whisper... that removes all limitations of time or place. You can write in a library, a sick room, a Pullman berth without the slightest fear of disturbing others. And in addition to quiet, a superb performance literally makes the words seem to flow from the machine. Equipped with all attachments that make for complete writing equipment, the Remington Noiseless Portable produces manifold and stencil cutting of truly exceptional character. Furnished in black with shining chromium attachments.

SPECIFICATIONS. Standard Keyboard. Finished in glistening black with chromium attachments. Takes paper 9.5 inches wide. Writes lines 8.2 inches wide. Standard size, 12 yard ribbon. Makes up to 7 clear legible carbons. Back spacer. Full size platen. Paper fingers, roller

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